THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

Vol. 194, No. 42. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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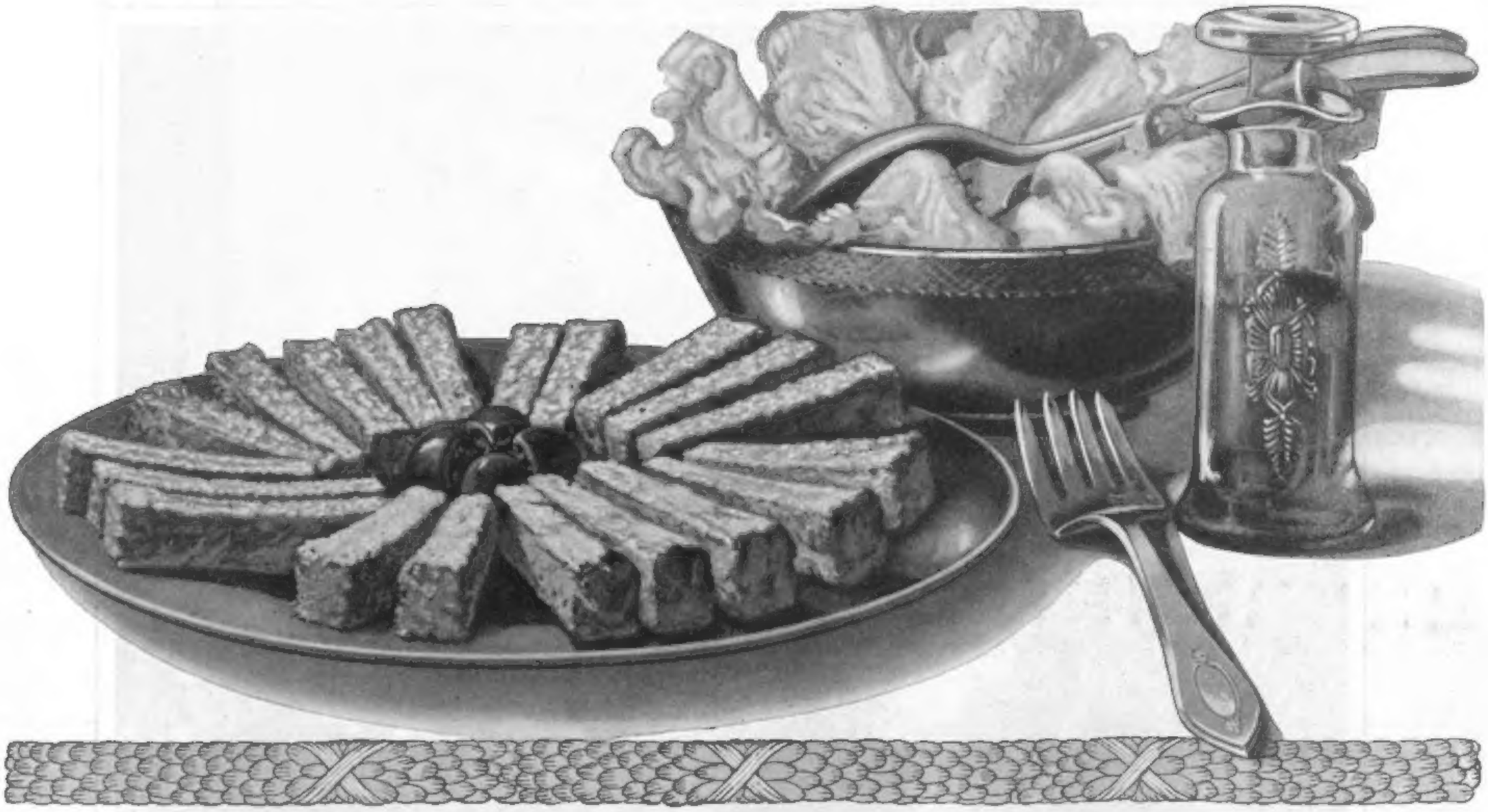

Do you use the frying kettle as much as the frying pan?

FEW women do. Most of them consider deep frying an expensive, disagreeable, difficult way to cook, and deep fried foods unappetizing and hard to digest.

Just the reverse is true. The trouble is with the fat—not the kettle. A frying kettle used with the right fat consumes less fat than a frying pan, cooks without smoke or odor, and enables the housekeeper to prepare easily many delicious, digestible dishes that no other method can produce.

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It must be odorless and tasteless and must not smoke at frying heat. It must give up its heat quickly so as to form a protecting crust on the food, thus preventing the food from absorbing an excess of fat. It should be a vegetable product so as to digest easily.

Professional cooks and experienced housekeepers say that Crisco is the ideal medium for deep frying because it has all these qualities, and because it simply has to be strained after using and it is ready to use again. It absorbs no taste from anything cooked in it and gives none to the food it cooks. Moreover, it is strictly vegetable; simply the pure, white, solid cream produced by hardening edible vegetable oil.

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Cheese Fingers

A delightful substitute for meat—strictly vegetarian when fried in Crisco.

½ pound cheese, grated (1 cupful)
¼ cupful soft sifted bread crumbs
½ teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful mustard
½ teaspoonful paprika
2 tablespoonfuls Crisco
1 cupful milk
1 egg beaten light
(1 egg, milk, soft sifted bread crumbs, Crisco)

Cook the cheese, crumbs, seasoning, and milk over hot water, stirring constantly, until the cheese is melted and the mixture is thickened somewhat. Add the beaten egg and turn mixture into a square dish of such size as will give it a depth of three-quarters of an inch, set dish in a pan of boiling water, and cook in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes. Cool mixture, and cut it into strips three-quarters of an inch wide and the length of a finger. Roll in crumbs, dip in beaten egg diluted slightly with milk, roll again in crumbs, and fry in Crisco which has been heated until it browns a crumb of bread in 40 seconds; drain the fingers, when browned, first over the kettle, then on soft paper. Serve at once with bread and a green vegetable salad or stewed fruit.

Why does smoking fat make fried foods hard to digest?

Knowing the reasons why you should or should not do certain things is what gives assurance in cooking. Learn the expert "whys" of all branches of the culinary art from "The Whys of Cooking", the unique cookbook written by Janet McKenzie Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School and editor of America's foremost cookery magazine. Over 100 pages of rules, original recipes, cookery time tables, tables of weights and measures, and instructions in table setting and serving. Bound in blue and gold and illustrated in colors. If you could buy this book in a bookstore, it would cost at least 75c.

We will send you one copy for only 10c, on receipt of your request, addressed to section K-4, Department of Home Economics, The Procter and Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Of course, you can use Crisco for all your cooking. The delicacy and richness that make it so satisfactory for frying are the qualities that you need in cake baking and pastry making.

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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EDITOR

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, at Decatur, Illinois, at Chicago, Illinois, and at Indianapolis, Ind.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 194 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., APRIL 15, 1922 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 42

RITA COVENTRY

"Then, Cara Mia," She Retorted Gayly, "I Have Not Altogether Lost the Power to Surprise You"

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AMONG New Yorkers it is recognized that the changing seasons do not first announce themselves from almanacs, nor in precocious items upon menus, nor yet among the growing things of Riverside Drive and Central Park. The first signs make themselves apparent on the treeless, grassless reaches of that hard-paved highway extending from the Waldorf to the Plaza. And to-day, though it was but mid-February according to the calendar, the dense and animated crowds upon Fifth Avenue, the brightening costumes worn by women and exhibited in windows, and a bursting golden something in the air proclaimed the spring.

To Richard Parrish the miracle was the more wonderful because he had not seen it come to pass. It had burst upon him, a thing accomplished, on his return this morning from a brief trip to Chicago. Only a week ago he had left New York plunged in its miserable winter; slush swimming in the streets and a solution of slush swimming in the heavy atmosphere above them, mixed with the gaseous breath of coughing motor cars. Chicago had been as bad or worse. The weather there, coupled with what Parrish regarded as a provincial taxi service, had forced him to the purchase of a pair of rubbers—things abominable alike to his bachelor fastidiousness and to his feeling as a young and active man in the late thirties that rubbers properly belonged to the equipment of decrepitude.

A wet snow had been falling yesterday in Chicago. He had worn the rubbers to the train, but once in his Pullman had quickly slipped them off, and in expression of their permanent dismissal from his life had pushed them far into the recess under the opposite seat. And though this renunciation implied in him nothing of the ground hog's gift of prophecy, the weather in New York this morning had seemed to give benignant sanction to the act. It was a day for open windows. The windows of his limousine had been open as he drove home from the station, yet he had felt the weight of his winter overcoat uncomfortably. Entering his apartment he found the windows open there; for Ito, his servant, had seen to that. The curtains swayed gently in a soft breeze; a pattern of dappled sunshine, sifting through them, wavered over the fixed pattern of the library rug, and from the streets ten floors below floated up to him a medley of sounds blending into a not altogether inharmonious symphony.

He had not telephoned to Alice until after bathing, and looking through his accumulated mail; nor did the thought strike him that in the year and a half of their close comradeship this was the first time the telephoning, on his return after an absence from New York, had been thus postponed. That, however, was the fact. In the course of the year he had made four of these short business trips. After the first two he had telephoned her from the station. Last time he had come home before telephoning. This time he had not telephoned until he was ready to start down to his office.

Then he had departed for Wall Street wearing for the first time this season a light overcoat and a soft gray hat, and carrying a wanghee cane. The day in the Street had been one of mere routine. The market was dull. At the close he had come uptown on a leisurely Elevated train in preference to the swifter Subway, and descending at Thirty-third Street had walked the remaining distance on Fifth Avenue. Then and

then only had he felt entirely at home again, for it is not until he has walked Fifth Avenue that the returned New Yorker feels certain of his reinstatement.

Now, seated in the library of his apartment, with the late sun shining through the west windows like a rose-colored calcium in the theater, his thoughts were on the Avenue and what had happened there. Not only had he seen the spring emphatically confirmed but his walk was illumined by a circumstance the adventurous flavor of which seemed to him exquisitely suited to the season, and left him filled with a strange restlessness.

The restlessness was more than merely vernal. There was contrition in it; and because the contrition had to do with Alice Meldrum, Parrish felt now, as the time when he must go to her drew near, an obscure sense of annoyance with her. When a man is about to wound the feelings of a tender-hearted and adoring woman he is likely to feel a little bit annoyed with her.

In a sense, he reflected, Alice would have no right to feel hurt. He had made no definite engagement with her for this evening. Yesterday, before departing from Chicago, he had wired her that he was starting. This morning he had telephoned that he was back and would be in to see her late in the afternoon. Specifically that was all. But the trouble was that at the time of telephoning he had planned to take her out to dinner, and had known that she would understand it so. There lay his difficulty. So many things were understood between them in that way.

Of course it was not his fault that his plans were changed. When he telephoned to Alice, how could he have foreseen that in the glory of the afternoon he would meet Larry Merrick proudly escorting the gorgeous Rita Coventry, or that Larry would stop and present him—for the purpose, Parrish suspected, of exhibiting his privilege of addressing the singer by her first name? By a happy chance the meeting had occurred in front of Yoshioka's, which led to the discovery that Rita and he had a kindred interest in Japanese prints. But even so, who could have anticipated that on what was evidently an impulse the prima donna would invite him to a dinner party at her house that night?

Of course he had accepted. Really there had been nothing to prevent his doing so, and an opportunity to know Rita Coventry did not present itself every day. Besides, there were her prints—she had promised to show him some Utamaros and Toyokunis. Even Alice, in whom he had inculcated a certain interest in Japanese prints, was aware that he was particularly fond of the works of those two artists. Surely, under the circumstances, she could spare him.

For more than ten years he had admired Coventry, knowing her only through the press, through gossip, through her voice and through his opera glasses. At the time of her sensational début in Paris he had heard her sing Circe at the Opéra Comique, and one day in the same season had seen her lunching at Larue's. She had eaten heartily, laughed heartily, gestured heartily with her hands, arms and shoulders. That was as near as he had ever been to her until this afternoon. The elderly man who had sat across from her at the table was manifestly not the king with whom her name was linked by gossip. It was her father, so his waiter had informed him. The story was that her father had been a postman in Rochester, New York.

Two or three years later, after she had captured London, Parrish heard her there, and since she had left Covent Garden and become the adored of New York opera goers, he had heard her in many parts. Season after season he had listened and observed without detecting any change in her save that her figure, displayed in certain of her rôles with such striking generosity, had with the passing years become if possible more perfect.

Her back was famous. In it was revealed the strength which enabled her to give such energy to her performances. Newberry the sculptor said that a back like Coventry's, reproduced in marble, would look too anatomical. "It's the life, the motion, that makes it so fine," Parrish once heard him declare. Life! That was it. She fairly flashed with life.

"I Have to Dine With Some Friends of Larry Merrick's. I Didn't Know Until This Afternoon. It's a Dinner Party"

She had been dressed this afternoon as one felt a beautiful opera singer ought to dress. Her costume was utterly unlike that of other fashionable women; she was, so to say, elegantly noticeable. The gown of gray cloth with black braid in unexpected places, and a skirt rather short, somehow looked Russian, though perhaps that suggestion was rather the effect of her dark and lustrous furs; her rather small black hat had a hedge of black feathers depending from the brim in such a way as partially to conceal the eyes—but only partially. Glimpsing them through the fringe of feathers as through heavy lace, he had been conscious of an impulse to bend over and look directly at them. But that had not been necessary, for presently she had thrown back her head and let him see her eyes. That was when she invited him to dinner. It had seemed to him that an agreeable vibration was set going between them when their eyes met, and he even fancied he detected a little note of challenge in her look as she gave the invitation—something dashing, like the gesture of a cavalier flinging a gauntlet.

This pleasant and stimulating picture in his mind was dispersed abruptly by the striking of the grandfather's clock. Five. His car would be waiting, and by going at once to Alice's he could spend two hours with her before coming home to dress for dinner. That would not satisfy her, but it ought to help a little.

Going down in the elevator he began to think of the explanation he would make. She would not reproach him—there was nothing of that in their relationship—but she would feel hurt, and though pride would make her try to conceal her feelings, she was too artless to be able to conceal them, especially from him. How he knew her! And all in less than two years.

Of course she was sensitive. Very likely she was becoming more so. That was not unnatural. To a man an attachment such as theirs, running along as theirs had run along, pleasantly but without a definite objective, was an agreeable thing. It gave a man a deep interest without too much responsibility. But to a woman, however much she might at first endeavor to deceive herself into a belief in equality between the sexes, such a relationship could not bring permanent contentment. In the beginning he had tried to point that out to her; but she had shown a headlong strain, very strange, he thought, in a woman of her temperament, and had professed herself satisfied with things as they were. Thence onward they had drifted.

He had tried always to be considerate. Had he not, for example, written her twice from Chicago during the past week, busy though he had been? Little attentions of that kind pleased her so. When at home he telephoned her every morning. Often he sent her flowers. For her birthday last year he had given her a handsome lamp, and at Christmas a Chinese rug for the living room of her apartment. She had been twenty-six when he first met her, and in May she would be twenty-eight. Already he had looked at flexible-linked bracelets of platinum, set with square diamonds, chic and 'costly—and with stocks gone absolutely to the devil too!

"Park Avenue," he said to his chauffeur as he got into his car.

Then suddenly, for the first time, his mind focused sharply on the fact that somehow it had come to be understood between his chauffeur and himself that Park Avenue meant Alice's address. Habit. He had become a habit with Alice and she a habit with him. It was habit that made her expect to dine with him to-night. When he had been away he always took her out to dinner on the night of his return. Moreover, they dined together three or four times a week, now at a restaurant, now at her apartment, occasionally at his. On Thursdays and Sundays he almost always took her to a restaurant, because her maid was out on those evenings—and this was Thursday.

Their habits were so fixed that others understood them; the elevator men in the building in which she lived, for instance. Parrish knew them as well as he knew those in his own building. He even tipped them. They never announced him by telephone, but took him right up to Alice's floor. Nor had he to mention the number of the floor. All that was understood.

Also it was understood that one long and two short pressures on the doorbell button was his ring. Alice's maid, Otillia, did not answer the doorbell when she heard that ring, for it was understood that Alice herself liked to let him in. Parrish thought well of Otillia, though he sometimes found himself wishing she would treat him more as a caller and less as a member of the household.

As his car stopped before the tall apartment building where Alice lived, Parrish was aware of a feeling of rebellion against all this mass of understanding.

"You've been away, sir," said big Henry, the door man.

"Yes, yes," Parrish replied, and hastened across the sidewalk.

"Back again, Mr. Parrish?" said Michael, the elevator man. And as the car ascended, "Unusually fine weather we're having for this time of year."

"Yes, fine."

Parrish was wishing that he knew some other tenant of the building in order that he might astonish Michael by getting off at any floor other than the seventh—the same old seventh. At Alice's door he allowed his feeling of perversity to triumph. He pressed the button only once. But even so, it was Alice, not Otillia, who answered.

II

SHE was tall, deep bosomed, golden haired, with a delicate skin which, when she flushed, as she did now on seeing him, made him think of an evening gown she sometimes wore—a gown in which a glow of cerise showed faintly through a sheer fine drapery of creamy satin.

"Dick!"

"Hello, Alice." He entered the little hall.

"Why, you rang only once!"

Then after a moment, as he drew away from her and slipped out of his overcoat, Otillia appeared.

"Oh, it's Mr. Parrish!" she exclaimed, surprised and a little confused.

"You didn't recognize my ring, eh?" He was smiling.

"No, sir." She turned back toward the kitchen.

"There's one thing Otillia doesn't understand at any rate," he thought to himself with a certain satisfaction.

After taking his coat and hat and hanging them in a closet Alice linked arms with him and led him to the living room.

"Why didn't you ring the way you always do?" she asked. "I thought it must be you, but I ——"

"Because it's spring," he answered.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Life starts anew in the spring. Everything is new, even the way I ring your bell."

"Silly!"

She patted his cheek. He sat down in an upholstered chair—his chair—and she perched upon the arm.

"Did you think of me while you were away?" she asked.

"Didn't I write you twice? Didn't I wire?"

"Yes, you were a good boy." She stroked back a lock of his hair. "But did you think of me often?"

"Of course, of course." Then as though to dismiss the topic he asked, "What have you been doing with yourself?"

"I'm still looking for something to do in my spare time," she said.

"You haven't found anything?" It was as much a statement as a question.

"Nothing I liked. You don't take much stock in my job hunting, do you, Dick?"

"If you needed a job you'd get one."

"Yes. But as money isn't particularly a consideration, don't you think I ought to wait for something I'd like?"

"I think you'd be happier with something to do."

"Just anything?"

"Perhaps not, but ——"

"Because," she went on, "I did have a job one day. Clara and I went around and acted in a movie."

"You did? What put that in your head?"

"Clara knew a girl who did it. We thought it wouldn't hurt to try it. They used us in crowd scenes. It was rather fun, just for once. But the lights are hard on your eyes, and they keep you waiting around doing nothing for hours at a time, and some of the people are terribly queer. I shouldn't like the movies."

"I understood when I went away that you were thinking of taking up dress designing."

"I asked Madame DuCharme about it. She says the field is overcrowded. Anyway, I don't believe I sketch well enough."

"Have you thought of anything else?"

"Yes. I went around to a *crèche* and inquired, but they didn't need any help with the children—just an office worker."

"Well ——"

"I'd rather work with children. That was my whole idea in going there."

"I wonder if you'll ever find anything you do care for," he said, shaking his head as though he did not believe she would.

"I care for you."

"I know; but caring for someone isn't enough to fill a person's life. That's just the point."

"Not a man's, perhaps," she answered.

He saw his opportunity.

"But, my dear girl, it's not good for you to have no outside interest. It's not fair to yourself. We can't be together every evening, even when I am in New York. Take this evening, for instance. When I telephoned this morning I was expecting to take you out to dinner, but as things have turned out I shan't be able to."

Her eyes, which had been on him, turned to the rug.

"I'm sorry," she said, drooping.

"So am I. But it can't be helped. I have to dine with some friends of Larry Merrick's. I didn't know until this afternoon. It's a dinner party. If I didn't go it would throw things all out of joint. They have some fine Japanese prints they've been wanting me to see."

"I suppose you couldn't see them any other time." She was still looking down.

"Not very well. They're going away."

"Maybe you'll be able to come in later in the evening," she suggested.

"I'm afraid not. I'm invited for eight; that means we won't be at table until 8:30 or so. And afterwards there'll be the prints to see. I don't expect to get away much before midnight. For heaven's sake, Alice, don't look like that! You make me feel like a brute."

"I'm sorry. You're anything but a brute. I couldn't help being disappointed."

She Continued Calmly to Turn the Prints, Commenting Upon Them as She Went Along

"But I ought to be able to go out to dinner and look at some prints without your making a tragedy of it." There was a slight note of irritation in his tone.

"I know it. It was just for a minute. You've been away, and I was expecting —— But I'm all over it now." She smiled as though to offer proof. "It was selfish of me, and you're never selfish with me. I want you to go tonight and have a fine time."

"That's a dear girl," he approved. Then he added, "But don't say I'm unselfish."

"But you are. You've always done everything I wanted."

"Not always."

"Yes, you have."

"What about Blenkinswood?" he reminded her. Somehow it salved his conscience to remind her of something he had refused her in the past.

"That's different," she said. "You had your point of view about it and I had mine, but it was for you to decide."

Becoming interested in the topic itself, he forgot his reason for having brought it up.

"Well," said he, "now that you look back, don't you see that I was right?"

"I see that it was for you to decide," she repeated, evading a direct answer.

"Yes; but be honest with yourself—wasn't I right?"

"I've never been able to see," she said after a moment's hesitation, "why you couldn't have taken me to Blenkinswood if you'd really wanted to."

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "I thought you had stopped talking about it because you'd come around to my point of view."

"No," she answered; "I stopped because I saw it was annoying you to hear what I thought. It's your place. If you want to forget about it ——"

"And I do," he put in with a rueful little chuckle.

He did want to forget about Blenkinswood. That old house in Virginia weighed upon his conscience like a neglected poor relation. With its mortgaged acres it had come to him as an inheritance—a tumble-down ancestral home, symbolizing the decay of the proud colonial family whose name his mother as a maiden had been the last to bear. He had paid off the mortgage, spent some money in putting the place in better condition, brought to New York the portraits, the mahogany and such old silverware as the Yankee soldiers had not found, and installed a farmer to run the plantation on shares.

The farm had never paid. For a dozen years he had sent annually a check to cover repairs and replenishments, yet each year there was a deficit. In all that time he had gone down there

(Continued on Page 88)

UP IN THE AIR

By Floyd W. Parsons

WE HAVE heard a lot about the various ages through which civilization has passed. Centuries ago there was the Stone Age, and in later times people have talked of the ages of steam, steel and electricity. Now we have come to a time which might be termed the Age of Air, for out of the earth's atmosphere and the ether that lies in and beyond it are coming wonders that amaze us and veritable miracles we do not understand.

In years gone by our attention was chiefly given over to thoughts concerning land and water; now we find that the air must be reckoned with and considered as something more than a mere mixture of oxygen and nitrogen which we must breathe in order to live. The airplane has converted the air into a highway of travel; the skill of the chemist has transformed the earth's atmosphere into an infinite storehouse of useful elements of great commercial value; and radio has made space a wonderful medium of communication.

It would be difficult to predict in just what way we shall profit most from our use of the air. The nitrogen we shall get from it in ever-increasing quantities will enrich our farms, greatly increasing the productivity of the soil. The oxygen of the air is already being used in such large quantities that important industries and arts, like welding, are based on its constant production. The cost of producing oxygen has been reduced from twenty cents a cubic foot, in 1906, to one cent at present, and yet we have hardly commenced to produce and use oxygen as we should in our industrial life. One blast furnace turning out 500 tons of iron a day requires five times as much oxygen in its operation each twenty-four hours as is produced daily by all the oxygen plants in the country.

The useful properties of oxygen have been known to scientists for more than a century, but because of the magnitude of the project the development of a great oxygen-producing industry has been retarded. What the future holds for us along this line of development is difficult to imagine. Perhaps some day, due to the slight difference in the ratios of density of oxygen and nitrogen, it may be possible to employ centrifugal force to stratify air into layers of increasing oxygen content toward the outer edge of the rotating mass. Again, there is the possibility that we may hit upon some cheap substance possessing oxygen-absorption properties similar to those possessed by the blood. Theoretically speaking, oxygen should be produced from the air at about 1 per cent of the cost of producing it by the electrolysis of water. Even if we fail to realize these dreams we have gone far enough in this line of scientific endeavor to make it certain that in the near future we shall witness the production of oxygen at a much lower price than is possible to-day, and then the practice of medicine, chemistry, steel making, gas manufacture and other pursuits will be wholly revolutionized.

But oxygen and nitrogen are not the only elements in the air, although they compose 99 per cent of it. In addition we find the rare gases, argon, helium, neon, krypton and xenon, all of which may one day become useful elements. Argon, the most common of the rare gases, is now used to fill electric bulbs, for it has been found that the efficiency of incandescent lamps is increased by filling them with an inert gas instead of making them vacuous, and argon, as well as the four other rare gases, is absolutely inert. Not only does argon increase the brilliancy of the lamps but it lengthens the life of the filaments. The use of argon in electric bulbs last year saved the nation about $60,000,000.

Air No Longer Free

HELIUM is being used to inflate dirigibles and observation balloons. A few years ago it cost $1700 to get a cubic foot of helium out of the air; to-day this gas is being produced for ten cents a cubic foot. Neon is being used by a few lamp makers to produce electric bulbs and tubes that give off a beautiful orange-pink glow. Krypton and xenon are present in the air in such small quantities that little is known of them. However, if it were not for krypton there could be no aurora borealis. At any rate, science has gone along far enough in its investigations of the atmosphere to prove beyond doubt that the air is a storehouse of elements of untold commercial value.

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF HOWARD COX, N. Y. CITY

PHOTO. BY RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

The Radio Transmitter Gets Everything But the Smile. Above—Listening to an Evening Concert by Radio

At present we are deriving only a few of the possible benefits that will result from a proper utilization of the air. The air brake has been one of the most useful inventions of man, and has been the chief governing factor in the development of railroad transportation. Air power is also used in painting surfaces, salvaging sunken ships, conveying and handling materials, cleaning the fronts of city buildings with a sand blast, picking cotton with vacuum machines, coating surfaces with cement, boring, drilling and tamping, and in other operations too numerous to mention.

Often we have heard the expression "free as the air," but since the advent of the airplane and radio the air is no longer free. Slowly but surely the advances of science are rendering it necessary for the nations of the earth to exercise control over the air. The development of aërial travel is already presenting problems requiring legislative action. It is perfectly obvious that there must be international laws regulating the travel of aircraft from one country to another. Furthermore, aërial navigation in the future will be chaotic unless it is carried on in systematic fashion. There will have to be specified lanes of travel and prescribed elevations for various types and classes of air machines. Fast-moving planes will speed along at certain elevations, while the heavier and slower freight-carrying craft will move at other levels designated for them.

All of which is intended to create a wholesome respect for the air, and lead the reader's thought to the important fact that the air certainly is no longer free. We may breathe it as often and as generously as we please, but we have no right to use it as a dumping place for unhealthy fumes, smoke and smells. The air has become an asset of unmeasured importance to civilization, but its value depends on a general acceptance of the truth that the earth's atmosphere has become public property which cannot be polluted by the individual to satisfy a personal whim, or selfishly used for pleasure or profit by the few to the inconvenience of the many.

Radio Audiences

THE newest wrinkle of the air is the radio, and here we have a new marvel, a new industry, in fact, the future of which depends entirely upon a careful systematic national control of the use of the atmosphere. Most businesses loathe government meddling, but radio cannot exist without it. The value of the whole art of wireless communication is founded on the proper control of the origin and length of the electrical waves that are imparted to the air, or rather to the ether, by the radio apparatus. Just as one voice singing or speaking may be drowned out by a hubbub of other voices, so the radio waves of a song or speech have their usefulness destroyed and are made unintelligible by other wireless waves broadcast at random without any observance of prescribed rules or schedules.

Radio has a wonderful future, but in a limited field. Its usefulness depends on the settlement of problems that business men and legislators have never before considered. Everybody cannot use the air to advertise some special line of business or popularize some particular hobby; so it is a question as to what will be permitted and what will be barred. Who will bear the cost of broadcasting the various features of news, education and entertainment? Before long the radio audience in the United States will be the largest audience that can be reached by anyone instantly and simultaneously. It is perfectly plain that the air cannot be sold to any individual or corporation for so many dollars, to use in any way and for any purpose the purchaser desires. Advertising matter in papers and magazines is censored by the post-office authorities. So far as possible no one is permitted to use the mails to deceive the public. Likewise radio must be regulated to prevent its misuse.

Radio is not new, for it was pretty generally understood by electrical folks twenty years ago. But unlike the automobile and the telephone, its development has come all at once rather than gradually. In less than six months approximately 500,000 radio-receiver sets have been sold in the United States. The fact that for more than a dozen years the public generally saw very little in radio except an agency for intercommunication, is responsible for the slow development of the art. Lots of people for years have carried a mental picture of a day when busy individuals would carry a little portable radiophone about with them and use it to talk to their offices, their homes or friends whenever occasion arose. For transoceanic communication radio has an interesting future, but for universal intercommunication here at home it is out of the question. One person may use it to talk to a multitude, but the multitude can't talk back. Perhaps the chief of police of a great city might arrange to talk to the members of his force, but the stalwarts on duty would not be able to reply.

The moment one or two large corporations interested in the manufacture of radio apparatus hit upon the plan of popularizing wireless communication by establishing broadcasting stations and sending news, market reports, sermons, bedtime stories and concerts through the ether, free to any and all who have an apparatus and care to listen in, the new industry, for such it is, jumped ahead in amazing fashion. Upward of 5000 newspapers in this country at the present time print the regular radio programs in each issue. The press has found that radio has opened up a new and fertile field which provides profitable advertising; so papers of all kinds and classes have been quick and willing to foster the growth of the infant industry. The telephone and cable companies have been far-sighted enough to understand that radio will increase their business by widening rather than curtailing the uses of the phone and the cable, and these corporations have viewed wireless as an ally rather than a competitor. In the logical

order of things it is altogether likely that our big telephone company will become the most interested user of radio and the country's principal broadcaster.

Let us look ahead to the evening before the next presidential election, which takes place in 1924. By that time radio doubtless will be an organized business, and likely here is what will happen: Arrangements will be made with the telephone company by the chairmen of the national committees of the leading political parties to have their respective presidential candidates address the people of the nation in final campaign speeches which will be delivered on a prearranged time schedule during the evening. The candidates will talk into a telephone apparatus, and their voices will be carried by wire to the ten or a dozen broadcasting stations belonging to the telephone company and located throughout the country in such a way that every town and hamlet in every state will be able to hear the final arguments of the presidential nominees. The telephone company of course will charge a tidy sum for handling the job of broadcasting, and the campaign managers will consider the service cheap at the price asked.

Who Should Pay for Broadcasting?

THIS is what must happen to the radio business: Wireless service will have to be paid for by those who use it, just as advertising is paid for by those who buy space in the newspapers and magazines. At the present time the large companies that are bearing the expense of broadcasting news, music, educational and other features are in precisely the same position that the manufacturers of phonographs would be if they were satisfied with selling their instruments and then giving away records free of charge to all the owners of their machines. The present arrangement is not satisfactory and will not be lasting, although it is not an easy guess to determine just what kind of scheme can be substituted for the present plan. Already there have been all kinds of suggestions for shifting a part of the expense of radio broadcasting to the people who have wireless outfits and who therefore enjoy the benefits of the service. None of the proposals, however, appears to be sufficiently practical to justify mention. As a consequence this phase of the problem remains a puzzle which will tax the wits of radio leaders for some time to come.

It will not be difficult to find people ready and willing to construct broadcasting stations and bear the expense of supplying artists to amuse the public; in fact, almost any one of the great metropolitan newspapers would jump at the chance of undertaking such work. But any newspaper or other organization or individual that would attempt to carry out such a plan very naturally would expect to profit directly or indirectly from the venture, so that such an arrangement of course is impossible and would be bitterly assailed by the competitors of any individual or concern that might make the attempt.

Government forces, led by Secretary Hoover, are following the rapid developments in radio without partiality, and with an eye to conserving the full benefits of the new art for the whole public. Mr. Hoover sees no future for radio if we attempt to use it for promiscuous intercommunication. It is his idea that the wireless telephone has one definite field, which is for the spread of certain predetermined material of public interest, from central stations. The matter sent out must consist almost entirely of features that are of importance to large groups at the same time. He holds the opinion that the number of sending stations must be definitely limited, and that the big problem is to determine who will do the broadcasting and what will be his purpose.

Singing Into a Radio Transmitter in a Wireless Broadcasting Station

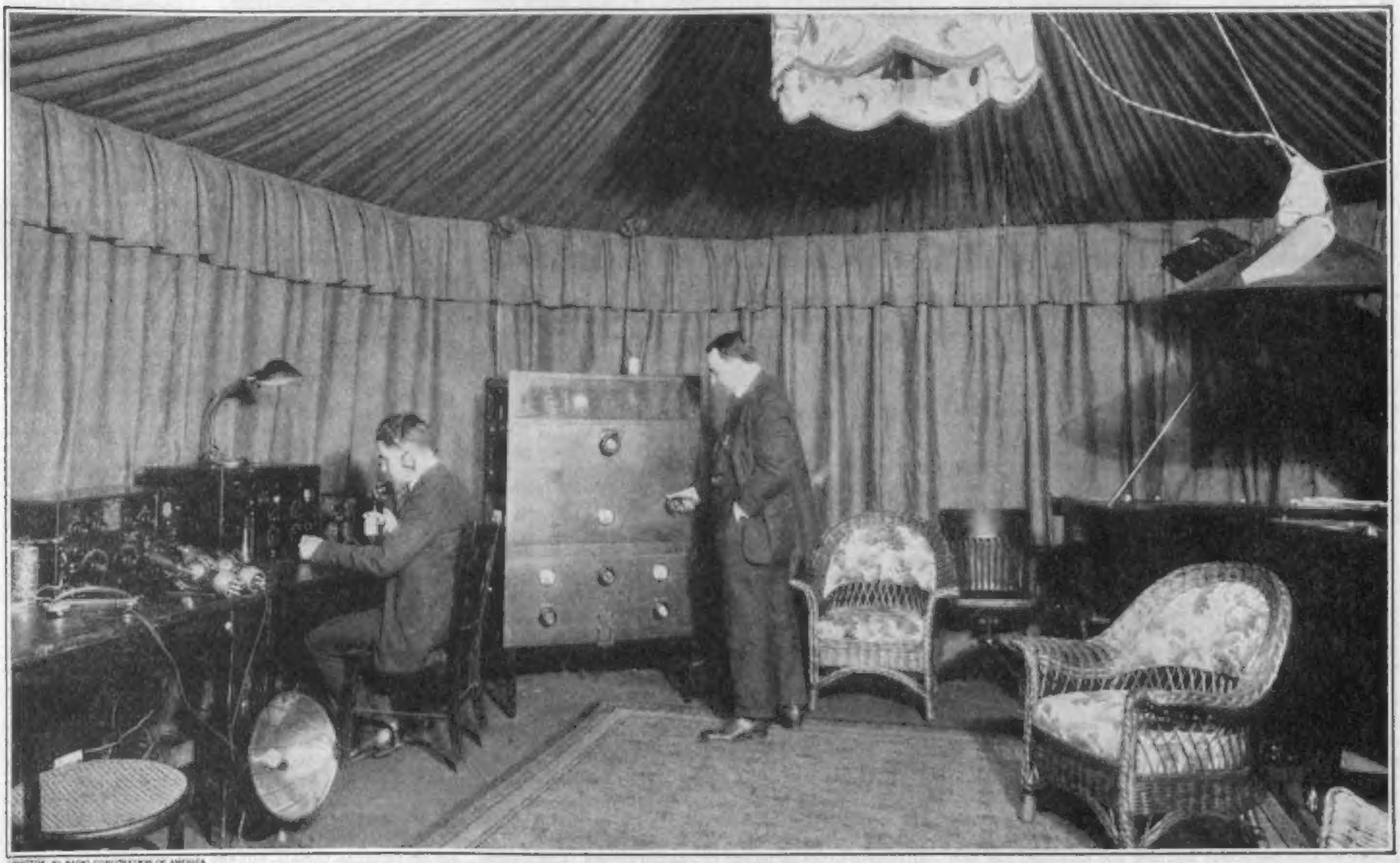
Owen Young, chairman of the board of the Radio Corporation of America, appeared to be most interested in the use of wireless for transoceanic communication. He believes wireless will be a great improvement on our present cable service. Talking by radio at the rate of 100 words a minute is certain of accomplishment, while it is quite possible we may attain a speed of 400 or more words a minute through the use of the wireless.

Already radio stations of considerable strength have been established in Norway, Poland, Sweden and other countries, and Mr. Young believes that the natives of all these countries living in the United States will use the radio to a large extent. Natives of Europe now living in America do not use the cable very often, but when wireless rates to Europe have been reduced to a level as low as the telephone and telegraph rates now charged for communicating from New York to Chicago the European element in the United States will commence to talk to the folks back home, and a substantial volume of business will result.

Possibilities

FURTHERMORE, radio will not put the cable out of business, any more than the telephone displaced the telegraph. Radio will draw the nations of the world closer together, and as a result the cable lines will profit materially, for there are certain kinds of communications that must be transmitted with absolute accuracy and with secrecy, and in such work the cable will find its proper field. According to Mr. Young the various governments must control the ether that carries the wireless waves, but not the stations. Radio offers the greatest opportunity ever presented for the establishment of an immense news exchange. The educational possibilities are unlimited. The real masters among us will be able to talk to the multitude. Then, going to the other extreme, it will be easy for the housewife to listen in at a certain time in the morning and find out in a few minutes just which of the big stores are holding sales that day and what bargains are offered. The basic principle on which wireless must be conducted is that it must be

(Continued on Page 141)



PHOTOS BY RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Interior of a Broadcasting Station at Roselle Park, New York. Curtains Surround the Room to Deaden All Sound. This Station Both Receives and Sends

The Darned Little Bolshevik

By LUCY STONE TERRILL

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THIS is not a technically told tale, for it spills out of the approved short-story pattern through a dozen little holes: Its viewpoint is criminally agile; both unity and sedate sequence are missing; there is no climax; and it possesses no element of suspense. However, I will give it the dynamic beginning recommended by textbooks and night-school teachers of fiction writing in order to clutch the reader's interest immediately. It follows:

My husband is a maniac. That is really dynamic. For he is a golf maniac. And when he saw Mrs. Bangor Ellington Stevenson glide down our driveway in her electric one Saturday morning his maniacal manner fell upon him. We had arisen early—and stealthily, that we might escape any demands of our four modern offspring, who were sleeping late after their Friday-night movie privileges. Now all was lost. My husband spat fierce words upon me.

"Now what the devil has she come for? I'm not going to wait a minute, Elizabeth"—my name is Betty when he is normal—"not a minute! I won't have my day spoiled on account of that leopardess."

"Why, John! What an unspeakable thing to say!"

"No such thing. And she shan't come over here and prey on me, I'll tell you that! I begin to feel like a potato bug the minute she looks me over with her devilish eyes. The boys say she's eaten everything human out of Stevenson till he isn't fit to live. Now are you going to play golf with me or send her on her way rejoicing?"

I never play golf, but John insists that I keep up my record as an also ran, and I appreciate it; so I suggested meekly that he go out and manage the ceremonies, at which suggestion he gestured dangerously with his new mashie and departed toward the kitchen.

"I'll not go near her! She never comes here, and you know it, unless she wants you to do a favor for her. Listen to her! Let's sneak out the back way and let her ring her head off."

Mrs. Bangor Ellington Stevenson—hereafter called Ann—had remained in her electric and was regally ringing for my appearance. It's true, Ann does rather patronize me, but she can be relied on for generous contributions to my charities. With this virtue in mind I sent John on, happily grumbling to be rid of me, and went out to greet Ann, who always wants my undivided time and attention whenever she favors me with her presence; at which times I am invariably prepared to hear that she is miserably unhappy and wishes she were dead. I never knew of Ann discussing her affairs with anyone except myself, and gossip regarded her as a reserved, haughty woman, entirely satisfied with her wealth and beauty. And though never once had she asked me not to repeat her confidences, and though I am far from immune to the lure of gossip, I had never betrayed her secrets. She has a strange power of commanding fidelity.

But on this particular morning she surprised me into silence by remarking calmly that she was on her way to adopt a baby. Silence is so unusual with me that it alarmed her.

The Red-Headed Child Put Her Shaking, Spindling Little Arms About Her Waist and Burrowed Her Face in the Soft Gray Dress

"Don't tell me you haven't any babies left!"

I continued to stare at her. Though Ann and I were girls together, she looked so young and so very pretty, sitting there against her velvet cushions, that she seemed to have gathered nothing from the years except the hardness of her eyes.

"Of course we've got babies—scads of 'em. But, Ann, a baby is too serious a thing to take up for a fad. If you want one why don't you have one of your own?"

She yawned. "We-ell, I think the season's getting a trifle advanced, don't you? Besides, Bang has left me. You needn't smile. He has. He left for England yesterday, and I'm going to break in a baby while I'm getting my divorce papers in shape. Evelyn Hill is having a perfectly wonderful time with the baby she took, and so is Hildegarde. Yesterday Evelyn broke up a bridge game to chase home and personally mash up steamed apple for her baby."

"There are times that babies aren't amusing," I said very firmly. "I'm afraid we haven't any babies for you to take to play with."

"To play with? What do you mean? Evelyn looks like a trained nurse on a death case. But it must be interesting or she wouldn't be so keen about it. However, I'm not going to sit here and be lectured. I thought perhaps you'd drive over to the home and choose one for me. You'll know if their heads are a good shape, and everything."

Imagine wanting someone else to choose a baby for you! But the opportunity to advise is a magnet that draws me relentlessly into strange and not always happy situations; so I hurried under my hat and went with her. I was perishing to know more about Bangor, but instead I observed tactfully that money is not the only essential for motherhood, and asked Ann if she were sure she would make a good mother.

"No, I'm not at all sure that I will," she replied calmly, "but there are lots of motherly looking women in the department stores. I'll hire one if I have to. Which shall I take, a boy or a girl?"

Having two of each I am naturally neutral. "Besides," I told her, "we don't make our babies to order at the home. The ones you'll probably want, because they're the prettiest, are Mexicans and Indians."

"Well, I prefer a pretty one, but I'm going to get one of some kind this morning if I have to take a Hottentot. Perhaps I'll take two. Bang's gone tearing off to England to drag home a lot more dogs to appease himself with, and I've made up my mind to drag home a few things myself to spend his alimony on. Ugh, how drunk and horrible he was—the beast!"

This was an old formula, so I merely remarked brusquely: "Oh, you'll be all over this in a few days, Ann. Then what will you do with the baby? You can't just throw it in the wastebasket, you know. I can't see why on earth you won't admit that you love your husband. It's no disgrace."

"For a long time I didn't think I did. It was just like acquiring a taste for garlic. At first it's unbearable, but if it's forced on you long enough you get so the salad tastes like chips without it."

To my great surprise her lips trembled over the tart words, and feeling that it would be as bewildering to see tears fall from those granite-gray eyes of hers as to witness animal cookies tumbling from stars I said hastily and with my best severity, "Well, for heaven's sake, Ann, telegraph Bangor to come back and have an end to it. I can't let you adopt one of our babies just for a ridiculous whim."

Ann stopped her electric in the middle of the traffic, utterly disregardful of the five-ton truck just behind us, whose driver regretfully avoided squashing us by the profanest hair's breadth.

"Betty, can't you at least simulate intelligence? I am not divorcing Bang. He is divorcing me. Nothing could bring him back. He has made up his mind. He told me it had taken him fourteen years and nine months to make up his mind to be rid of me—we've been married fifteen years, you know—and he's constitutionally unable to change his mind. I've never known him to, once. So you can be responsible for either of two things, for my adopting a baby or for my returning straight home and arranging myself with flowers in my folded hands."

I said nothing, and we continued on our way toward the home—just as she had known we would. Ann was famous for her facetious threats, but she was even more famous for her gruesome habit of carrying them out. One does not

have granite-gray eyes and auburn hair, straight as an Indian's, for nothing. She probably knew, with cold satisfaction, that I was reflecting on that day of our girlhood when she had threatened to jump off the veranda roof if I insisted on going to school and leaving her. I insisted, and jump she did.

And, so strange is the law governing perverse people, it was I who suffered during her weeks of convalescence while Ann enjoyed her vacation from school.

"It is a horrible mistake to love a man," she finally made amazing comment.

"Yes, isn't it?" I agreed inanely, feeling guilty toward John.

Ann gave me a sharp glance and smiled scornfully.

"What a liar you are, Betty! For heaven's sake don't think me so far gone that you have to agree with me. I loathe people who haven't courage to say what they think."

"Well, I'm obliged to agree that it's a mistake to love anything with your kind of love," I was irritated into replying. "You take everything and give nothing. I've—I've even heard you called a leopardess."

Her lips quickly conquered their tremor. She looked as emotionless as a calla lily. "My admirers flatter me then, Betty. Do put them right. I'm common cat. I get my mouse in a corner and amuse myself—until—I—kill—it. Then—well, I'm not amused any longer, but I can't stop till I've killed it, to save my soul."

"Ann, what are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about my kind of love! I must talk about it! Do you mind?"

In all our acquaintance Ann had never before mentioned love in any relation to herself. I shivered with anticipation.

"Of course you know why I married Bang," she began coolly.

"Certainly." I strove to be equally cool. "For his money."

"And he knew it too."

"Why of course. I imagine you never let him forget it."

"Thank you, Betty. You're so helpful. No, I never did. I covered my own shame for having sold myself with a pretense of contempt for his having bought me."

"But, Ann, I do think he loved you!"

"Yes. Poor thing—he couldn't help himself. He told me the day he left that God had wished me on him as a curse. That's just what I've been all my life—a curse."

"Why—why, Ann"—my pleasant curiosity was rapidly changing to acute discomfort—"why, Ann, I don't think you need blame yourself for Bangor's—ah ——"

"Say it, Betty! My Lord! Why be afraid of words? His drunkenness and gambling and other unpleasant habits. Well, I am to blame for them," she went on in the same uninflected voice. "Do you remember what fits of temper I used to have as a girl?"

I remembered.

"My whole married life has just been one long tantrum. I was determined to break Bang's phlegmatic acceptance of my beastly nature. You know how it used to be when I had a spell? The only thing that appeased me was to finally tear up a frock I most liked or to break or ruin something I was really terribly fond of. I never could stop until I'd made myself miserable. Then I was satisfied. We-ell, I worked for fifteen years to break Bang—to make him whine. Well, I did it."

I said nothing. I was thinking of what John had said about her having eaten everything human out of one of the kindliest men in the world. I was even regretting that I could never tell him all this because of Ann's peculiar power of commanding secrecy.

"He hates being so homely," she was saying; "you can't imagine how sensitive he is about it. He simply worships beauty. When I realized it I used to pretend he was offensive to me. I made fun of the way he looks."

"Why, Ann!"

"Oh, I did. I never let him forget how bitterly I was paying for my bargain. I've been horrible. I am horrible. But he would not admit that I hurt him. He couldn't do a thing because, just as he said, his love was a curse. Of course he finally began drinking and gambling and—and the usual things that men do. Then I'd act human for a day or two—just to enjoy his remorse. But now, you see, I've finally done it. I've lost him, gone too far—and I'm cured. Now that I've made him whine. Oh, he was drunk, wretchedly drunk, but he was beaten. Why, now—now—now ——"

She finally stopped saying "now," and the word seemed to hang accusingly in the air around our heads. The thought of big, homely, phlegmatic Bangor Stevenson, whining and broken, made me feel sick.

"Betty, he—he even cried—terribly!" she said in a whisper. Unconsciously she had expressed the spirit of triumph, even in her horrified confession.

"Oh, Ann, for heaven's sake have the decency to keep it to yourself!" I burst out.

Immediately I was ashamed of myself, seeing her flushed cheeks go quickly white.

"I'm sorry," she said stiffly.

The silence between us grew as tangible as a curtain of frost.

"You—you think I'm gloating over it, don't you?" she said at last with evident effort.

"You are," I said.

"I don't want to," she said simply, with such utter bewilderment and misery of herself that I was swept clean of all my disapproval. I always cry when I want most not to. So I began reluctantly to indulge myself.

"Great heavens, I'm not worth your tears, you nice old thing," she helped me brusquely to recover myself. "Don't you really think a baby is a good idea?"

She sat there, still looking as tranquil and undisturbed as a stately calla lily, of which she constantly reminded me, and I tried valiantly to affect her own composure.

"For you, perhaps. But babies don't stand treatment like yours very well. You can't sew a baby together like a dress, once you've torn it up."

She smiled at me companionably. "How comforting you are when you say what you think! But I've always had a feeling I wouldn't mistreat a baby. Then—you see, there's another reason. I'm going to make up to it for every beastly thing I've ever done to Bang. I'm going to make it the happiest thing that ever lived on earth. I am! Truly I am, Betty."

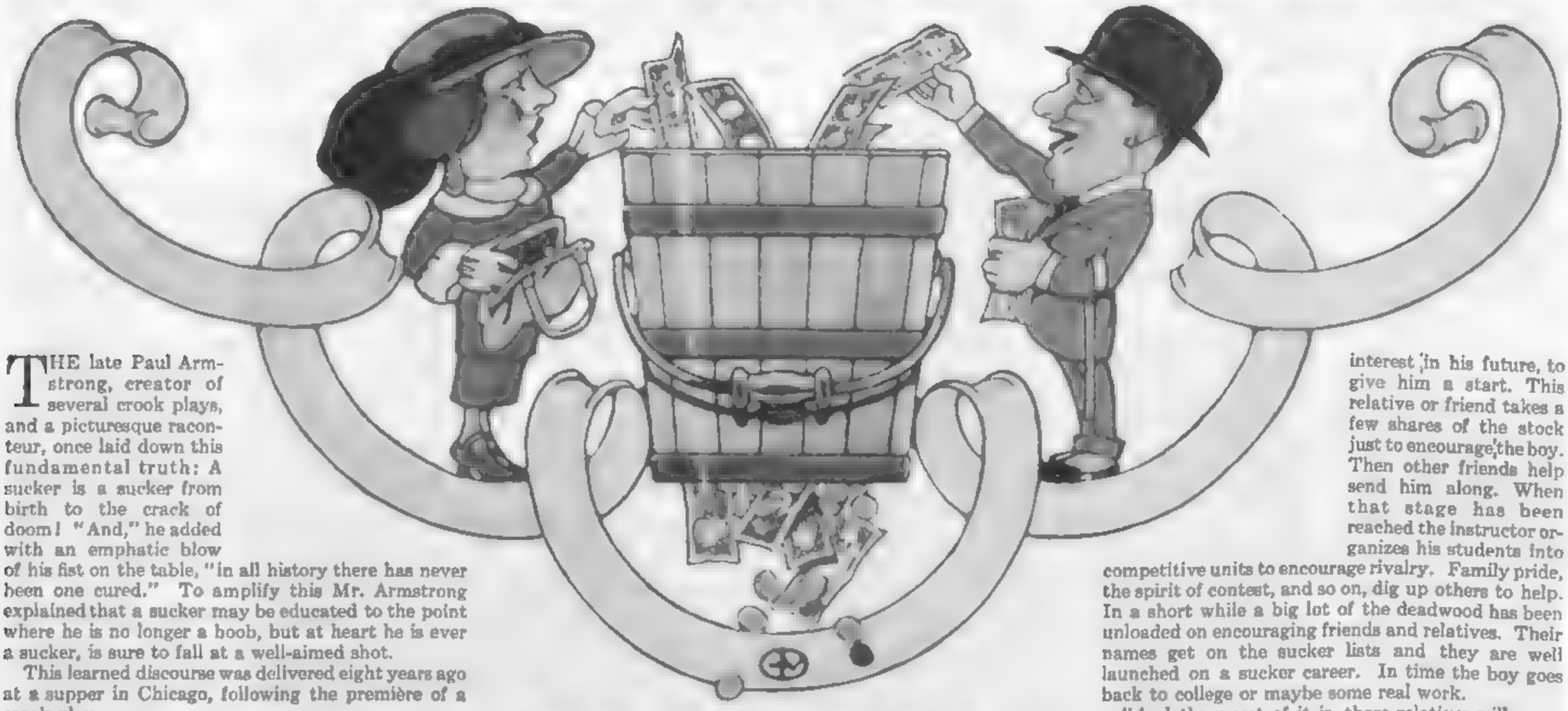
She searched my face for any doubts of the matter, but at the moment I had none.

"Well, we'll try to pick out a good sturdy child," I said hopefully, keenly relieved that at last we were driving up to the home.

Since the morning was Saturday the children were scattered about the grounds under the scraggly eucalyptus trees—a motley little crowd of gingham aprons and faded overalls. *(Continued on Page 130)*

"I am Ugly Inside, You're Perfectly Right. And it's Much Worse to be Ugly Inside Than Outside"

The Psychology of the Sucker



By Bozeman Bulger

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE late Paul Armstrong, creator of several crook plays, and a picturesque raconteur, once laid down this fundamental truth: A sucker is a sucker from birth to the crack of doom! "And," he added with an emphatic blow of his fist on the table, "in all history there has never been one cured." To amplify this Mr. Armstrong explained that a sucker may be educated to the point where he is no longer a boob, but at heart he is ever a sucker, is sure to fall at a well-aimed shot.

This learned discourse was delivered eight years ago at a supper in Chicago, following the première of a crook play.

In the party were a reformed gunman and a man who had spent most of his life in pool rooms and bucket shops, Mr. Armstrong's consulting experts on sucker technic. They nodded sage approval.

This principle, so clearly outlined by the playwright then, was confirmed in a manner most positive, if not so amusing, to the same bucket-shop man a few weeks ago in New York. I looked him up.

This time, he explained, the shots had been too well aimed. The casualties among suckers were so great that the bucket shops fell with them. In the crash the expert was rousted out of his job.

"Paul had it right," he said, "but he didn't go far enough. A man who makes a living trimming suckers is often a sucker himself through inoculation. I went for every cent of my salary trying to beat the game in our own bucket shop. I ask you, is there any excuse for a guy like that? Yes, sir, 'to the crack of doom' is right."

We went to dinner at a little French restaurant that he might list and check up his experiences for presentation to suckers, or potential suckers, in the hope of effecting at least one or two cures.

"But it won't work," he protested. "I'm willing, but people who read what I have to say will take the angle that I am the sucker and that they are wise. That's exactly what perpetuates a sucker."

Almost Like Mindreading

A BIT of fortune fell right into our lap. I assure you this is not fiction. At the big table a young man, apparently French or Alsatian, sat opposite us. He listened with undisguised attention to what we were saying about stocks, bonds and the recent failures. He was bursting with desire to say something. Finally he asked for the salt and pepper, an obvious move to get into the conversation—so obvious as to be funny.

The young man appeared to be around twenty-five. His dark brown eyes flashed enthusiasm and youthful eagerness to unload some important information. The bucket-shop man kicked me under the table. Then he asked the stranger what he had found good on the menu card.

The boy—he really was a boy—leaped at this bait. His slight accent proved him to be Alsatian.

"So you gentlemen are interested in stocks?" he asked. "I'm sure you are, and that you are men of understanding. I have the most interesting proposition, the greatest opportunity I know of to-day. You will appreciate it."

"And it's no secret?" encouraged the expert, eying him shrewdly.

"Oh, not at all. It is the Great Interlocking Tire."

Without hesitation he began speaking his piece, a letter-perfect description of this tire, and how it was bound to revolutionize the market. His boyish enthusiasm, his absolute sincerity and innocence caused the lines in my friend's face to soften.

"That company failed twice, didn't it?" he asked kindly.

"I did hear something about that—out in Pittsburgh," the boy admitted, "but this is entirely different. The company has been reorganized and the tire made by a new process. You see, the threads are woven in an absolutely new way like this." He illustrated with his interlocked fingers; also with a diagram on the tablecloth.

"You also have a good proposition in a rapid-fire combination tool, haven't you?" asked the expert.

"Yes. And you knew that?"

"And if a fellow wanted to, you could let him in on a company just organized to manufacture a new kind of gas burner for kitchen stoves?"

"Why, yes—good thing, too," admitted the surprised youth.

"Did you ever get any training at one of those schools that can make ten-thousand-dollar business men out of college students in a month?"

The young Alsatian nodded agreement with this, looking at his questioner in awe.

"I wouldn't be surprised," went on the bucket-shop man, "if one of your relatives or nearest friends gave you your first order, didn't he?"

"My uncle," he said. "The man who owns this restaurant."

The boy began to fidget, to lose his assurance. These questions from an utter stranger were so unerring as to make him nervous.

"Well, son, let me tell you something. Go back to your business instructor and ask him to try you out on some standard stocks or bonds, and to give you the names of some investors of financial standing. See what he'll say."

The fresh-laid stock salesman went away, puzzled and uncomfortable.

That, my companion informed me, is one of the newest wrinkles in working off hard stocks on the unwary, of exploring and opening up virgin fields of suckers.

"Before we get down to business let me tell you something," he said. "There are numbers of stock sharps running schools of instruction for young salesmen, with no other real purpose than to place their bad stuff. They get these students by clever advertising, pointing out that these prospective ten-thousand-dollar men can earn while they learn. Now isn't that natural sucker bait?

"When enough students have been secured they are given a few nights of intensive training on how to approach possible customers. In time the young men get anxious to try these things out in practice. Then it happens. They are given two or three tough-selling stocks of concerns desperate to raise some cash.

"Naturally the boy wants to make a showing, so he goes to a member of his family or someone who has a personal interest in his future, to give him a start. This relative or friend takes a few shares of the stock just to encourage the boy. Then other friends help send him along. When that stage has been reached the instructor organizes his students into competitive units to encourage rivalry. Family pride, the spirit of contest, and so on, dig up others to help. In a short while a big lot of the deadwood has been unloaded on encouraging friends and relatives. Their names get on the sucker lists and they are well launched on a sucker career. In time the boy goes back to college or maybe some real work.

"And the worst of it is, those relatives will go on for years refusing to believe that they've been gypped. They think they used good judgment. No sucker ever admitted that his or her judgment was bad. Listen," he said, leaning over the table, "if I were to tip off this old Alsatian that his stock certificates were worth no more than cigarette coupons it's a hundred to one he'd put us out of his restaurant."

We took no chances. The expert began arranging his data, occasionally looking up to ask how far he could go with this and that. When it was all arranged ready for dictation he suddenly wrote something across the top of his notes.

"Say," he observed, "there's no use in putting my name on this because it wouldn't mean anything. All I ask is that you put this at the top—and I'm telling you it's the real dope."

So we agreed to let it go just as it lay:

BY A SUCKER HIMSELF

To be a real sucker is a gift. It's got to be born in a fellow. He may improve and he may get worse, but a sucker can't be cured. Don't you remember that old fellow who invented so many of the automobile appliances that he made millions? Well, I can tell you where he is now. He is sitting right out in the hall of one of the buildings in New York, at a little desk. After that old man made the millions and finally had time to think over his early tendencies he put so much money into bunk stocks and fake schemes that his boys put him out of the office and made him sit in the hall. The sons have got millions, but the old boy is flat broke.

Men Who Never Learn

THE old gentleman, one of the great inventors, is a sucker to the manner born. Though he has the ability to make millions simply by business methods I honestly believe he'd rather be out there in that hall, broke, than lose the pleasure of buying up trick stocks and going into fake schemes. That's one idea that common-sense people don't seem to get. A sucker likes to be a sucker, and any time you try to cure him he'll fight back. I hope you won't think I'm stringing you or trying to be fresh. I'm not. That old man simply got worn out inventing things, and wanted to get some natural enjoyment by being a sucker.

I think I know suckers. I know them so well and have worked with them so long that I have to change jobs sometimes to keep from joining up with them myself. Never be afraid of anybody exaggerating about a sucker. They can't do it. Right in my pocket, for instance, I have a letter from a man whom I regard as the champion sucker of all times. He is a stake entry no selling plater. He writes, placing an order in the bucket shop where I worked, for a few shares of new oil stock:

Gentlemen: So far I have invested in twenty-four different oil stocks, and not one of them has made good. But I'm still game. Put me down for two hundred shares of this one.

That to my mind wins the all-around championship. Having been soaked twenty-four times this fellow is willing to take another chance, just to show he's game!

I started out as a telegraph operator in a race-track pool room. I later got to be a tout. After that I landed a job as operator in a bucket shop out West. From that I graduated into what is known as a producer—one who can go out and produce suckers. All stock peddlers, by the way, are known as producers.

The bucket shop gets but a small percentage of the general sucker output. The stock peddler lands the biggest share, and the race tracks come next. It is impossible even to estimate the number of suckers who get bold enough to step right out in Wall Street. They are usually well heeled enough to be open game. It is the little ignorant fellow with something sewed up in the toe of his sock who is shot out of season.

That is really the cruel feature of sucker trimming. I never minded figuring out ways and means for taking one of the big, rich, wise guys. A long time ago I drew the line at selling stock in a patent stove lifter to a poor old couple who had but five hundred dollars in the world. The man who did take that old couple is now doing time. But he wasn't convicted until that old couple had put up a fight in his defense.

On the complaint of a lawyer friend of that old couple an expert investigator was put on the trail of the salesman and his new company. They were forced to disgorge and make restitution of the five hundred dollars. But do you think those old people were grateful? Not on your life!

A week after the money had been returned that slick producer called on the couple again. He pointed out to them that he was a martyr; that a rich concern was trying to rob him and his stockholders of their profits. The old man and his wife promptly loaned this crook the five hundred dollars to aid in his defense. There have been many similar cases, some very recent.

When the Stars Picked a Loser

THOUGH trimming a sucker in a bucket shop is a sort of sport, especially the know-it-all fellows, I could never get going as a producer. Either my sense of pity or sense of humor always stopped me. It's something to have that much conscience anyway.

One day I was sent out with a crack salesman to see if I couldn't learn the business. He took me to a little shack of a house way up in the Bronx, then outside of New York City. A truck farmer and his wife lived there, paying about twenty-five dollars a month rent. Both of them were over sixty-five years old.

I sat in the little stiff parlor while my friend went into the kitchen to talk to the old lady and her husband. He was selling stock in a new-fangled gas burner for cooking stoves.

"I have heard of your business ability," he said to them, "and I can see that you both know what sound investment means. You are interested in practical things—things that save people time and money. Right?"

Both agreed with him.

With a lot of similar patter he produced his burner, attached it to the gas stove and showed them how it worked. Apparently it gave more heat with half the amount of gas. He convinced them that everybody in the world would simply have to buy one of those burners. The upshot of it was he took twelve hundred dollars from that old couple, giving them for it some fancy-looking stock certificates. That was all the money they had.

"You are a pretty tough guy," I said to him as we walked away. "I've seen the time when I could laugh at the squawk of a race-track sucker, but that stops me. That cleans them, and they are both well over sixty."

"Well, what of it?" he came back at me. "It may be tough, but if I didn't take them somebody else would. Why not me?"

"All right, you take them," I said. "But I'll be no producer. How much of that is your bit?"

"My end of the twelve hundred ought to be about three hundred dollars."

Think of what a chance that poor old couple had! Even the salesman had one-fourth of their money already.

The first bait at which any sucker bites is the chance of getting in on the ground floor. They'll jump at the chance of trimming another sucker. And that spirit is not limited to poor or ignorant people. Not at all. Some of the choicest fish are caught right out of the eddies about the big Wall Street pool. The rich and haughty will fall just as easily as the poor and humble. You see, a sucker to the manner born is a sucker always. He is likely to bob up in any surroundings.

Just a few weeks before the big smash of brokerage houses—many of them bucket shops—in New York, a member of our firm called up the wife of a rich financier. She was entertaining some friends with whom she was interested in studying psychic phenomena.

This suave talker had heard of the woman's unusual knowledge of copper production, he said. She was pleased. He also knew of her interest in the psychic stuff, and casually mentioned it. Finally he suggested that if she were really interested in the copper business he knew of a concern whose stock had not yet been listed. It would be possible for him to allot her a block of stock before it was put on the market.

"I will consult the stars to-night," she declared in all seriousness, "and will let you know to-morrow."

I don't know what happened in the skies that night, but the stars certainly ran true to form—for us. This woman invested thirty thousand dollars in trick copper stock. She left strict orders that under no circumstances was her husband to know the state of her account with the firm.

That stock on the curb would probably bring a thousand dollars. As a matter of fact it is worth nothing. Still the stars put the woman right, and nobody's going to tell her that her judgment is bad. No, indeed. I'll bet my hat right now that woman will chip in to help the company out of a hole before the end of six months.

The main thing that starts a sucker and makes him stick is an unshakable belief in the correctness of his or her judgment. If a loser, he satisfies himself that conditions went wrong temporarily—never his judgment. For that reason he figures that things are bound to right themselves, and when they do it will be a good laugh on his friends who were timid about going in. His sound judgment must finally prevail.

Often I have been asked what it is that makes a sucker come back for more. The person who asks that should remember, in the first place, that a sucker never believes that he has been trimmed. His vanity precludes a thought of that. If his stock goes down rapidly he jumps in and buys more because he regards it as a chance to get a sure thing cheaper. When it does rise, as his judgment has so clearly pointed out, his profits will be all the greater.

For instance, if a sucker buys one hundred shares of oil stock for one hundred dollars and it drops to twenty-five cents a share—why, there is a chance to buy a sure thing for twenty-five dollars when a few days before it cost him one hundred. In the drop he has made seventy-five dollars according to his mysterious way of thinking. Simple enough, if you can be that satisfied with your judgment, isn't it? Remember, the impelling motive of a sucker always is to get something for nothing.

We wipe them out on bucket-shop margins, and all that, but they are right back again. There is simply no use trying to cure them. Every one of them has read or has had a chance to read of how bucket shops are run. But do they heed this? I should say not. They think the fellow who wrote the warning was either badly informed or had some ulterior motive. He can't trick them that way!

There isn't enough room in this periodical to list the various schemes and tricks of bucket shops, and I am not going to attempt it; in fact it is often impossible nowadays to draw the line between a bucket shop and a regular, legitimate brokerage house. A bucket shop is not a bucket shop until caught with the goods. Sometimes they actually execute their orders and sometimes they don't. And they can trim you even if they do execute the orders and have everything perfectly proper on their books.

Where Did Your Money Go?

A BUCKET shop is very similar to a hand book at the race track. Sometimes the man, feeling sure that your horse cannot win, will hold the bet and make the money himself. If there be any doubt he will place it with some real bookmaker and take his commission. When these men hold too many bets and the long shots win they simply go smash. They cannot settle. So it is with the bucket shop. It is no trick at all to dope up the books so as to fool an inspector.

But here is the tip-off: Any time when you see where a brokerage house has failed just take a look at the liabilities and the assets. Always the liabilities are far in excess. Of course they are, or there wouldn't have been a failure. Then think a moment. If those houses actually executed their orders on a commission basis, what did they do with all this money of customers that is shown in the amount of liabilities? The answer is obvious They did not execute their orders, but gambled with your money. Or maybe they simply split it up and went South with it.

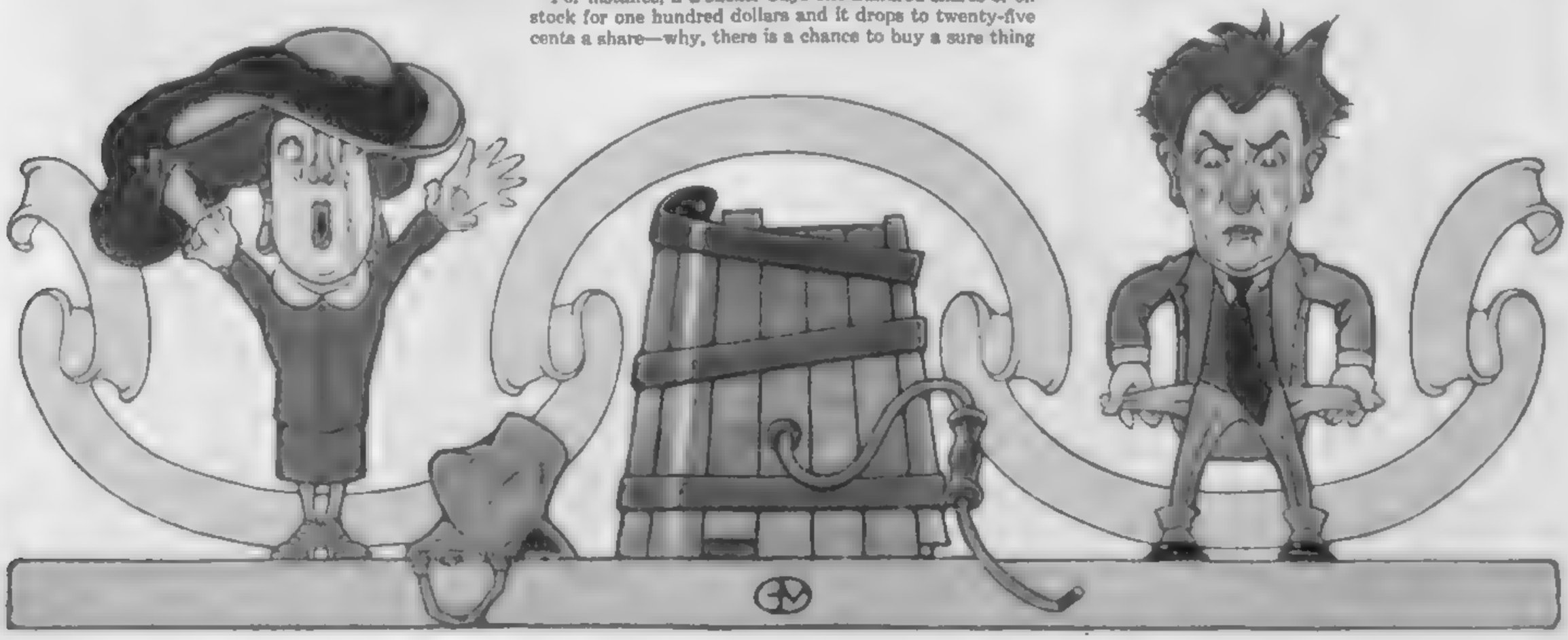
Folks try to make too much mystery out of this Wall Street business, and that's what appeals to suckers. A concern is either on the level or it isn't, that's all. Personally I've never worked for one that was on the level.

I've knocked around this old country a lot. I'm willing to make the crack right here that there isn't a 100,000 population city in the United States that hasn't a bucket shop in operation this very minute. On a strict commission basis I doubt if they could pay their employes and the rent. Just calculate the number of daily orders in any one of those cities and see how it comes out.

Take this as a tip: Any concern that will take a stock order for legitimate or standard stuff for less than five hundred dollars should be given the once-over. They may not get you, but petit larceny is bound to break out somewhere along the line.

Except for the fact that he was born that way, a sucker is not entitled to an awful lot of sympathy. In any small city there is no necessity for him to go to a brokerage house or bucket shop. If he really wants to invest in some sound security he can place his order through his bank

(Continued on Page 107)



TAPE

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

THE night had come on bleak and dark; it was raining—a thin pelting downpour; and as Nat Truax left the brokerage office and walked up New Street into Wall the clock on Trinity's spire struck, clanging the hour with sledgelike strokes. Five o'clock! It was at five o'clock, and on a night just such as this, he remembered, that for the last time he had gone up Wall Street with Harvey Nash, the trader; and he stopped short, the rain beating on his upturned face while he stared down the narrow, dimly lighted slope. A little street with a church at one end and the river at the other, someone has called it, but what he thought of that is another matter. In the old days Fred's Place, the saloon, was round the turn in Broad Street; and night after night in those bygone times he'd stopped like this and waited till Harvey Nash came lurching up the hill.

"Huh!" he grunted to himself.

A tough bird, wise and as hard as nails, was Nat Truax's reputation; but as he stood at the curb, staring intently into the dark, the rain dripping from his clothes, the men at the brokerage offices where he dealt would have wondered had they seen him. Twenty years had gone since that night, the time he'd last taken his partner home; and in Wall Street twenty years is a lifetime, an age. It was, in fact, only when some old-time broker or trader saw him drifting by that the other man was remembered. "There goes Harvey Nash's old pal," they'd say.

Then, their memories quickened, they'd tell of the time Northern Pacific was cornered—the Nipper panic—recounting how on that night long after the market's close Harvey Nash had been carried out of the back room of a brokerage office, limp, insensible.

He was a tape reader, it seems—one of the few, too, that for all the brag and talk Wall Street has ever known; and having read the signs from the tape he had played Nipper all the way up from the low, raking down a fortune meanwhile; but he had cracked in doing it. A man who lives high, drinks hard and wears a number eighteen collar must be wary of excitement like that; and on the third day, when Nipper touched 1000, a stroke of apoplexy stretched him on the floor beside the ticker.

He Took One of Her Hands in His. "Look at Me, D'you Hear!" He Ordered. "Mrs. Cartright, Look at Me!"

It might as well have laid out Nat Truax too. Harvey Nash, at any rate, was the one who'd had all the luck—read the tape and knocked down the killings for the two; and a year or so later, but for a chance, the help another trader gave him at the eleventh hour, Nat Truax would have been on the rocks—cleaned out, broke. Joe Cartright, it happened, was the trader; and there you are again! He was then a new hand to the Street—a young man hardly more than a boy; and for a time, like Nash, he too, had rolled it high. Cartright, though, long had disappeared—gone with Nash and the rest of them; and of the old bygone crowd Nat Truax alone was left. It was little wonder men thought him harsh, as hard as nails. In Wall Street, as he could have told you, it's every man for himself.

A gust, knife-edged in its piercing sharpness, boomed down the slope from Broadway; and he swore softly as the wind searched through his clothes. The night before, in the lodging uptown where he roomed, Nat Truax hadn't slept. A woman in the next room was ill of something; and through the night she had tossed and talked incessantly. A child, too, was with her—a boy; and hour after hour he, too, had clattered about, his voice shrill as he spoke with the woman on the bed. That wasn't all, however. If Nat Truax hadn't slept there was more than what went on at the lodging house to keep him wakeful; and as the gust passed and he braced himself against it he looked back over his shoulder, his mocking eyes roaming along the length of New Street, up which he just had come. In one of the buildings down the block a light was shining from a plate-glass window on an upper floor; and he stared at it intently. Nat Truax was on the rocks now. The place was the brokerage office of Rooker, Burke & Co., an odd-lot shop; and that afternoon, just before the market's close, the firm had sold out his account.

The crowd thronging past toward the Subway and the L stared curiously at the grim harsh-faced figure standing there in the darkness and the wet. "Damn! Damn!" he said. It was a deal in oil—Mex Pete—that had done it. On a sudden bulge unlooked for by him he had seen his scant handful of dollars dissolve like snow on the desert's sands. That was nothing new though. It was only that he had pawned and sold the last of his available possessions to margin the ten-share lot. "Damn! Damn!"

He did not stand there long, though, gazing up at the lighted window. A gust again came booming down the slope; and when it had gone, with his head shrunk down between his shoulders he turned and sped up the hill toward Broadway. A moment later, still hurrying swiftly, he was lost to view in the darkness.

Back in the brokerage office—Rooker, Burke & Co.'s—Buck Rooker, the firm's head partner, was smoking a last cigar for the day when the door of the back room opened, and Beeks, the manager of the customers' department, put in his head.

"Say," said Beeks, his face queer, "that bird, Nat Truax, was back here a minute ago. You ought to have seen him, Buck."

"That so?" inquired Rooker. "I thought you gave him the gate this afternoon."

"So I did," answered Beeks, "only that's not what I mean. He was out here in the customers' room just now, and what do you think he was doing? He was reeling up all the tape in the ticker basket."

The cigar Rooker was rolling over in his jaws came to a sudden halt, its end cocked up like an astonished exclamation point. "He was doing what?" ejaculated Buck.

"Rolling it up," repeated Beeks; "stuffing it into his inside pocket. When I asked him what he was doing he told me to go to hell."

"Well, I'll be dished!" ejaculated Rooker. "Must be going nuts, I'd say."

"Nuts, I guess," returned Beeks.

He had seen many queer things in his downtown experience, but this was the first time he'd ever known a customer to come back to the office and roll up the tape for a souvenir. They often came back, true; but it was usually just to put up a squeal, a kick. He said as much, in fact, his face puzzled.

Meanwhile, a long way now from Rooker, Burke & Co.'s, Nat Truax was still hurrying.

II

TWENTY years. The lodging house was over near the Twenty-third Street ferries; but it was not always in a dim, dingy neighborhood like this that Nat Truax had dwelt. Easy come and easy go had been the rule with him too; the plan of most of those who get their money that way; and in the days when he, too, had rolled it high the best had not been any too good. The man, however, was not thinking of that as he left the L station at the corner and sped down the wet, shadowy side street. It had been years, a lifetime, since he'd had out of the life he led any thrill of pleasure.

Year in and year out Nat Truax had kept on dabbling in the market; yet the lust for it, or, for that matter, any liking even, he long had lost. The Street he hated. Most of all he hated the brokerage offices where he dawdled day after day, gaping at the quotation board with its rows of changing figures. The air, too, of easy, glib good-fellowship that was the atmosphere of these places sickened and disheartened him; and it was little wonder the others thought him harsh, hard as nails. A single purpose was all that kept him going. It was the hope, the longing for a stroke of luck, just one, that would let him leave the Street for good. The old story—that. A last strike, a final killing! The brokerage offices are filled with men like Nat Truax.

Feverishly he kept on playing the market; but the only sensation he got from it now was fear. It was the terror that some day the market would clean him out, leave him penniless. Only Nat Truax—he, or at any rate, the men like him—could tell you the sweating terror of that fear. However, though the market that day had cleaned him out, Beeks and Buck Rooker would have marveled had they seen him. As he neared the lodging house his pace quickened. He was almost running as he reached its door.

The room he occupied was at the top floor, back. It was like the house itself—dingy, down at the heels, its furnishings worn and threadbare. Here, however, for the past years Nat Truax had made his home. "The Wall Street gentleman" was the term he went by in the place. The other tenants, transients for the most part, the flotsam and jetsam of the city, came and went; but with these he never mingled. The harsh, grim face they saw gave little invitation to closer acquaintance, in fact; and they went their ways and

he his, each heeding little and caring less about the other. It was only when some among them grew too noisy or annoying that the top-floor lodger made himself known to them. The night before was a sample. Hour after hour the woman in the next room had kept him sleepless; and when he first heard the noise he had rapped sharply on the wall. It was queer though. The noise later had broken out again; and he had lain and listened to it, unprotesting. But never mind now about that. Scuffling up the steps he put the key into the latch and thrust open the street door.

A gust of flat, tepid air greeted him as he stepped into the hall. Overhead a single gas jet was burning dimly, but after the years he had dwelt there he needed no light to guide him up the stairs. He had just closed the street door, however, and turned, when he was conscious of a figure—a head, rather—at the other end of the hall. The basement steps were there; and the woman, the lodging's slatternly servant, was peering at him over the rail.

"Where's Mrs. Mangin?" he demanded.

Mrs. Mangin was the landlady.

"Upstairs," answered the servant; and when the lodger barked "Where upstairs?" she answered sulkily, "She's in the room next to yourn."

The man's face, at the reply, twitched itself into a sudden scowl, and he stared, his brows working.

"Say!" he snapped, his voice a snarl. "She's turning that woman out, isn't she?"

The servant didn't know. She mumbled something or other in reply, but Nat Truax didn't wait to hear it. The scowl still working in his eyes, he turned and stamped on his way up the stairs.

The house was silent. As he reached the top floor where he lived he could hear a murmur of voices though; and at the stairhead he halted, his head cocked, listening. It was only for a moment, however. The voices died away as if in the room they'd heard him; and unlocking the door he stepped inside and shut it. Then fumbling on the mantel till he found a match he struck it and lit the gas burner overhead.

His hat he put on a chair. It was soaking from the rain, and so, too, was his coat; but the coat he did not remove. From its inside pocket he drew a folded newspaper. This he laid upon the center table, after which he drew from another pocket the tape he had filched that afternoon at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. There were yards and yards of it, all wound carefully into a roll. This, too, he put upon the table. Then he went to the door and turned the key in the lock.

The procession of drab, slatternly servants that came and went at the lodging house often had wondered what went on behind the closed door of the top-floor room. Mrs. Mangin also. It, too, was an old story though. It was as old and as trite as the story of any dabbler like Nat Truax; any of the sort that haunt the odd-lot shops and other brokerage houses, honing for one last strike, a killing. The newspaper on the table was an evening issue; its financial page spread double-banked columns of that day's quotations in the market. With these and a pencil to aid him, night after night for years now Nat Truax had sat there, striving to solve the riddle of his failure. The mistakes, the false steps he'd made he could see; but how and why he made them he never had been able to discover. Here in the room when he played the market like this he almost always won. He could, for example, take a fictitious amount—a few hundred dollars, say—and in effigy run it into a fortune. Trade after trade came his way.

Downtown, though, let him try it on, and what happened? Scanning the tape and vitally sure he was right, downtown he would plunge his dollars on the outcome, only to find he'd gone wrong again. Nash had had the trick. The tape he'd been able to read, with uncanny prescience forecasting nearly every turn; but though again and again in those bygone days Nash had tried to teach him the knack, that subtle extra sense, Nat Truax never had been able to grasp it. To-night, however, he wasted no time in his usual futile, footless endeavor, the effort to find where he had failed. Once he had locked the door behind him he hurried back to the table.

His coat he took off as he came. It was dripping from the rain; his shoulders, too, were soaked, but though he shook with a momentary chill he gave no heed to that. With the same feverish activity he had shown as he sped on his way uptown he drew up a chair, seated himself, and spreading the wet garment on his knees he took a penknife from his pocket. Swiftly he began to rip out the lining in the breast.

A last strike, a final killing! To-day was the culmination—the end, rather, of his effort. The market that day had cleaned him out at last; but though it had, the calamity had not left him penniless; not yet, at any rate. Nat Truax in his fears, his apprehension, had seen to that; and working swiftly, feverishly, he laid open the soggy dripping lining of the coat. Sewed to the cloth with clumsy stitching was a small flat packet; and from this, too, he cut the wrapping. It was a packet of bills—ten of them. Each of the bills was for one hundred dollars; a thousand dollars.

He had for years kept them by him like this. When one coat wore out he sewed them in the next. That was why in the brokerage offices where he dealt he had almost always looked so dingy and unkempt, his clothes wrinkled, never ironed; as if he'd slept in them. Even when he'd had for a time a little run of luck, and money was coming to him at some broker's, it was the same. One might ask of course why he had not put the thousand dollars in a bank, laid it away there in safety. He knew himself too well, that's all. He knew the temptation, the blind hope that sways every dabbler while he still has a dollar left. A check is too easy to write. Had he been caught by the market, called to make good his margins, with the money in the bank and a check book in his pocket, he was sure to a certainty he'd succumb to the temptation, the dabbler's usual deluding hope, that the next turn would recoup his losses. But if this he'd resisted and he had the money yet, what now?

Rising slowly Nat Truax crossed the floor, the money in his hand, till he came to the wall of the room adjoining. Then, his ear laid to the plaster, he stood there listening.

A low murmur came to him. The voice of Mrs. Mangin, the lodging house keeper, he could detect, and he could hear, too, the higher, shriller tone of the child, the boy, as he replied to her. Then came another sound, low yet penetrating. It was the rambling, incoherent voice of the woman lying on her sick bed. As the man listening at the wall heard it a scowl twitched his heavy brows together.

He heard it again. Another of those small sordid tragedies to which the lodging house was no stranger manifestly was taking place in the room next door, but his interest in it was not clear. The scowl, the snarl bared his teeth. That week downtown in the brokerage office he had sat with a scowl like that, staring at the quotation board. Something was doing in the market—all the signs showed that; but when he'd made his guess and played it he'd

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His Eyes Ablaze, Nat Truax Tried It Again. "Show Me, for God's Sake, Harvey!" He Said. "It's Nat, Old Nat, Who's Asking You!"

THE LIBERTY OF THE JAIL

There are two kinds of lawyers—the one who knows the law and the one who knows the judge. —JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

There is a third kind of lawyer—the one that knows his fellow man. —EPHRAIM TUTT.

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I'd Like to Draw and Quarter Him, Burn Him in Chains and Boil Him in Oil!"

ONE of those breezy, back-slapping fellows; javelin-collar type, you know, or thought he was; feather in his hatband; tartan silk neckerchief; cigarette with his initials; coat cut in at the tenth vertebra; hand in glove with the head waiters; a masher, a dasher, a wise one, a devil, except when it came time to pay the check; talked secretively out of the corner of his mouth about all the big fellows—Charlie Schwab and Charlie Hughes, Sam Untermyer and Sam Bernard, Irv Cobb and Herb Hoover, Nick Butler and Warren; the kind that calls his stenographer "sister," but always writes to a girl on the machine and signs his name that way; known in belles-lettres as a paper sport; a mean one;

T. Otis Crabb, his name.

He had foozled everything from the time he wore kilt skirts—sold books, bonds, hardware, soft stuff, real estate, automobiles, everything except himself; out of Lowell, Massachusetts, via Fall River to Columbus Circle; up to 1914 had worn a kaiseresque mustache; after that a little stenciled one like the headlights on a B. R. T. local; this not his life story, but merely an episode. To cut it short, about his fifty-fifth year he met a rich widow—another mean one—called her "sister." They landed each other—easy money!

Mrs. T. Otis Crabb, *née* Peterman, would have had you know that she was of another sphere. Really she was very much like Otis, although she had always had what she called position, due to the circumstance that Father Peterman had reached New York in 1870 instead of 1910, when all one had to do was to buy a swamp lot and hold it to become a millionaire. Lucretia was his only child, but even to his prejudiced eye she lacked that indescribable thing called charm. Time sped and she still dangled, a withering pippin on what the bard calls the virgin tree. Her father and mother died, leaving her a fortune outright. Suitors came, but turned away. At last old Admiral Buck was put in command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard—seventy-one, his eyes bad, but his taste for wine still good. So Lucretia became Mrs. Admiral Buck. Since she gained somewhat by being both married and official, her position became stronger than ever.

Then the admiral, having been retired by a grateful country, quickly drank himself to death, leaving the Widow Buck with not much in her life except bridge. Her second blooming synchronized with the jazz era. She might just as well have married her dancing teacher, but as it happened she ran into T. Otis at a *thé dansant;* thought him a dashing fellow. She had always wanted a dashing husband, and now she had one—gave him three thousand a year pin money. On their return from the honeymoon at Miami he developed influenza, had to give up work and lost all interest in girth control. After a month or so he got on Lucretia's nerves, sitting around the house and doing nothing but take the little white dog out in the afternoon. Also, with returning health he began to get a bit skittish. So she bought an interest for him in Smith, Murphy & Wasservogel to get him out of the way.

After a while T. Otis didn't mind, particularly in the summer when Lucretia was out of town, although he always ran down to Atlantic City from Friday afternoon until Monday—liked the bathing. The rest of the time he devoted to his young-man-about-town complex. As he was gray-haired and fifty-five, it came high. It cost a great deal of money—more than he got either from Lucretia or out of his share in Smith, Murphy & Wasservogel. He was a good spender—overdrawn at both banks.

His only friend was a dasher like himself, another of those rosy young-old boys you see on the billboards ogling a cigarette, a bachelor—Algie Fosdick, known on the Rialto as Fozzy. They hunted in the same leash. All summer long he and Algie palled it on the roof gardens, at Long Beach and at Coney, and Lucretia let him use her runabout—the little yellow one with red wheels you always see on Broadway. It kept him quiet. He was a poor thing, but her own. Not nice people—any of them.

That is how the accident happened, the worst in years—T. Otis driving the yellow runabout back from Coney after a shore dinner with Algie and a couple of girl friends. He had had a little too much clam broth and thought he'd show 'em what the little bus would do.

II

"MR. TUTT," said Tutt, hopping in over the threshold from the outer office like a belated robin, "may I disturb you for a moment?"

The old lawyer turned from the window through which he had been contemplating the Syrian wash fluttering from the roofs of the nether tenement houses.

"Tutt," said Mr. Tutt, "you may."

"I want to kill a man!" said Tutt.

"Dear, dear!" answered his elderly partner. "Only one?"

"At the present writing, only one. But believe me, at that, hell's too good for him!"

"You surprise me, Tutt!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt, reaching down into the recesses of his desk for a decrepit bottle and pouring out a glass of amber-colored liquid. "Have some Malt Extract?"

"No, thanks," replied Tutt. "I never drank until prohibition, and somehow I can't seem to get used to it."

"I confess it is hard to break the habits of a lifetime," agreed his partner, absorbing the contents of the tumbler; after which, having replaced the bottle, he seated himself in his swivel chair, leaned back, crossed his long legs upon his desk, lit a stogy and locked his hands behind his head—his customary office attitude—while Tutt started an all-tobacco cigarette as a sort of back fire and sank into the chair reserved for paying clients.

"You remember Wallace Barrington," began Tutt—"that young accountant we did some business for? His wife died two years ago, and he's been looking after his old mother and four children ever since. Firm paid him fifty-five hundred a year—pretty good; but his wife's illness took all his savings. They lived over in Flatbush, somewhere near the Coney Island Boulevard."

"Well?" inquired Mr. Tutt, exhaling a cloud of poison gas.

"Well," echoed Tutt, "he was walking home from an overtime job the other night and a drunken bounder motoring back from Coney with a party of women ran him down and smashed him up. He's done for. Wheel chair all his life, I guess. Earning capacity entirely gone. Nothing for it but to send the children to an orphanage and the mother to an old folks' home."

"What's the brute's name?" demanded Mr. Tutt, all attention.

"T. Otis Crabb. He's a banker and broker."

"Sue him for a hundred thousand dollars!"

"Won't do any good. He says he's broke. Threatens, if we do sue, to go through bankruptcy."

"Whose motor was it?"

"His wife's."

"Sue her!"

"Can't! She was out of town, at Atlantic City, and swears he was using the car without her permission.

"Rotten luck, for Crabb's wife is worth a couple of millions. I asked her if she would do something for the Barringtons, and she laughed in my face.

"'Me?' she says. 'What have I got to do with it? I wasn't in the car!'

"'But,' I said, 'it was your car that broke Barrington's back, and your drunken husband was driving it. Haven't you any heart?'

"At that she rang a bell and the butler threw me out."

"The female of the species!" muttered Mr. Tutt. "Won't either of 'em pay anything?"

"Crabb offered me five hundred dollars for a complete release. A good nerve! What?"

"Where's Barrington?"

"In the charity ward at Bellevue."

Mr. Tutt brought his feet down with a bang, and his tall frame shot toward the ceiling like an avenging jack-in-the-box suddenly released.

"Where is this cur, Crabb?" he shouted.

"Right over in his office—smoking a perfecto paid for by Mrs. Crabb. Says he's sorry, but hasn't any money of his own. She underwrites him—all right; but if she keeps him she ought to be responsible for the damage he does!"

"Poor Barrington! I'll go over and see him at once," said Mr. Tutt. "Meantime just you call up this Crabb animal and inform him that unless he sidles over here with twenty thousand dollars by to-morrow morning at ten o'clock we'll bring suit against him and his wife for one hundred thousand, and that it's going to cost them exactly five thousand more for every week he holds back. Meantime tell Barrington's mother to send us the bills for the rent and household expenses. It isn't exactly ethical for us to pay 'em, but what's a little ethics when an old woman and four children are starving? Eh, Tutt? Did you say you wanted to kill a man? I'd like to draw and quarter him, burn him in chains and boil him in oil! I'd like gently to peel off his epidermis and shake salt and pepper on his quivering subcuticle! I'd like—I'd like ——"

He stood quaking with rage, his fist shaking in midair.

"U-r-r-h!" he roared. "And, by heck, I will!"

III

"THERE are two kinds of lawyers," said Joseph H. Choate—"the one who knows the law and the one who knows the judge."

But this cynically jocular aphorism is true only in a general sense. It is not enough for a lawyer to know either

the law or the judge, or even both. To succeed in his profession he must above all else know his fellow man. In this latter quality Ephraim Tutt excelled. Inevitably he knew his man, whether the latter were a mean-spirited complainant, a weak or timid juryman, or an uncertain or lying witness. The last thing he did was to look up the law; the first to study the characteristics, temperament and relationships of the various *dramatis personæ* involved in any case; and he was accustomed to illustrate this great principle of practice by a certain litigation which much to everybody's surprise had resulted favorably to the defense for the sole but sufficient reason that the only witness for the complainant—who had a perfectly good case—owed the defendant's lawyer twenty-five dollars.

He used to say that it was as important to know what money men owed or what women they were in love with as to be able to quote the Statute of Frauds or the Fifteenth Amendment. By this we do not intend to intimate that Mr. Tutt ever resorted to improper means to win his verdicts, but only that he placed a proper value upon the so-called human element in every case. The law might be entirely against him, and so might the facts; but that never disturbed his equanimity so long as there was a jury to be appealed to; and he believed that the chief requirements for the legal career were a good digestion and a stout pair of legs. In a word, he was a practical man.

To him every case that came into the offices of Tutt & Tutt presented a concrete triangular problem, standing on its own bottom, and exposing three sides, on one of which was inscribed "What are the facts?" on another "What's the law?" and on the third "What then?" And Mr. Tutt, a gangrenous stogy protruding from his mouth, his hands thrust beneath his coat tails, would saunter contemplatively around said problem, viewing each side in turn, but pausing inevitably before the last, where, if the truth must be known, the question of what the law or the facts actually were played a small part. There is more than one way to kill a legal cat, and Tutt & Tutt's job was to find the best method of executing every such feline that wandered into their office. Both Tutts enjoyed the law as a science and delighted in it as a craft, joyfully uniting science and craft in a scientific craftiness in which inevitably a pleasant time was had by all—except their opponents. They loved their profession for its own sake, apart from the fact that they earned their living by it; but they cared for it rather upon its pragmatic than upon its academic side.

Mr. Aaron T. Lefkovitsky, on the other hand, though also a legal pragmatist, was the kind of lawyer who mistakenly thought he knew both the law and the judge, and everything else. Like seeks like. A smart-Aleck client is apt to engage a smart-Aleck lawyer, much as men are said, out of personal vanity, to marry women who in general resemble them. Thus it was natural that T. Otis should have retained Aaron T. to defend the damage suits brought on behalf of the Barringtons against him and his wife. It was also natural that after Aaron had blustered around for several months, loudly asserting that Tutt & Tutt could never get a verdict against his clients, the several juries interested should have soaked the latter an aggregate of fifty thousand dollars in damages. This unlooked-for consummation might have resulted in a loss of mutual confidence had it not been for the fact that T. Otis was unquestionably judgment proof.

Nevertheless, one shadow still stalked behind him by day and hovered above his bed at night—his liability to arrest and imprisonment for debt in default of paying the judgment. This lever old Mr. Tutt still had concealed upon his lanky person, and both T. Otis and Aaron T. knew that he would certainly make use of it, the fact being that he had served written notice upon them that unless someone should pay that fifty thousand in full, with interest, costs and disbursements added thereunto, within five days he proposed to cast Mr. Crabb into durance vile, which, as it happened, would be just when Mrs. Crabb desired to take her departure to Atlantic City for the summer. As the lady did not want to go without her husband, and wanted neither to pay the aforesaid fifty thousand dollars nor to have it publicly known that T. Otis was visiting the warden of the city prison, she immediately and in some distress telephoned to the Hon. Aaron T. Lefkovitsky, who stood not upon the order of his coming.

Hence there were assembled on a certain June evening, in the gilt drawing-room of the golden suite of the rococo apartment house upon Riverside Drive overlooking the Hudson where dwelt the Crabbs—the lady herself, the Honorable Aaron, her dashing spouse, and Algie Fosdick, his friend.

"Well, Mr. Lefkovitsky," she was saying, "what kind of a mess have you got us into now, losing all these cases, and my husband threatened with jail?"

Mr. Lefkovitsky received the broadside good-naturedly.

"Jail!" quoth he nonchalantly. "A good joke, that is!"

"Joke!" repeated Mrs. Crabb in dudgeon. "It may be a joke to you, but a nice thing for me to have it in all the papers just as I'm going away for the summer! I'd almost rather pay the fifty thousand dollars and be done with it!"

"Not much you won't!" asserted the lawyer grandly. "And your husband won't go to jail, either; that is, really go to jail. All he has to do is to give a bond for the amount of the judgment, and under the law he gets the liberties of the jail. At the end of six months the bond is automatically discharged and that's the end of it. Nobody need ever know he's even been arrested."

He nodded his glossy black head sagely.

"I don't understand!" declared Mrs. Crabb suspiciously, for she was suspicious of all men, her only experience with the sex having been with the admiral and T. Otis. "First you say he'll have to go to jail, and then that he won't have to go to jail! What sort of bunk is that?"

"A Nice Thing for Me to Have It in All the Papers Just as I'm Going Away for the Summer! I'd Almost Rather Pay the Fifty Thousand Dollars"

"They call it going to jail, but practically he can go anywhere he chooses," said Lefkovitsky. "The jail limits in New York County are New York County itself!"

"You mean Otis can live right here in this apartment and still be in jail?" she demanded incredulously.

"That's it!"

"I told you he was a smart lawyer, mamma," murmured Mr. Crabb.

"Don't you call me mamma," she retorted, "or go to jail you shall!"

As between Mrs. Crabb and jail, less hardened men might well have chosen the latter.

"All he has to do is to get a responsible party to go surety on his bond that he won't go outside the jail limits—Mr. Fosdick can act as surety. And then he stays right here, and sleeps at home."

"That's a funny sort of law!" ventured Mr. Fosdick. "How do you know the sheriff would accept me as a surety on the bond? I haven't a cent of my own!"

"He'll have to accept you if you put up the right sort of security," announced Mr. Lefkovitsky with authority.

"But where shall I get it?"

"Mrs. Crabb can loan it to you," suggested the attorney. "She merely deposits fifty bonds, or an equivalent amount in any good securities convenient to her, and at the end of six months, when Mr. Crabb is released and the bond is discharged, she gets them back."

"Are you sure I will?" she insisted doubtfully.

"Absolutely! I'll show you the law if you want to see it. Your husband just gives bond and walks around New York for six months and then it's all over. He can't be arrested again."

"Easiest way to save fifty thousand dollars I ever heard of!" beamed Fozzy. "Ain't it grand to be a lawyer?"

"But suppose there was some slip-up? What would happen to the money?" Mrs. Crabb inquired. "I'm a bit leery of this law stuff."

Mr. Lefkovitsky smiled with condescension.

"There won't be any slip-up."

"But if there should be?"

"Of course, if the bond was forfeited the securities would be used to satisfy the judgment."

"You mean the Barringtons would get our—I mean my—money?"

"If the bond was forfeited, yes," he replied rather impatiently. "But it wouldn't be forfeited. There's not a chance in the world. As I tell you, a man who has secured the liberties of the jail can go anywhere he wants in New York County. That's why I say that being arrested for debt is a joke."

"If that's all being arrested amounts to," pondered Mrs. Crabb, "why have any jail limits at all? The only thing I don't like about it is that Otis can't come down to Atlantic City over the week-ends."

The Honorable Aaron looked knowing.

"Maybe I could fix that too," he admitted modestly.

"Well, what do you think about that?" ejaculated Fozzy.

"Oh, if you can ——" brightened the lady.

"Listen," said Lefkovitsky, helping himself to a cigar out of the silver box at his elbow on the strength of it. "I'll tell you something. Very few lawyers know it, either. When a man's arrested for debt and locked up—as when he isn't able to give a bond to remain inside the jail limits—the sheriff becomes personally responsible for him; and if the debtor escapes the sheriff is liable to the creditor in damages. But—and here's what most people aren't wise to—if the debtor voluntarily returns before the creditor can begin an action for damages by serving his summons and complaint on the sheriff the law says that any harm that has been done by his escape has been undone by his return, and that the action no longer lies. Get me?"

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The Print of My Remembrance

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

IN THE early summer of 1889, finding myself in New York and unemployed, I was glad to accept the offer of Mr. William G. Smythe, who had associated himself with another young manager named Charles Matthews, to produce a four-act play, The Burglar, which I had built up from the sketch Editha's Burglar. Maurice Barrymore had just closed his engagement at the Madison Square Theater in a successful run of Haddon Chambers' Australian play, Captain Swift.

Emma V. Sheridan

Barrymore at that time was not only the matinée idol but was the favorite leading man of most of the theater-going men of New York. My first meeting with him, in fact my first identifying sight of him, was in an office on the second floor of a converted dwelling on Broadway near Thirty-first Street, where Smythe and Matthews had desk room. Will Smythe introduced us.

As this smiling, keen-eyed, handsome, athletic fellow shook hands with me and looked me over as critically as I was regarding him he said, "Somewhat of a husky, eh?" and, still holding my right hand, jabbed in playful burlesque ponderousness at my ribs with his left. As I instinctively stopped him he added, "Know something about that, do you?" I have seen boys of ten begin acquaintance in similar pretense.

That meeting characterized the intercourse between us that covered the next twelve years or more—the last of his active life. He had an army of friends, but that during that final period I was the nearest to him I believe none informed will dispute. During that time he played in six pieces of mine, The Burglar, A Man of the World, Reckless Temple, Alabama, Colonel Carter and New Blood, his parts in all but the first two being written for him.

Maurice Barrymore Offstage

I NEVER saw Harry Montague, but I have seen numerous portraits of him. All the other popular idols of the American theater from 1880 to 1900 I saw in person. Barrymore was easily the finest-looking and best-carried man of them all. His features were in drawing almost identical with those of his son Jack, with the difference that for Jack's poetical expression and fiber the father had the challenge and the sturdiness of a Greek gladiator. Physically he was five feet eleven inches tall, with a shoulder breadth accentuated by the smallness of his head, and weighed about one hundred and seventy pounds. In romantic costume or in evening dress on the stage he had the grace of a panther. On the street or in the club or coffee-house he was negligent and loungy and deplorably indifferent to his attire. In the theater a queen could be proud of his graceful attention. Outside, a prize fighter or a safe blower was of absorbing interest to him unless some savant was about to discuss classical literature or French romance.

At that time the stationers' and jewelers' windows displayed silver frames containing photographs of him as Captain Swift in a dress suit, standing in a conservatory, holding in his hands a saucer and demi-tasse from which his attention had just been sharply distracted. Some observer, Wilton Lackaye, I think, said not long ago that Barrymore in transmitting his traits had definitely separated two personal and principal characteristics. The teacup quality he had bequeathed to Jack and the prize-fighting excellence had gone to Lionel. There is enough truth in the comment to justify it, although both the boys are much more protean than it suggests.

Mentally Barrymore was capable of interest in the most abstruse questions, but as far as I was qualified to judge he did not care to seem profound. He was vastly more amused in surfaces, but to the depth that facts and theories, forces, events and expression in all forms did interest him his was the quickest, most alert, the most articulate, the wittiest and most graceful intelligence that I ever knew.

Once, describing to me a fight between a pet mongoose that he owned and a cat, he said, "All you saw was an acrobatic cat and a halo of mongoose."

The line could have been paraphrased to describe any tilt in repartee in which I ever heard Barry himself take part. And yet I never heard him speak a line that left a scar. It is hard to quote some of them and convey this conviction, but his smile and manner, true declarations of his intent, made the most acid speeches amiable.

I was delighted, of course, to have him chosen for the lead in my first big play in the East. These young managers were considerate of my wishes in getting the entire cast. Other prominent artists engaged were Emma V. Sheridan, who had been playing leading business for Richard Mansfield; Sydney Drew, then in his early twenties, but already a favorite as a comedian—he had been featured in a play of Gillette's and was regarded as starring material by more than one manager; John T. Sullivan, a prominent leading man for second business; and Gladys Rankin, the beautiful daughter of McKee Rankin. I went into the company to play the old man and to understudy Barrymore in the part of the burglar. Willie Seymour, later the general stage manager for Charles Frohman, was engaged to rehearse the play. Mr. Seymour was an experienced producer; as a matter of fact, had been in the theater all his life, having gone on as a child with Edwin Forrest in Metamora.

Maurice Barrymore

PHOTO. BY LEWIS-SMITH, CHICAGO

Otis Skinner

The managers had little money and were staking all on our trial in Boston. As a matter of economy the organization was taken there by the Fall River boat. Nobody in the company had any important money. Salaries at that time were not what they are to-day. The largest on that list was Barrymore's at two hundred dollars.

On the palatial Plymouth at the dinner table we sat down somewhat a family group. Barrymore took the head of the table, with Miss Sheridan to his left. The rest of the company strung along on the sides. There arose somehow a pretended dispute over the honor of ordering dinner for Miss Sheridan.

Drew said, "We'll toss for it."

A cube of sugar was marked on its six sides like an ordinary die and given to Sydney for the first throw. It was an anxious moment, the comedy of it irrepressible to his temperament, and as he shook the cube in his hand and looked at the other derisive men before throwing he said, "High man out." Barrymore had to remind him that the stake was the honor of ordering dinner for a lady, but Sydney's line had revealed the situation. Before all had finished throwing, Joe Holland, who was with another company on the same boat, noticing the hilarity of our party, joined us and wanted to know what the gambling was for. Sydney, who had lost, told him it was dinner for the entire party. Barry added, "A large stake."

Joe threw and lost, and after the order was given, being also in an actor's summer, made a tour among the members of his own company, borrowing for the prospective bill. When the checks came Barrymore paid for all the dinners. But Sydney's line of "High man out" passed into the company's quotations, and on all occasions was used to exclude anybody from polite or generous enterprises.

Our rehearsals were in Boston. Knowing how much depended upon the result of the venture, I was especially watchful, trying to detach myself and look at the presentation objectively, as a critic in the theater. I could see nothing but success. As a touchstone for my estimate I had of course the rather full record of the little play which was now the third act of the big one. Naturally the story mounted to that, and the fourth act, which was a logical sequence, did not seem to drop.

Sitting Up for the Papers

OUR first night was not more short of its endeavored effects than most first nights are. The nervousness of men and women in a new play is such that at a first performance they never give their best interpretation. At this opening the calls were sufficient, the applause and laughter were great. Behind the curtain we thought we had a success. The thing that chilled us was the failure of the inexperienced management to say so. They had been in touch with the men from the papers, and we felt that they reflected the opinion of those men.

Most actors have a light dinner around six o'clock and a supper when the work is over. That night in Boston we men were all too excited to think of going to bed even at the actor's hour. Four of us, Barrymore, Drew, John Sullivan and I, decided to sit up for the morning papers. We were joined by dear old Gen. George Sheridan, the silver-tongued Republican spellbinder, father of our leading lady. He had been with us during our four weeks' preparation.

The impression upon a sensitive author may mislead me, but as I remember the morning papers they had very little to comfort anyone. Barrymore's indignation and revolt were magnificent. He consigned all the critics to the bowwows, and was disposed to send the audience with them.

His finishing line as he slapped me encouragingly on the shoulder as daylight was breaking through the window was, "Boston, my boy! Why pay any attention to it? What is it? A city of Malvolios."

Sharing my first faith in the piece, trying to analyze and weigh the elements of success against everything in the other scale, he was sympathetically bracing me up.

Sydney Drew, who lacked Barrymore's ability to do this, but who had an equal good will, broke in by saying, "Now Gus, I've been in too many first nights ——"

His brother-in-law said playfully, "You have, Mr. Drew, you have," and pushed him out of the conference.

Sydney, with his comedy smile and a gesture of recovery, added, "Well, I'm a wonder."

"You do yourself an injustice—you're a freak," Barry added, and returned to lifting my soggy spirit.

Two or three managers had come down to Boston to see our opening, among them Joseph Grismer, at that time

a favorite actor on the Pacific Coast, where he was starring jointly with his beautiful and talented wife, Phœbe Davies. Grismer had an option on the Western rights to the play. That he had disappeared at the end of the performance was an unhappy augury in the mind of the management. I was staying in the old Clark's Hotel, a place for men only. At six A.M. I turned into bed in a room on an upper floor with a door at right angle to a room occupied by Smythe. The weather was warm, the transoms were open. I was waked about nine o'clock by Matthews calling upon Smythe. Through the open transoms I could hear the dejected conference between the two managers.

A bell boy knocked at the door. Matthews took the card.

From Grismer! Each man tried to pass to the other the painful duty of going below to interview him. Matthews finally went.

After a considerable interval I heard his steps come quickly to Smythe's door, a sharp rap, an entrance and his excited tone as he reported to his partner, "Why, he still wants it!"

Further sleep was impossible to me. I dressed quickly, and as soon as I could do so diplomatically confirmed the meaning of the report. Later I saw Grismer himself. With the ease of the veteran he had dismissed the unfavorable notices. He had seen the play; he had watched its effect upon the audience. He saw himself in the part.

Lillian Russell

Nat Goodwin

Digby Bell

Success Despite the Critics

I SHALL never forget his hearty laugh or the strong soldierly face as he said, "Why, my boy, it'll make a fortune for everybody!"

That was a hard Tuesday for me. The day before I would have bet upon my ability to brace up under any conditions. But when I found Smythe and Matthews discounting also Grismer's optimistic opinion and acceptance, and regarding both as peculiar to his isolated territory and his personal needs, I was a demoralized author. One thing that hurt me much was what I thought injustice in important press comments. In the first act of the play my burglar was a man in refined surroundings, speaking good English; in the third act he was talking thief jargon. I had believed that subtly effective, because in my railroad experience I had seen educated men quickly adopt the ungrammatical and slangy speech of the man on a box car. Mr. Clapp, then the principal critic of Boston, cited this departure as a mark of my immaturity. The opinion marked only his own inexperience with actual life in that stratum and environment. Two or three days later some other paper took issue with him upon the point, but on that Tuesday I was submerged by that and other objections equally valueless.

During a walk alone in the afternoon I found myself looking into a shop window with no accurate consciousness of my surroundings or recollection of how I had acquired them. It was only a dazed minute or two before objects fell into their proper categories and I was able to get my bearings, but the lapse alarmed me. A half block farther on I met Mary Shaw, whose home was Boston. Mary had seen the play and was enthusiastic in her approval of it and of the work of the company. This, however, was to me unimportant in the presence of the lapse of consciousness I had just been through. In frightened fashion I told her of it.

Mary put back her head and with her contagious laugh of those early days, said, "Good old-fashioned biliousness, my boy, nothing more." Mary's diagnosis was correct.

Our Boston engagement was for two weeks. The business showed such healthy signs that we were regretful that it was not for a longer period.

On Wednesday after the matinée Wesley Rosenquest, managing the Madison Square Theater for A. M. Palmer, proposed to Smythe and Matthews that the piece be brought to New York for as long a time as it would hold up in the summer. His terms were for the theater to take each week the first two thousand dollars. It was of course possible to play to much less than this on the gross, and for the management also to be stuck for salaries and advertising.

As they hesitated Barrymore said, "Take it! If the money doesn't come in you'll owe me nothing, and I think I can answer for most of the company."

This decided the managers. As they started to thank Barrymore he interrupted them: "I'm not doing it on your account. This is for Thomas."

PHOTO. FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS F. MADIGAN NEW YORK CITY

Charles L. Harris and E. M. Holland in "Alabama"

The New York opening was a night of almost equal anxiety to that of Boston. As one of the cast I had only the actor's biased opinion as to how the play was going. I was heartened during the first intermission by a visit of the comedian, Louis Harrison, who came to my dressing room with a message from Bronson Howard, commending the workmanship of the act just finished; and when the play was over Harrison came again to Barrymore's room and mine to bring us good news and to give his own opinion—by no means an unskilled one—that we had the best melodrama offered in New York since The Two Orphans.

Bronson Howard was then in New York with his production of Shenandoah at the Star Theater, where its great success was so substantially the beginning of Charles Frohman's fortunes. Other attractions running at that time were Rosina Vokes with her little company at Daly's in repertoire, including My Milliner's Bill, The Rough Diamond and His 'Art Was True to Paul. Maude Adams was making her first hit at the old Bijou Theater in Hoyt's A Midnight Bell; Francis Wilson was playing The Oolah at the Broadway; Sothern was rehearsing Lord Chumley by Belasco and De Mille to go on at the Lyceum on Fourth Avenue, the beautiful little second-story theater managed at that time by Daniel Frohman and supported by a clientele second only to Daly's. The McCaull Opera Company, with Digby Bell as principal comedian, was in the midst of a run at Palmer's; Lillian Russell was playing The Brigands at the Casino; Fernclffe, by William Haworth, was at the Union Square, and Helen Barry had in rehearsal Love and Liberty to follow. Denman Thompson was in the midst of his popularity with The Old Homestead at the Academy.

A Beginner's Royalty

THE BURGLAR was a success in New York, and after its first year on the road played with two and sometimes three companies throughout the country almost continuously for the next ten years. I report this to record a fact which may be useful to other writers. When I was in St. Louis Will Smythe had written to say that forty dollars a week was a fair royalty for a four-act play by a beginner. In his own inexperience he had consulted Howard P. Taylor, then somewhat in the public eye as a dramatist. That royalty was agreed upon. I was sure that Smythe had been misinformed, but the terms were adhered to. The lowest royalty that a beginner of a play worthy of production should have received would have been 5 per cent of the gross receipts, amounting on The Burglar's average business to more than ten times forty dollars. Smarting under what I felt to be the injustice of the arrangement, and yet declining to ask anything not in the contract, after the first few weeks I sold my rights for twenty-five hundred dollars. The piece did, as Grismer had prophesied, make small fortunes for all owners associated with it.

When The Burglar went away for its first season, however, its royalty of forty dollars a week was my total income. I don't know what decree of fate led to such a general agreement upon this figure as my value, but with certain obligations in the West economy was essential. Smythe relinquished a second-story front room at 205 West Twenty-fifth Street, over a parlor that was occupied by an Italian who gave a table d'hôte dinner for thirty-five cents with a pint of red wine thrown in. That was the dinner to which I treated Barrymore and asked him if it wasn't a fine offering for the money.

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THE REAL STORY

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

"I'm Sorry I Have Caused You Suffering," She Said Softly. "How Could I Have Known? Please Tell Me"

IN ORDER to shield myself against those careful readers who gloat over the inaccuracies of the hard-working fictionist, let me begin by saying that I know little more about newspapers than what the average citizen learns at breakfast. And I never, never read the New York Bugle, because I do not care to have opinions furnished me by a somersaulting juggler turning world news into a comic song.

Many of the facts herein contained I got from the thin hard lips of Miss Cissy Ragnell, that able spinster whose temporary collapse out of the society page of the Bugle and into a rest-cure sanitarium cried havoc in the office and brought forth the dogs of war and love.

Mr. Trask, who has been recently promoted from city editor to managing editor of the ever-strident Bugle, was in a state of high tension one late fall afternoon in the year 1921. Insufficient it was to Mr. Trask that the affairs of Mexico, Ireland and Russia should be performing, three rings at a time, under the personal management of Mr. Trask, who looked like Napoleon and, like the First Consul, was limitless in his ambition. The society page was on Mr. Trask's mind during the comparatively calm hours of afternoon.

He had never approved of the lovely amateur, Miss Corless, in the nominal editorship of that important department. But what was he to do? Cissy Ragnell had, as I have said, collapsed. Miss Corless, child of an illustrious family newly impoverished, had done very well as an occasional contributor of sprightly items. Cissy Ragnell, moaning on her pillow less than a month before, had insisted that Miss Corless knew Manhattan society down to the slightest glove button. That no doubt she did, but——

"Dead from the neck up!" growled Mr. Trask.

A fortnight before he had given Miss Corless up, editorially speaking; he had demoted her to the post of space writer and taken the society page under his own charge.

Behold, then, the sporting department of the New York Bugle, where Mr. Hadley (Brick) Minor sat that afternoon, his brilliant pince-nez tilted to a scholarly angle. He was an average-sized, average-looking man whose rough complexion suggested fresh sandpapering; you would scarcely have recognized in him the nimble-legged Minor who once held the intercollegiate record for the mile. Indeed, as he leaned rather fussily, making marginal notes with a fine-pointed pen, you might have put him down as a young professor perfecting a monograph on South American fauna. As a matter of fact he was giving the finishing touches to a prophetic utterance which would soon be syndicated under the title Big League Dope.

Occasionally he would look up, as for inspiration, at an enlargement of Jack Dempsey's fighting face, which hung in a frame over his desk; then he would steal a glance through a half-open door where he could see Julie Corless' willowy back as she bent over the work to which a malign fate had called her. How like fury he loved her, and how he wished he could help her out of the bog.

Occupying the third corner in this triangle—a triangle of wills—Julie Corless uttered a little moan and prayed for extinction. She was a lovely picture of despair, her creamy neck framed in a cobwebby collar, her slim body incased in one of the simple street costumes which anybody can wear—if she knows how.

At this instant she had her character on the witness stand and was subjecting it to a harsh cross-examination. In the process she had said several things which should have been ruled out of court. "Are you weak," she had asked, "or are you just stupid? Certainly you have rushed in where angels fear to tread. You're a field marshal all swollen up with his importance and going into battle without any plan of campaign. You never really knew anything about life."

She groaned again, and Brick Minor, seated in his cell, would have come to her had she not with an impatient gesture come to him. Her pale oval face, with its clear Scotch-gray eyes and beautiful, rather heavy eyebrows, was filled with anguish as she stood beside his desk and laid down an untidy bundle of paper.

"Brick, I can't do it!" she wailed. "Mr. Trask insists on yellow articles. I hate the horrid things!"

"And you've faced the music like a soldier," he grinned consolingly. "Sit down, won't you, Julie?" He had slid into the habit of calling her by her first name, and she had never resented it.

"I'm too busy. I can't do anything I want to," she lamented. "I've got to go into the art department and look over those trashy illustrations. Oh, Brick, please tell me what to do with the stuff!"

She whisked out of the room and left her confidant to the unpleasant duty of criticism. The manuscript—its pages unnumbered, after the manner of journalistic amateurs—embodied a dignified, rather dull article on Mrs. Hassett-Cromer's *bal masque*. He had read the article half through and had picked it up in order to straighten out its crumpled pages when another and disconcerting matter came to his notice. It was a cheap yellow post card which fluttered out of the mess to the floor. Brick Minor, by instinct a gentleman, was no spy, but the misbehavior of his eyes was involuntary as he translated a scribbled line of French:

. . . to endure anything for the sake of thy beauty, oh, cruel and unattainable! . . .

And the signature below was "Del Argo"!

Now to love is to be jealous, and a pang shot through Brick Minor's heart as he tiptoed into Miss Corless' office and laid the card among her papers. He would not, at least, have her embarrassed by the knowledge that he knew.

Mr. Trask poked his Napoleonic head into the door and almost caught the sporting editor in his sly act.

"Miss Corless around?" he asked sharply.

"She's just stepped into the art room," responded Brick.

"Here I am," said Julie quietly, coming back by way of Minor's office.

"Oh," said Mr. Trask, and his look indicated that he chose to be alone with her. Brick departed at the hint.

"Miss Corless," began Mr. Trask, fluttering a long galley proof between his short fingers, and he gave her a smile intended for kindliness, "this column, The Little Bird Says, is all right—as far as it goes—but I'll tell you, you haven't been in this game very long."

"You mean it's not interesting?" asked Julie.

"Well, just look at this." He placed a short finger midway down the column and read: "'Mr. and Mrs. Ribbel-Standish are remaining at Newport this fall.' Now that's rather bald."

"It's what people who know the Ribbel-Standishes want to know," declared Julie defensively.

"There's my point!" Mr. Trask grinned. "We're not running the society page for society. Get that out of your head. We've built this page up into one of the most popular features in the paper. Why? Because we've given the people who aren't in society their own idea of what society looks like. You don't expect a servant girl or a truck driver—the sort of people we rely on for circulation—to be satisfied with the bare statement that Mr. and Mrs. Ribbel-Standish are remaining in Newport. They want to know how many thousands a year Mrs. Ribbel-Standish spends on perfume, and why Mr. Ribbel-Standish got drunk and kicked his butler, and why the butler left without claiming damages. Our readers demand to know the worst, within reason. If people want sad solemn facts about society they read some other paper. Our policy is classy jazz, pep, romance. That's why we're featuring Lady Sombrey's Sin next to your column. There's a knock-out in every installment."

"In other words," drawled Julie, recalling an ancient proverb on yellow journalism, "when the dog bites the man it isn't news. When the man bites the dog it is."

"Keep that in mind and you won't go far wrong in this office," said Mr. Trask. "But you've got to have enough facts about the dog to protect us. Now what I want out of you is bigger feature stories—some good divorces, snappy facts about visiting noblemen, some wild stuff about what's going on behind the scenes in Park Avenue. Pep and yet more pep—that's our motto."

That Julie Corless did not brush the papers off her desk and resign on the spot was a tribute to early training. Pep and yet more pep! She saw the abominable motto emblazoned on the Bugle's yellow flag. She had gone into the work with the high ideal of giving a cultured tone to the paper.

And heavens, how she had wanted the money with which to buy the pretty fragile clothes which meant more than warmth and life to her!

Raging with equal fury at herself, fate and the managing editor, Julie reached out blindly for Del Argo's fervid post card. All day, in her desperation, she had been planning to do an audacious thing. Why not? The mysterious Spaniard was no longer a romance to her. In his voluminous one-sided correspondence he had furnished ample material for a sprightly biography.

She found the card among her papers and was again glancing over its ardent French when a rat-tat as sharp as the knock of conscience sounded upon her door.

"Come in!" she called, making haste to conceal the damaging evidence.

In the doorway she beheld the quiet fastidious man of forty whose somewhat auburn cast was his only claim to the sporting sobriquet of "Brick." She was glad that he had come, though she could tell him nothing worth while.

"The horse follows the cart, Jonah swallows the whale, and the Christians torture Nero," he began quite solemnly.

"You've been listening," Julie accused him.

"How could I help it? Mr. Trask has a nose tone which carries like a Cremona violin."

"Brick," she told him desperately, "there's no use trying to make anything out of me. Just give me up and let me resign."

"Eighteen years ago I said the same thing," Brick Minor assured her. "I was a trifle young, I think, though I didn't realize what was the matter with me. Then the M. E. came to me and told me to put more whoop into my paragraphs or I'd have to quit. And, behold, how I have whooped!"

"Your page is tremendously vulgar," she informed him with a smile.

"Isn't it!" he exclaimed, complimented. "A great deal of the slang which you abhor—and my department is the slangiest in America, I believe—I invented myself. It's slang de luxe, most of it. The Bugle's sporting page has a character all its own. Our cartoons, our prize-fight rimes and our column of baseball patter so absolutely synchronize that not one line of really good English ever slips in."

He said this with one of his quizzical looks which always left Julie in doubt as to whether he was joking or in earnest.

"Aren't you too good for this sort of thing?" asked she.

"Am I?" he responded, and his eyes twinkled again.

"With your education and fine mind you might be a great lawyer or—or a master of English. To degrade one's standards like this is entirely too easy."

"Disabuse yourself of that idea," he said seriously. "It took five years of the hardest thinking and keenest analysis to work my page up into what it now is. Take slang alone. In order to equip myself for the work I approached slang from a purely intellectual angle. Much of the current slang of to-day comes from my invention."

Julie Corless looked up and smiled. What was wrong with Brick Minor?

"All this, I suppose," she said archly, "is because I ask to resign before they turn me into a social gunman."

"If you live in Rum you must do as the Rum'uns do," he persisted; then with his queer puckering smile: "I think you're right in wanting to resign."

He had risen and was standing over her. At that instant she had the thought that Brick Minor, though far from handsome, was one of the most attractive men she had ever known.

"I I know I shall have to," she informed him, trying to keep her voice steady.

"I'm not a poor man, Julie," he was saying. "I've made money in business of my own. I'm not going to be here much longer, and—and there's one thing I've got to tell you ——"

He stood silent for an instant, and Julie's impressionable heart turned over ere he said: "When you leave this office about all that's ever given it charm goes with you."

"Oh! It's so nice of you to ——" she began tritely enough. She had undergone too many proposals of marriage not to understand what was imminent.

"I'm not a good match—what you would call a good match. But I've saved for years and I've never made a poor investment."

He stopped abruptly while she sat looking wide-eyed into his interesting, troubled features. She felt no surprise. It seemed quite natural that the man whose companionship she had enjoyed during these unconventional weeks should have burst forth into this romantic avowal. And Julie was nothing if not romantic. But the avowal was strangled at the whim of its author.

"What the devil am I saying?" he blurted, snapping his fingers impatiently as he rushed out of the office.

II

JULIE CORLESS went home to dinner, stinging with the memory of a rebuke and glowing with the memory of a proposal. Had Brick Minor brought it to a definite question she felt almost sure that under the stress of impulse she would have accepted him—to regret it afterward. For Julie was not an easy maid to win, as Mrs. Corless found these seven years since her daughter had been of a marriageable age. Self-willed, her discouraged elders called her, little guessing how deeply a living share in one storybook romance had influenced her girlish heart. Had you accused her of being something of a snob she would have flamed indignantly; yet the taste of a noble title charms the feminine heart, even in these days of tumbled thrones.

Journeying homeward by Subway, Julie's inner mind argued the ethics of this case, while Julie's outer mind exhausted itself in its quarrel with Mr. Trask. Several times she decided to resign, just as she should have done. Then she considered Brick Minor's advice to the effect that she should quit; and being all feminine, hence partly perverse, she determined to stay in the office and fight it out.

Pep and yet more pep! How she loathed that detestable phrase, haunting her like a strain from some cheap popular song!

She got off at her station in the early thirties and walked over to Madison Avenue, where in a high-stooped Victorian house that had once been a private residence the Corlesses maintained a flat with a modest show of the grand style that had characterized them before the crash. Julie mounted the walnut stairs and entered, to see her mother, looking cool and handsome in a dinner frock of half mourning as she sat crocheting under a reading lamp.

"My dear, how tired you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Corless, giving one of her calm kisses. "I hope you're not overdoing on that dreadful paper."

To call the Bugle a dreadful paper was but a part of Mrs. Corless' creed.

"I've had rather a busy day," said Julie.

"How hot you are!" the mother cried, holding one of Julie's hands against her cool cheek. "And now do hurry, dearest. Monsieur Duval is coming to dinner. He's just up from Washington. I've laid out your gray dinner frock—almost everything's at the cleaner's. And dearest ——"

By the clear look in her mother's gray eyes Julie knew that something was coming.

"—— dearest, why do you keep that foolish Spaniard's letters lying about where anyone can read them? They don't mean anything to you, and if someone who understands French should pick them up—think how they might misconstrue ——"

"Oh, mother!" cried Julie, and whisked out of the room.

Julie was no sooner in her bedroom than she saw the foolish Spaniard's letters, an obese bundle on the glassy top of her dressing table. As she dressed for dinner her eyes roved more than once toward the dog-eared one-sided correspondence which had wrought such havoc in the soul of a girl ripe for romance yet not sufficiently mature to understand love.

When Julie was just out of school she had gone touring France with a Mrs. Mapes, a widow qualified for tutor and chaperon. It was one of those educational pilgrimages which young ladies of Julie's class so often undergo without appreciable damage. In order to live in intimacy with what Mrs. Mapes called "atmosphere" they had taken quarters in an exclusive *pension*—mostly devoted to wealthy American and English tourists—in a handsome street not far from the Luxembourg Gardens.

One morning in May—what better start for a tale of romantic adventure?—pretty Miss Corless, slender as a lily and pink as a rose, dutifully followed the guidance of her conscientious chaperon to the Luxembourg Gallery. Julie, being very much alive, was in no mood for ecstasies over the paint daubs and chisel scars of geniuses. It was a divine day in Paris and as Julie wandered from romanticist to impressionist, in the back of her busy little brain she was aching to be out in the sun, joy-riding in one of those lanky little river boats that scuttle under the Pont Neuf down the Seine, or rolling in a crazy open fiacre along the Champs Elysées, or sipping something pinkish under the awning of an open-air restaurant in the Bois, where the tablecloths were pink, where swans were wont to play in the crystal pond, and slim chasseurs, removing silvern helmets with horsehair plumes, lolled in their chairs, leering amiably like illustrations out of Sourire.

"What a day for love!" sighed Julie, who translated the novels of the younger Dumas too well for Mrs. Mapes' liking. And it was almost upon that thought that romance had come to her in a flash of eyes.

Mrs. Mapes had discovered a pea-green impressionist, and while the dutiful chaperon was enjoying her ecstasy the restless girl escaped to the foyer, where, casting lack-luster eyes from wonder to wonder, she spied what caught her maiden fancy. Jewels!

In the upper compartment of a high glass cabinet which stood between aisles, the treasure of a queen lay haughtily on its velvet cushion. It was a wreath of diamonds and emeralds, and the placard explained that this coronet had been worn by the Empress on a historic occasion.

Female-wise the young girl viewed the gem-wrought wreath quite personally, scanning it from every angle as she would a sweet spring hat. How would it look on her own head, her hair cunningly arranged to be made perfect by that flashing foliage? It must be heavenly, thought she, to be a queen with lapidaries and goldsmiths vying to please and ——

How Long She Stood There Playing the Ridiculous Game of Eye-to-Eye She Never Knew

At the instant there flashed out at her through two layers of plate glass a gleam more vivid than that of any diamond on the royal wreath. A pair of remarkable, luminous, soul-searching, somber, romantic black eyes!

Julie's heart stood still. No poetic anthology could have contained words to tell her more distinctly that those eyes were for her, seeking her out, appealing, adoring. In that crowded moment she had little time to study the man behind and surrounding those eyes. She had only an impression of a distinguished figure in a morning coat. He seemed rather young, she thought; but the rest of her impression was buried in the hypnotic beauty of his eyes.

It was a May morning, as I have said; also it was Paris, and Julie was eighteen.

How long she stood there playing the ridiculous game of eye-to-eye she never knew. Finally the apparition behind the showcase made a move, which caused the girl a frantic impulse to escape. As she turned she ran almost into the arms of Mrs. Mapes, who was panting out her horror and casting suspicious eyes toward the tall young man behind the jewel cabinet.

Now if such an adventure had befallen Julie Corless in New York—at the Metropolitan Museum, say, or the Public Library—she might have put the intruder down as one of those handsome and venomous insects whom the common call a masher. But I must again repeat the mystic formula, May, Paris and eighteen, in order that the drift of her springtime thoughts may not be misunderstood.

The flash of those magnificent eyes, competing successfully with garlands of crown jewels, haunted her waking hours. The silent, momentary meeting had come as the stimulating reaction she had craved.

That afternoon when Julie was going out the concierge at the door smuggled a note into her hand. He did it skillfully. Not until the dressing hour did she dare break the seal. A coronet, embossed in blue, met her eyes, and below, scribbled fiercely, as though with the point of a bayonet, the passionate avowal, which she translated from its perfect French:

Mademoiselle: I gazed through the glass and saw your beauty. The world is changed for me. Whatever you do, wherever you go, my heart will follow you always. Forgive my impetuosity—I am of a race which acts quickly and forgets slowly. I do not ask to see you at once if that offends your sense of propriety. But let me say that I can offer you a coronet more precious than that you gazed upon to-day. Permit me to call on your parents or guardian that I may make my offer for your hand.

Eternally, devotedly,
DEL ARGO.

Julie was at first indignant, then amused, then captivated. There had been something so boyish in those wonderful dark eyes wooing her through the glass of the royal jewel case! Apparently her impetuous lover had bribed the concierge for her name. She dreamed over this until after dinner; then she acted as a good girl should, and showed the note to Mrs. Mapes, who was properly horrified.

Notes came to Julie every day after that—sometimes there would be two—smuggled in by the cautious hand of the concierge, who was a Swiss.

Del Argo's words, glowing from the dull red of live coals to the blue heat of a blast furnace, revealed that love in his case was a progressive disease. She did not show these letters to Mrs. Mapes. There is no doubt that fine words make fine feelings; and Julie became so charmed by Del Argo's beautiful wooing French that she came to imagine his voice, repeating the phrases over and over. Between protestations of undying love he furnished biographical data. His father was richer than an Inca. Young Del Argo was a swordsman of repute and had fought many duels. Once he implored so poetically for her photograph that Julie yielded to a crazy impulse. She wrote to an address he mentioned in Boulevard Raspail. It was a discreet schoolgirl letter, penned at midnight; but she mentioned a photographer's where her picture could be found.

In those days Julie's sense of humor was undeveloped. Otherwise she surely would have laughed at Del Argo's frenzies. One miserable morning she peeped out of the window, to see a young man in a handsome red runabout sitting quite unsheltered under the drizzling rain. He had equipped himself with a waterproof coat and sporting cap, but he allowed the moisture to rill down his back and gave no heed. His attitude was in keeping with the weather. Once he looked up, and Julie, afraid he had spied her out, popped back behind the curtains.

An hour later Mrs. Mapes came in to report: "That silly impostor has been sitting out there, wet to the skin, all morning. He has a coat of arms as big as a teakettle on the side of his car, and I think somebody ought to report him to the police. This thing will have to stop!"

And stop it did within a very few days. What settled Del Argo's case, so far as Julie was concerned, was a frantic appeal, written on a cheap post card and sent to her by *pneumatique*. It vowed again undying love, threatened suicide, proposed marriage, and ended in an avalanche of verbal flowers. Mrs. Mapes got the postal, read it, and was frantic at the man's abominable effrontery. Forthwith she declared that they would move at once. She acted upon the impulse; but the transfer of locale took them three days, as a matter of fact.

On the very afternoon that their baggage was being shipped to the opposite bank of the Seine, Del Argo's last despairing wail arrived, postmarked Biarritz:

Mademoiselle: Nemesis pursues the unhappy lover. I must fly from the vengeance which pursues me. If the envious gods have prepared this stroke because I love too much, remember that I bear the penalty of what I have done, for your sake, without complaint or remorse. If there is pity in your heart, remember me.

Your forsaken,
DEL ARGO.

"I thought he was dishonest," said Mrs. Mapes, "but now I believe he's only crazy."

They went to England shortly after that, Mrs. Mapes congratulating herself upon escape from a nuisance, Julie filled with girlish sighs. It was the last they heard of him, save for a scrap of gossip that came to Miss Corless' sharp ear in the autumn, when they were returning to America.

An Englishwoman, well versed in Continental scandal, was chatting with Mrs. Mapes between deck chairs:

"Oh, Del Argo? You know him then? The Marquis del Argo ——"

"There seems to be an adventurer using the name."

"Probably. He would be. . . . A great family. . . . Wealthy and very close to the throne. . . . Young Raphael del Argo. . . . Why, he's the greatest catch in Spain!"

III

JULIE CORLESS, aged twenty-five, stood before her mirror putting the finishing touches to her toilet. For the first time in seven years she realized how musical-comic that romance had been. Ever since morning, when she had taken the flowery post card with the idea of weaving it into an article for the Bugle, she had viewed her girlish indiscretion with a new cynicism. In the reaction she would have burned the bundle of sentimental letters had she not become possessed with a daring idea.

The impertinent, passionate post card lay where she had restored it, at the top of the heap, and ere she went to dinner she glanced sarcastically over the opening lines of the lyric:

. . . to endure anything for the sake of thy beauty, oh, cruel and unattainable! . . .

Then came to her memory the words of Mr. Trask: "Pep and yet more pep."

Inspiration overwhelmed her. Why not? She glanced guiltily at the bale of Del Argo correspondence. Then she went to dinner.

She was inattentive to the charming elderly Monsieur Duval, even though he spoke with more than usual sprightliness on European politics. Her own ax was grinding, grinding under her silky hair.

Toward dessert she looked up and asked, apropos of nothing: "Is there more than one Marquis del Argo in Spain?"

"But yes, mademoiselle," replied the knowing Frenchman. "It is a very noble house, but there are many of that title. The family of Del Argo, by royal patent granted by Philip IV, may confer the title of marquis upon all sons."

Coffee was scarcely over when Julie excused herself on the plea of unfinished office work. Her temples were throbbing with generic fever as she locked the door of her room, unpacked her portable typewriter and began busily ticking:

"New York thinks she has set a pace for the world during the reign of slam-bang dance music. Now let me breathe a word into Mademoiselle Gotham's ear.

"A newer, faster, wilder pace is going to be set. 'Cause why? 'Cause of Spain!

"Marquis del Argo—ever heard of him?—is coming to town. Marquis del Argo of the romantic disposition, that has set Paris by the ears, Madrid on its toes.

"He is young. He can't be more than twenty-seven. He is wealthy beyond the dreams of Golconda. His family, very near royal, is close to the royal house of Spain. He's unmarried. Look to your laurels, girls! Dance with him, glory in his eyes, which are said to be the most beautiful in Europe. And, for heaven's sake, have him tell you his sporting adventures in the mad, glad town of Biarritz. Do you glory in the code duello? Then tease him to 'fess up, for Raphael is a dangerous man with the sword.

"When he takes his suite at the Hotel Merlinbilt—which will be right soon—New York society will be in competition ——"

Julie Corless paused, shifted the ribbon of her typewriter and glanced over the pile of letters for further sensational facts about the Marquis del Argo, facts that would introduce pep and yet more pep.

It was after ten o'clock when she called for a messenger to carry her copy in haste to the office.

IV

EARLY in the afternoon of the next day Mr. Trask, beaming with satisfaction, came out of his den and walked over to the society editor's cage for the purpose of apologizing. In his short fingers he held a clipping from that morning's Bugle.

"A knock-out!" he chuckled.

"Thank you," said Julie faintly. "I thought maybe I had your idea."

"Now slam this stuff at them, hot off the griddle, and you'll have all America asking who you are."

"Heaven forbid!" was Julie's inner prayer. But she said aloud, "I think I can give you a great deal more like that."

"Fine! Follow this up when that spigotty Del Argo comes to town. Get all the stuff about his doings in New York." A cautious look came into his keen little eyes as he asked, "This is all verified, I suppose?"

Julie hesitated, frightened at possible consequences; then she stiffened proudly in her chair and evaded: "My information came in personal letters."

"That ought to satisfy a jury," he grinned.

Through the half-open door she could hear Brick Minor's typewriter ticking merrily. She wished he would come in and help her, but he gave no heed.

"I've got an item for your department," went on Mr. Trask. "It seems that Harry Leek, the tennis champion, is going into the movies. Of course I'd rather you'd tackle this in the style of that Del Argo article ——"

"I suppose I could," said she.

Human vanity is a weak thing, and Julie was blossoming under the sun of flattery.

"Good. He's stopping at the Merlinbilt. We've phoned him."

Brick Minor did not look up as she passed his door. His scholarly features, slanted toward the keys of his typewriter, suggested intellectual concentration; a new sun was rising in the pugilistic world.

At the Merlinbilt, Julie Corless found Harry Leek even more accessible than she had anticipated. But as she passed through the handsome lobby she encountered Mr. Ramsey Burgstaller, the manager, with whom she had had a speaking acquaintance for years. Julie's father, up to a few months before his death, had been an important stockholder in the Merlinbilt.

"Good afternoon, Miss Corless. Got a nice item for you," he twinkled. "Mind stepping round to my office?"

She was no sooner inside the mahogany-walled compartment and seated by his desk than he wheeled in his chair and said beamingly: "Great item that you had on your page—that article about Marquis del Argo. But say! You've certainly got a nose for news. Know more about my hotel than I do, by George!"

Apparently he was nursing the best joke in the world. Julie struggled to return his smile and to falter out something to the effect that she was learning her business. Vague misgivings tickled her heartstrings.

"How in the world," resumed Mr. Burgstaller, "did you get onto that?"

"Get onto what?" she asked.

"This Del Argo's coming, and all the rest."

Julie turned in her chair and faced him blankly.

"To tell you the truth, Miss Corless, I thought I knew about all the big arrivals in New York. And here, an hour before I saw your article, comes this."

He reached into a pigeonhole and brought out a scrap of paper. It was a telegram, and Julie saw the typewritten words through a mist at first. Then she read:

Beyond, N. J. Reserve large suite for Marquis del Argo four o'clock to-day.
C. L. JONES.

"'Beyond, New Jersey'!" Mr. Burgstaller tittered. "Marvelous place for a noble Spanish grandee to be arriving from."

Julie drew a deep breath before she suggested, "He might be an impostor."

"Well, I thought of that," said Mr. Burgstaller. "But when I read your article I came to the conclusion you wouldn't stand for the story unless the man was all right. But 'Beyond, New Jersey'!"

"The marquis is a little eccentric," Julie temporized.

Her mind was not concerned with Beyond, New Jersey. She was glancing nervously at the dial of her wrist watch, which indicated three minutes after four.

"Have you reserved the rooms for him?" she managed to ask.

"Up to ten minutes after four," replied Mr. Burgstaller. "If he doesn't show up by then I'll know the telegram isn't serious."

Julie rose, her mind concentrated on one object—escape.

"Won't you stick round?" invited the kindly manager.

"Thank you, Mr. Burgstaller, I'd like to—really. I'll have to be getting back."

"Might be a spry interview for you," he urged. "He's rather a young devil ——"

"He isn't very old," she informed him idiotically, and all but ran out of the place.

When she came to the revolving glass doors leading to the street her flight was interrupted by the entrance of several porters laden with luggage. She let them by and

(Continued on Page 62)

THE COVERED WAGON

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Now, Men, Come On!" Called Out Banion. "Ride Them Down!"

XIV

"IT WAS the wind!" Will Banion exclaimed. "It was the sky, the earth! It was the fire! I don't know what it was! I swear it was not I who did it! Don't forgive me, but don't blame me. Molly! Molly!

"It had to be sometime," he went on, since she still drew away from him. "What chance have I had to ask you before now? It's little I have to offer but my love."

"What do you mean? It will never be at any time!" said Molly Wingate slowly, her hand touching his no more.

"What do you yourself mean?" He turned to her in agony of soul. "You will not let me repent? You will not give me some sort of chance?"

"No," she said coldly. "You have had chance enough to be a gentleman—as much as you had when you were in Mexico with other women. But Major William Banion falsified the regimental accounts. I know that too. I didn't—I couldn't believe it till now."

He remained dumb under this. She went on mercilessly.

"Oh, yes, Captain Woodhull told us. Yes, he showed us the very vouchers. My father believed it of you, but I didn't. Now I do. Oh, fine! And you an officer of our Army!"

She blazed out at him now, her temper rising.

"Chance? What more chance did you need? No wonder you couldn't love a girl—any other way than this. It would have to be sometime, you say. What do you mean? That I'd ever marry a thief?"

Still he could not speak. The fire marks showed livid against a paling cheek. "Yes, I know you saved me—twice, this time at much risk," resumed the girl. "Did you want pay so soon? You'd—you'd ——"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

It was his voice that now broke in. He could not speak at all beyond the exclamation under torture.

"I didn't believe that story about you," she added after a long time. "But you are not what you looked, not what I thought you were. So what you say must be sometime is never going to be at all."

"Did he tell you that about me?" demanded Will Banion savagely. "Woodhull—did he say that?"

"I have told you, yes. My father knew. No wonder he didn't trust you. How could he?"

She moved now as though to leave the wagon, but he raised a hand.

"Wait!" said he. "Look yonder! You'd not have time now to reach camp."

The Sioux War Chief

In the high country a great prairie fire usually or quite often was followed by a heavy rainstorm. What Banion now indicated was the approach of yet another of the epic phenomena of the prairies, as rapid, as colossal and as merciless as the fire itself.

On the western horizon a low dark bank of clouds lay for miles, piled, serrated, steadily rising opposite to the course of the wind that had driven the fire. Along it more and more visibly played almost incessant sheet lightning, broken with ripping zigzag flames. A hush had fallen close at hand, for now even the frightened breeze of evening had fled. Now and then, at first doubtful, then unmistakable and continuous, came the mutter and rumble and at length the steady roll of thunder.

They lay full in the course of one of the tremendous storms of the high country, and as the cloud bank rose and came on swiftly, spreading its flanking wings so that nothing might escape, the spectacle was terrifying almost as much as that of the fire, for, unprotected as they were, they could make no counter battle against the storm.

The air grew supercharged with electricity. It dripped, literally, from the barrel of Banion's pistol when he took it from its holster to carry it to the wagon. He fastened the reins of his horse to a wheel and hastened with other work.

A pair of trail ropes lay in the wagon. He netted them over the wagon top and lashed the ends to the wheels to make the top securer, working rapidly, eyes on the advancing storm.

There came a puff, then a gust of wind. The sky blackened. The storm caught the wagon train first. There was no interval at all between the rip of the lightning and the crash of thunder as it rolled down on the clustered wagons.

The electricity at times came not in a sheet or a ragged bolt but in a ball of fire, low down, close to the ground, exploding with giant detonations.

Then came the rain, with a blanketing rush of level wind, sweeping away the last vestige of the wastrel fires of the emigrant encampment. An instant and every human being in the train, most of them ill defended by their clothing, was drenched by the icy flood. One moment and the battering of hail made climax of it all. The groaning animals plunged and fell at their picket ropes, or broke and fled into the open. The remaining cattle caught terror, and since there was no corral, most of the cows and oxen stampeded down the wind.

The canvas of the covered wagons made ill defense. Many of them were stripped off, others leaked like sieves. Mothers sat huddled in their calicoes, bending over their tow-shirted young, some of them babes in arms. The single jeans garments of the boys gave them no comfort. Under the wagons and carts, wrapped in blankets or patched quilts whose colors dripped, they crawled and sat as the air grew strangely chill. Only wreckage remained when they saw the storm muttering its way across the prairies, having done what it could in its elemental wrath to bar the road to the white man.

As for Banion and Molly, they sat it out in the light wagon, the girl wrapped in blankets, Banion much of the time out in the storm, swinging on the ropes to keep the wagon from overturning. He had no apparent fear. His calm assuaged her own new terrors. In spite of her bitter arraignment, she was glad that he was here, though he hardly spoke to her at all.

"Look!" he exclaimed at last, drawing back the flap of the wagon cover. "Look at the rainbow!"

Over the cloud banks of the western sky there indeed now was flung the bow of promise. But this titanic land did all things gigantically. This was no mere prismatic arch bridging the clouds. The colors all were there, yes, and of an unspeakable brilliance and individual distinctness in the scale; but they lay like a vast painted mist, a mural of some celestial artist flung en masse against the curtain of the night. The entire western sky, miles on untold miles, was afire. All the opals of the universe were melted and cast into a tremendous picture painted by the Great Spirit of the Plains.

"Oh, wonderful!" exclaimed the girl. "It might be the celestial city in the desert, promised by the Mormon prophet!"

"It may be so to them. May it likewise be so to us. Blessed be the name of the Lord God of Hosts!" said Will Banion.

She looked at him suddenly, strangely. What sort of man was he, after all, so full of strange contradictions—a savage, a criminal, yet reverent and devout?

"Come," he said, "we can get back now, and you must go. They will think you are lost."

He stepped to the saddle of his shivering horse and drew off the poncho, which he had spread above the animal instead of using it himself. He was wet to the bone. With apology he cast the waterproof over Molly's shoulders, since she now had discarded her blankets. He led the way, his horse following them.

They walked in silence in the deep twilight which began to creep across the blackened land. All through the storm he had scarcely spoken to her, and he spoke but rarely now. He was no more than guide.

But as she approached safety Molly Wingate began to reflect how much she really owed this man. He had been a pillar of strength, elementally fit to combat all the elements, else she had perished.

"Wait!"

She had halted at the point of the last hill which lay between them and the wagons. They could hear the wailing of the children close at hand. He turned inquiringly. She handed back the poncho.

"I am all right now. You're wet, you're tired, you're burned to pieces. Won't you come on in?"

"Not to-night!"

But still she hesitated. In her mind there were going on certain processes she could not have predicted an hour earlier.

"I ought to thank you," she said. "I do thank you."

His utter silence made it hard for her. He could see her hesitation, which made it hard for him, coveting sight of her always, loath to leave her.

Now a sudden wave of something, a directness and frankness born in some way in this new world apart from civilization, like a wind-blown flame, irresponsible and irresistible, swept over Molly Wingate's soul as swiftly, as unpremeditatedly as it had over his. She was a young woman fit for love, disposed for love, at the age for love.

Now, to her horror, the clasp of this man's arm, even when repelled in memory, returned, remained in memory! She was frightened that it still remained—frightened at her own great curiousness.

"About—that"—he knew what she meant—"I don't want you to think anything but the truth of me. If you have deceived people, I don't want to deceive you."

"What do you mean?"

"About—that!"

"You said it could never be."

"No. If it could I would not be stopping here now to say so much."

He stepped closer, frowning.

"What is it you are saying then—that a man's a worse brute when he goes mad, as I did?"

"I expect not," said Molly Wingate queerly. "It is very far out here. It's some other world, I believe. And I suppose men have kissed girls. I suppose no girl ever was married who was not ever kissed."

"What are you saying?"

"I said I wanted you to know the truth about a woman—about me. That's just because it's not ever going to be between us. It can't be, because of that other matter in Mexico. If it had not been for that, I suppose after a time I wouldn't have minded what you did back there. I might have kissed you. It must be terrible to feel as you feel now, so ashamed. But after all ——"

"It was criminal!" he broke out. "But even criminals are loved by women. They follow them to jail, to the gallows. They don't mind what the man is—they love him, they forgive him. They stand by him to the very end!"

"Yes, I suppose many a girl loves a man she knows she never can marry. Usually she marries someone else. But kissing! That's terrible!"

"Yes. But you will not let me make it splendid and not terrible. You say it never can be—that means we've got to part. Well, how can I forget?"

"I don't suppose you can. I don't suppose that—that I can!"

"What are you going to say? Don't! Oh, please don't!"

But she still went on, strangely, not in the least understanding her own swift change of mood, her own intent with him, vis-à-vis, here in the wilderness.

"While we were walking down here just now," said she, "somehow it all began to seem not so wrong. It only seemed to stay wrong for you to have deceived me about yourself—what you really were—when you were in the Army. I could maybe forgive you up to that far, for you did—for men are—well, men. But about that other—you knew all the time we couldn't—couldn't ever—I'd never marry a thief."

The great and wistful regret of her voice was a thing not to be escaped. She stood, a very splendid figure, clean and marvelous of heart as she was begrimed and bedraggled of body now, her great vital force not abated by what she had gone through. She spread her hands just apart and looked at him in what she herself felt was to be the last meeting of their lives; in which she could afford to reveal all her soul for once to a man, and then go about a woman's business of living a life fed on the husks of love given her by some other man.

He knew that he had seen one more miracle. But, chastened now, he could, he must, keep down his own eager arms. He heard her speak once more, her voice like some melancholy bell of vespers of a golden evening:

"Oh, Will Banion, how could you take away a girl's heart and leave her miserable all her life?"

The cry literally broke from her. It seemed in her own ears the sudden voice of some other woman speaking—some unaccountable, strange woman whom she never had seen or known in all her life.

"Your—heart?" he whispered, now close to her in the dusk. "You were not—you did not—you ——"

But he choked. She nodded, not brazenly or crudely or coarsely, not even bravely, but in utter simplicity. For the time she was wholly free of woman coquetry. It was as though the elements had left her also elemental. Her words now were of the earth, the air, the fire, the floods of life.

"Yes," she said, "I will tell you now, because of what you have done for me. If you gave me life, why shouldn't I give you love—if so I could?"

"Love? Give me love?"

"Yes! I believe I was going to love you, until now, although I had promised him—you know—Captain Woodhull. Oh, you see, I understand a little of what it was to you—what made you ——" She spoke disconnectedly. "I believe—I believe I'd not have cared. I believe I could follow a man to the gallows. Now I will not, because you didn't tell me you were a thief. I can't trust you. But I'll kiss you once for good-by. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

Being a man, he never fathomed her mind at all. But being a man, slowly, gently he took her in his arms, drew her tight. Long, long it was till their lips met—and long then.

But he heard her whisper "Good-by," saw her frank tears, felt her slowly, a little by a little, draw away from him.

"Good-by," she said. "Good-by. I would not dare, any more, ever again. Oh, Will Banion, why did you take away my heart? I had but one!"

"It is mine!" he cried savagely. "No other man in all the world shall ever have it, Molly!"

But she now was gone.

He did not know how long he stood alone, his head bowed on his saddle.

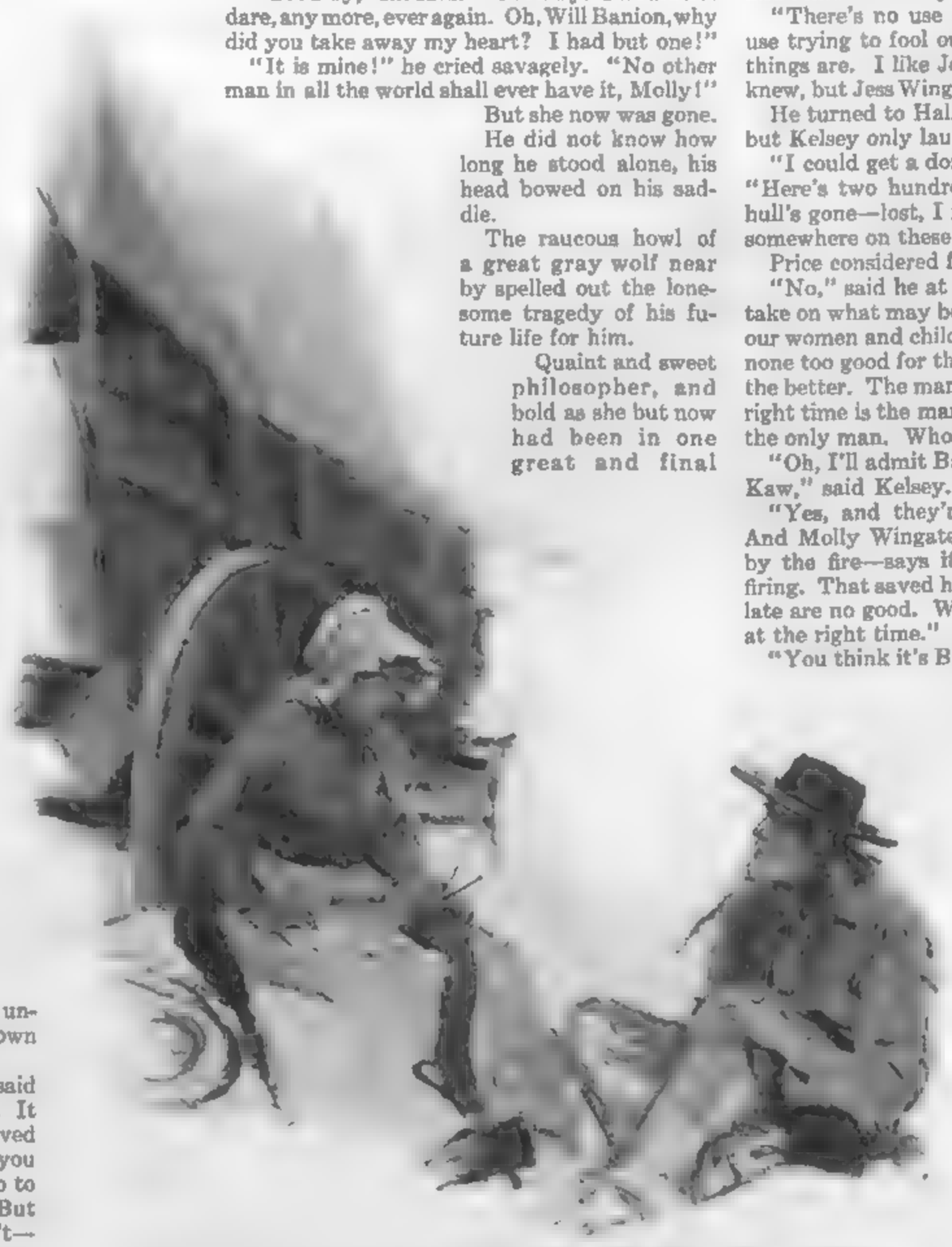
The raucous howl of a great gray wolf near by spelled out the lonesome tragedy of his future life for him.

Quaint and sweet philosopher, and bold as she but now had been in one great and final imparting of her real self, Molly Wingate was only a wet, weary and bedraggled maid when at length she entered the desolate encampment which stood for home. She found her mother sitting on a box under a crude awning, and cast herself on her knees, her head on that ample bosom that she had known as haven in her childhood. She wept now like a little child.

"It's bad!" said stout Mrs. Wingate, not knowing. "But you're back and alive. It looks like we're wrecked and everything lost, and we come nigh about getting all burned up, but you're back alive to your ma! Now, now!"

That night Molly turned on a sodden pallet which she had made down beside her mother in the great wagon. But she slept ill. Over and over to her lips rose the same question:

"Oh, Will Banion, Will Banion, why did you take away my heart?"



"I Call One an 'em Blast Yore Hide—She's a Ute. The Other is Younger an' Perttier. I Call Her Dang Yore Eyes"

XV

THE great wagon train of 1848 lay banked along the Vermilion in utter and abject confusion. Organization there now was none. But for Banion's work with the back fires the entire train would have been wiped out. The effects of the storm were not so capable of evasion. Sodden, wretched, miserable, chilled, their goods impaired, their cattle stampeded, all sense of gregarious self-reliance gone, two hundred wagons were no more than two hundred individual units of discontent and despair. So far as could be prophesied on facts apparent, the journey out to Oregon had ended in disaster almost before it was well begun.

Bearded men at smoking fires looked at one another in silence, or would not look at all. Elan, morale, esprit de corps were gone utterly.

Stout Caleb Price walked down the wagon lines, passing four score men shaking in their native agues, not yet conquered. Women, pale, gaunt, grim, looked at him from limp sunbonnets whose stays had been half dissolved. Children whimpered. Even the dogs, curled nose to tail under the wagons, growled surlily. But Caleb Price found at last the wagon of the bugler who had been at the wars and shook him out.

"Sound, man!" said Caleb Price. "Play up Oh, Susannah! Then sound the assembly. We've got to have a meeting."

They did have a meeting. Jesse Wingate scented mutiny and remained away.

"There's no use talking, men," said Caleb Price, "no use trying to fool ourselves. We're almost done, the way things are. I like Jess Wingate as well as any man I ever knew, but Jess Wingate's not the man. What shall we do?"

He turned to Hall, but Hall shook his head; to Kelsey, but Kelsey only laughed.

"I could get a dozen wagons through, maybe," said he. "Here's two hundred. Woodhull's the man, but Woodhull's gone—lost, I reckon, or maybe killed and lying out somewhere on these prairies. You take it, Cale."

Price considered for a time.

"No," said he at length. "It's no time for one of us to take on what may be done better by someone else, because our women and children are at stake. The very best man's none too good for this job, and the more experience he has the better. The man who thinks fastest and clearest at the right time is the man we want, and the man we'd follow—the only man. Who'll he be?"

"Oh, I'll admit Banion had the best idea of crossing the Kaw," said Kelsey. "He got his own people over, too."

"Yes, and they're together now ten miles below us. And Molly Wingate—she was caught out with her team by the fire—says it was Banion who started the backfiring. That saved his train and ours. Ideas that come too late are no good. We need some man with the right ideas at the right time."

"You think it's Banion?" Hall spoke.

"I do think it's Banion. I don't see how it can be anyone else."

"Woodhull'd never stand for it."

"He isn't here."

"Wingate won't."

"He'll have to."

The chief of mutineers, a grave and bearded man, waited for a time.

"This is a meeting of the train," said he. "In our government the majority rules. Is there any motion on this?"

Silence. Then rose Hall, of Ohio, slowly, a solid man, with three wagons of his own.

"I've been against the Missouri outfit," said he. "They're a wild bunch, with no order or discipline to them. They're not all free-soilers, even if they're going out to Oregon. But if one man can handle them, he can handle us. An army man with a Western experience—who'll it be unless it is their man? So, Mister Chairman, I move for a committee of three, yourself to be one, to ride down and ask the Missourians to join on again, all under Major Banion."

"I'll have to second that," said a voice. Price saw a dozen nods. "You've heard it, men," said he. "All in favor rise up."

They stood, with not many exceptions—rough-clad, hard-headed, hard-handed men of the nation's vanguard, and Price looked them over soberly.

"You see the vote, men," said he. "I wish Jess had come, but he didn't. Who'll be the men to ride down? Wingate?"

"He wouldn't go," said Kelsey. "He's got something against Banion; says he's not right on his war record—something ——"

"He's right on his train record this far," commented Price. "We're not electing a Sabbath-school superintendent now, but a train captain who'll make these wagons cover twelve miles a day, average.

"Hall, you and Kelsey saddle up and ride down with me. We'll see what we can do. One thing sure, something has got to be done, or we might as well turn back. For one, I'm not used to that."

They did saddle and ride—to find the Missouri column coming up with intention of pitching below, at the very scene of the massacre, which was on the usual Big Vermilion ford, steep-banked on either side, but with hard bottom.

Ahead of the train rode two men at a walk, the scout, Jackson, and the man they sought. They spied him as the man on the black Spanish horse, found him a pale and tired young man, who apparently had slept as ill as they themselves. But in straight and manful fashion they told him their errand.

The pale face of Will Banion flushed, even with the livid scorch marks got in the prairie fire the day before. He considered.

"Gentlemen," he said after a time, "you don't know what you are asking of me. It would be painful for me to take that work on now."

"It's painful for us to see our property lost and our families set afoot," rejoined Caleb Price. "It's not pleasant for me to do this. But it's no question, Major Banion, what you or I find painful or pleasant. The question is on the women and children. You know that very well."

"I do know it—yes. But you have other men. Where's Woodhull?"

"We don't know. We think the Pawnees got him among the others."

"Jackson"—Banion turned to his companion—"we've got to make a look-around for him. He's probably across the river somewhere."

"Like enough," rejoined the scout. "But the first thing is for all us folks to git acrost the river too. Let him go to hell."

"We want you, major," said Hall quietly, and even Kelsey nodded.

"What shall I do, Jackson?" demanded Banion.

"Fly inter hit, Will," replied that worthy. "Leastways, take hit on long enough so's to git them acrost and help git their cattle together. Ye couldn't git Wingate to work under ye no ways. But mebbe so we can show 'em fer a day er so how Old Missoury gits acrost a country. Uh-huh?"

Again Banion considered, pondering many things of which none of these knew anything at all. At length he drew aside with the men of the main train.

"Park our wagons here, Bill," he said. "See that they are well parked too. Get out your guards. I'll go up and see what we can do. We'll all cross here. Have your men get all the trail ropes out and lay in a lot of dry cottonwood logs. We'll have to raft some of the stuff over. See if there's any wild grapevines along the bottoms. They'll help hold the logs. So long."

He turned, and with the instinct of authority rode just a half length ahead of the others on the return.

Jesse Wingate, a sullen and discredited Achilles, held to his tent, and Molly did as much, her stout-hearted and just-minded mother being the main source of Wingate news. Banion kept as far away from them as possible, but had Jed sent for.

"Jed," said he, "first thing, you get your boys together and go after the cattle. Most of them went downstream with the wind. The hobbled stuff didn't come back down the trail and must be below there too. The cows wouldn't swim the big river on a run. If there's rough country, with any shelter, they'd like enough begin to mill—it might be five miles, ten—I can't guess. You go find out.

"Now, you others, first thing, get your families all out in the sun. Spread out the bedclothes and get them dried. Build fires and cook your best right away—have the people eat. Get that bugle going and play something fast—Sweet Hour of Prayer is for evening, not now. Give 'em reveille, and then the cavalry charge. Play Susannah.

"I'm going to ride the edge of the burning to look for loose stock. You others get a meal into these people—coffee, quinine, more coffee. Then hook up all the teams you can and move down to the ford. We'll be on the Platte and among the buffalo in a week or ten days. Nothing can stop us. All you need is just a little more coffee and a little more system, and then a good deal more of both.

"Now's a fine time for this train to shake into place," he added. "You, Price, take your men and go down the lines. Tell your kinfolk and families and friends and neighbors to make bands and hang together. Let 'em draw cuts for place if they like, but stick where they go. We can't tell how the grass will be on ahead, and we may have to break the train into sections on the Platte; but we'll break it ourselves, and not see it fall apart or fight apart. So?"

He wheeled and went away at a trot. All he had given them was the one thing they lacked.

The Wingate wagons came in groups and halted at the river bank, where the work of rafting and wagon boating went methodically forward. Scores of individual craft, tipsy and risky, two or three logs lashed together, angled across and landed far below. Horsemen swam across with lines and larger rafts were steadied fore and aft with ropes snubbed around tree trunks on either bank. Once started, the resourceful pioneer found a dozen ways to skin his cat, as one man phrased it, and presently the falling waters permitted swimming and fording the stock. It all seemed ridiculously simple and ridiculously cheerful.

Toward evening a great jangling of bells and shouting of young captains announced the coming of a great band of the stampeded livestock—cattle, mules and horses mixed. Afar came the voice of Jed Wingate singing, "Oh, then, Susannah," and urging Susannah to have no concern.

But Banion, aloof and morose, made his bed that night apart even from his own train. He had not seen Wingate—did not see him till the next day, noon, when he rode up and saluted the former leader, who sat on his own wagon seat and not in saddle.

"My people are all across, Mr. Wingate," he said, "and the last of your wagons will be over by dark and straightened out. I'm parked a mile ahead."

"You are parked? I thought you were elected—by my late friends—to lead this whole train."

He spoke bitterly and with a certain contempt that made Banion color.

"No. We can travel apart, though close. Do you want to go ahead, or shall I?"

"As you like. The country's free."

"It's not free for some things, Mr. Wingate," rejoined the younger man hotly. "You can lead or not, as you like; but I'll not train up with a man who thinks of me as you do. After this think what you like, but don't speak any more."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You know very well. You've believed another man's word about my personal character. It's gone far enough and too far."

"The other man is not here. He can't face you."

"No, not now. But if he's on earth he'll face me sometime."

Unable to control himself further, Banion wheeled and galloped away to his own train.

"You ask if we're to join in with the Yankees," he flared out to Jackson. "No! We'll camp apart and train apart. I won't go on with them."

"Well," said the scout, "I didn't never think we would er believe ye could; not till they git in trouble agin, er till a certain light wagon and mules throws in with us, huh?"

"You'll say no more of that, Jackson! But one thing: you and I have got to ride and see if we can get any trace of Woodhull."

"Like looking fer a needle in a haystack, an' a damn bad needle at that," was the old man's comment.

XVI

"ON TO the Platte! The buffalo!" New cheer seemed to come to the hearts of the emigrants now, and they forgot bickering. The main train ground grimly ahead, getting back, if not all its egotism, at least more and more of its self-reliance. By courtesy, Wingate still rode ahead, though orders came now from a joint council of his leaders, since Banion would not take charge.

The great road to Oregon was even now not a trail but a road, deep cut into the soil, though no wheeled traffic had marked it until within the past five years. A score of parallel paths it might be at times, of tentative location

(Continued on Page 135)

The War Chief Led His Warriors in the Circle Once More, Chanting His Own Song to the Continuous Chorus of Savage Ululations

THE GOLDEN EGGS

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHIEU

LIKE many a greater man—and many a wonderful woman, too, no doubt—Paul Sohmer hated to get up in the morning. Indeed, at the moment when our story opens, if you could have looked into his room while he was yet asleep you would have seen that his face was curled into an expression of discontent as if, though slumbering still, he was already subconsciously dreading the moment when the alarm clock under the head of his bed would begin its shrill command.

It was a small room—the room of a young man who had come to New York to find those golden eggs which are presently hatched into motor cars, and trips back home in fur-lined coats, and beautiful wives, and names in the papers, and similar sundry items—and for the benefit of those who may be thinking of following Paul's example it might be well to describe a little more closely the room in which our hero sleeps—dreaming perhaps of his search for the golden eggs.

In size, then, it didn't differ a great deal from those stately apartments, six feet deep and six feet long, to which we shall all make our last great move. Against one of the walls was a white iron cot of such exceeding narrowness that to sleep on it was the equivalent of an education in tight-rope balancing, and to toss upon it was one of those acrobatic feats, generally attempted to the accompaniment of a crescending roll of drums, in which the sons and daughters of Nippon are popularly supposed to excel.

At the head of the bed was a chiffonier—such as are generally seen on the sidewalk in front of the secondhand furniture shops; at the foot of the bed was a trunk with a pair of trousers draped over it; and hung on the walls were three pictures—the first a photograph of a gentle-faced woman; the second a black-and-white lithograph of a lion with a fine pair of Galways on his noble old phiz; and the third a copy of one of Degas' ballet girls, poised on her toe and looking enraptured. Mother, lion and dancing thistledown—perhaps from these you can begin to get a line on the discontented sleeper who is still doing the balancing act on his iron cot.

"Yes, You Can Look," He Seemed to Say, "But This Young Lady's Walking With Me, and I Know How to Take Care of Her!"

And now, for the benefit of those young men who can see only a few odd miles of landscape from their bedroom windows and who are thinking of going to the city to get a wider vision of life, we might do worse than describe the view from Paul's window. The first thing that met the eye was a line of staggering clothes posts, each about as long as a telegraph pole. To these posts, by means of pulleys, a network of lines was attached; and when these lines weren't freighted with family washes too numerous to mention and too mysterious to catalogue, they were nearly always sporting drying dishcloths and associated articles. Beyond these poles and lines were the backs of the houses on the next block—and that was the view which Paul enjoyed from the only window in all New York which he could call his own.

"Rrrr-rrr-rr-r!" suddenly shrilled the alarm clock under the bed.

With a movement of his arm which betokened practice Paul reached under and shut off the lever; and then, as though to demonstrate the superiority of mankind over the other animals, he started the day by drawing one of those long sighs with which the sons of Adam too frequently greet the dawn.

"Looks like rain," he thought, and reluctantly swinging his feet out upon the floor he picked up his shoes. They were typical shoes of a typical clerk—that is to say, they looked smart on top but weren't very staunch beneath.

"They'll leak if it does rain," he told himself, pushing his finger against the hole in the soles, "but they've got to last a couple of months yet. I wonder if those old rubbers are any good."

His look of discontent growing, he opened the trunk at the foot of the bed and began rummaging among the contents. Old neckties, old collars, old waistcoats, a shoe box full of old letters and photographs, empty pipe cases, old shirts that had not yet been thrown away—every young man who has gone to the city to seek his fortune will know most of the items which that trunk contained. And near the bottom of it he came to a book, From Country Clerk to Merchant Prince, a book which made him forget the rubbers and brought a look to his face, half tender and half sad—the same expression which sometimes comes to an older man when he happens to find a bundle of old letters in a neglected drawer of his desk.

Paul carried the book to the bed with him, and as he turned its well-remembered pages a sheet of paper fell out—a memorandum which he had written on the day before he left North Branderville—in the days when the confidence of youth was strong as steel within him and discontent had not yet curled his lip.

"Time-Table," the paper was headed, and underneath were the following paragraphs:

May 1, 1913. I am leaving for New York.
May 1, 1914. By this date I shall be in a good position, where my hard work, faithfulness and integrity will be well rewarded.
May 1, 1916. By this time I shall have worked myself up to a responsible position in the firm.
May 1, 1918. By this time I shall have saved enough to go into business for myself.
May 1, 1920. Firmly established in my own business.
May 1, 1921. Business doubled since this time last year.

Paul glanced up at the calendar by the side of his chiffonier. It was May 6, 1921—five days after the date when his business should have doubled since this time last year. For a time he sat quietly—mourning a little, perhaps, over that confident young man who on May 1, 1913, had been leaving for New York—accompanied by the invisible figure of Hope—the world a football for his feet, and every kick a goal.

"Rotten!" he finally told himself in a low voice as he contrasted his leaky shoes to that last-quoted entry in the time-table. "And yet—it all seemed easy enough then. I could have sworn I could do it—just the same as those other men did it in the Merchant Prince." Another thought came to him—a thought which had been rankling in his mind more and more often these past few months: "I guess you have to be slicker nowadays than you did then. Got to have a pull. Got to be a smooth article and know how to get away with it. Me—I've been working like a horse at the office, thinking that was the right way to get along—and all the time Old Man Weatherby's probably been laughing at me and playing me for a fool. What I ought to do is to have a talk with him and find out where I stand. All it needs is nerve, and I've got to know sometime."

Half an hour later, when he left the house, the rain had covered the sidewalk with a stippled film which soon demonstrated the theory of capillary attraction by finding its way through the holes in his shoes.

"Just what I said," he told himself, a feeling like fatality taking possession of him. "To-night I'll have the toothache again, and to-morrow ——"

He made a wry grimace—one of those sour expressions which sometimes darken the faces of those who have been unsuccessful in their search for the golden eggs; and if you had been walking behind him then, blessed with the gift of divining things unseen, you might have perceived that instead of being accompanied by Hope—starry-eyed and clad in white—another invisible figure was now walking along with its hand on Paul's shoulder—a clever-looking old gentleman with a suspicion of a horn on his forehead—a clever-looking gentleman who is sometimes known as Old Gooseberry, and who limps just a little as he walks.

II

IT WAS a magnificent building—the Bryce Building, in which Paul Sohmer worked—with a main entrance like something from the Arabian Nights, gorgeous in marble and gilt, and illuminated from chandeliers that might have reminded you of inverted Christmas trees, with golden boughs instead of evergreen, and every branch a glory of frosted light.

Indeed, when Paul had first set foot in that entrance, eight years before our story opens, he had regarded himself as being at last on the highroad to fortune. But on the morning to which he had now arrived there was no such feeling in him as he strode toward the elevators. Instead, he was nursing one of those dark moods which seem to settle upon the children of men at times—a mood of disillusion such as comes to the young when Santa Claus no longer lives and there are no raisins in the pudding—a mood of disenchantment such as comes to the old when love begins to lose its charm and rheumatism is settling in the knees.

The other clerks had already arrived and Paul greeted them with gloomy curtness as he made his way to his desk.

Eight years before, when he had first seated himself at that same desk determined to learn the export business from A to Z, he wouldn't have changed places with prince, potentate or any other person, but on the morning when our story opens he slammed up his roll-top curtain as though he would like to break it, and muttered "Damn you!" beneath his breath when one of the drawers wouldn't open as quickly as he wished. For a time he sat arranging his papers and preparing his work for the day, half watching the door for Mr. Weatherby to make his appearance, half listening to the conversation that was going on around him.

"I see Pete Finley and Bat Yonson fought a draw last night," said one of the bookkeepers.

"Sure they did," said another. "What do you think? They'll get another match now and make twice as much money. A couple of wise guys. You don't s'pose they're fighting for their health, do you?"

"I wonder how much they get when they fight."

"About five thousand each."

"Not bad for half an hour's work."

"I'll tell the world it isn't."

"It wouldn't be so bad if they got it all," said the bookkeeper, "but the matchmaker's a wise guy, too, and he gets his slice or he wouldn't sign them up. And the manager gets his—often gets half of it—and what's left, there's generally a lawyer waiting to slap an attachment on it—and another lawyer has to be hired to pry the attachment off."

"Serves 'em right if it's a crooked game."

"Where do you get that stuff? Tell me something that isn't crooked nowadays."

"You've said something," said the stenographer, who was dusting her machine. "Last two weeks I've been rooming with a girl who works for one of the big theatrical men uptown—and say! The things she tells me!"

Behind his desk Paul shortly nodded his head.

"Crazy—crazy—everything's crazy nowadays," he muttered to himself.

During his first years at the office he had never allowed that sort of conversation to sink into his mind, but had regarded it as the claptrap of those who didn't deserve success, only partly meant and not to be taken seriously. But lately, and especially after his two years in the service of Mars, he, too, was beginning to wonder whether, with a few rare exceptions, everything and everybody weren't crooked—whether all the qualities mentioned in the Merchant Prince had not become obsolete, like writing business letters in longhand, or taking a trip to Buffalo by way of the Erie Canal.

"Stay honest—and stay poor." "Work hard and see what it gets you." "Save your money—the wise guy likes to take it away from you in chunks." Such were the gems of philosophy which were beginning to adorn his thoughts. As for the Merchant Prince stuff, hadn't he tried it out for over eight years? And what had it brought him?

Paul shuffled his damp feet under the desk and for the second time that day he called himself a fool.

"I'm getting on for thirty," he thought. "And pretty soon I'll be getting on for forty. Yes, and I might as well be serving time in jail as fooling along the way I'm doing now."

Old stories that he had heard vaguely began to stir in his memory. There was one about a Boston merchant who, on a sworn statement, had simultaneously borrowed fifty thousand dollars from ten different banks, each bank thinking it was the only one that was making the loan. And then, of course, with his half million dollars safely salted away, the wise man from the East had gone bankrupt, and had never had to worry any more. There was another about a bank cashier who started on his vacation with a clean million dollars in his suitcase, and had settled his case out of court for seven hundred and fifty thousand. Then there was the prohibition officer who had accepted a bribe of eighty-five thousand dollars and had resigned his position the next morning. Slick work and graft. Hold up your hands and deliver! The Merchant Prince had become a Pirate and the papers were full of his carryings-on. Building-material manufacturers were robbing the public right and left; ships that had cost a fortune were being sold to favored companies for a few thousands; the prohibition laws were a joke; importers were dodging the customs.

"And that's no dream," thought Paul, pushing his papers aside and turning to stare out at the rain. "Old Man Weatherby's doing it right along. Nearly all the stuff we've been getting lately is undervalued. But he isn't going to take it out of me any longer. I've been undervalued long enough. Just as soon as he comes in I'm going to strike him for a raise. Might as well be dead and buried as sticking around here forever for eighteen dollars a week."

In the hall outside a quick step was heard—a step which seemed to say "Look out; I'm going to catch you!"—and simultaneously the office grew silent, except for the tippity-tap-tap of Miss McGuire's busy typewriter. The door opened and the senior member of the firm strode through the railing gate with a gruff "Good morning." The next moment he had vanished into his private office and Paul found his heart beating faster at the task before him.

"Darned if I'll put it off," he suddenly told himself. "I've put it off too long already. I'll get him now before he calls Miss McGuire in; and the sooner I start the sooner it's over."

Rising grimly from his chair he made his way to the door of S. J.'s private office and raised his knuckles to the panel.

"Rap-rap-rap!" he sounded; and again more loudly, "Rap-rap-rap!"

"Come!" cried a voice inside.

Paul hesitated a moment, and then drawing a full breath he threw back his shoulders and passed through the swinging door.

III

IT WAS characteristic of old S. J. that after a glance at Paul he should continue his perusal of the morning mail, slitting open an envelope with an air of irritation and reading the letter inside as though he despised it.

"Mr. Weatherby," began Paul, "I'd like to have a talk with you for a few minutes."

"Well?" demanded the older man, attacking the next envelope with his paperknife.

"It's eight years now since I started to work here; and I'd like to know if I've given satisfaction."

Old S. J. looked weary, as though he recognized the prelude of a very old tune.

"I'll tell you one thing quick enough," he said. "If you hadn't given satisfaction you wouldn't be here now."

"When I first came here you said my advancement depended entirely upon my own efforts. I've worked hard—yes, and faithfully, and well. On foreign-mail nights I've often been at the office till after ten o'clock. When Savage was sick for over three months I did his work as well as my own. I've never been a clock watcher—nor a time killer—nor a knocker. I've been a worker—yes, and a hard worker—but after eight years, it seems to me—well, it seems to me that I ought to know where I stand."

"How long do you say you've been here?"

"Eight years."

"Including your two years in the Army?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mmm. That makes six years—not eight. Do you ever stop to think that I kept your job open for you while you were away?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mmm. Give me credit for that. And now let me tell you something: If you have a better job in mind—as I suppose you have, talking to me like this—I can fill your desk a dozen times to-morrow for less money than I'm paying you now. This is a competitive world that we live in; I have to compete, and so must you."

At that he seized upon another envelope and slit its gizzard open with a whish of his knife that had something fierce about it.

"Do you mean to say, then," said Paul, stammering a little, his lips suddenly feeling dry and unwieldy, "do you mean to say, then, that—that there's no further chance of getting on here?"

"So far as that's concerned," said old S. J., making a note on the letter he was reading, "you'll have to draw your own conclusions. Any advance of salary at the present time is absolutely out of the question. Tell Miss McGuire to come in. That's all the time I can give you."

Paul went back to his desk as though to the roll of muffled drums, his feet feeling wetter than ever, and his future looming up like a constant succession of rainy days and leaky shoes and hopes deferred to make the heart grow sick.

"The old thief!" he muttered to himself at last. "I believe it now—every word they say about him. Anybody who would do a trick like that—string a kid along for eight years—and then practically tell him to go to the devil——"

Nursing his resentment he slowly set about his day's work. The afternoon before he had prepared the papers covering an export shipment of machinery from a Milwaukee firm, in whose favor the foreign purchaser had issued a letter of credit. Paul now gathered these papers together—the steamship bills of lading, insurance certificates, invoices and drafts—and pinning them to the letter of credit he took the documents to the bank which handled the firm's export business. Five minutes later the foreign-exchange clerk pushed through the wicket a check for thirty-seven thousand dollars, drawn to the order of the Milwaukee manufacturer.

"Thirty-seven thousand dollars!" thought Paul; and—nearly a minute later: "If that was only mine!"

When he returned to the office he had a heightened color, and almost hurriedly he gave the check to the bookkeeper to be forwarded to Milwaukee.

"Thirty-seven — thousand — dollars," he presently found himself repeating, and then catching himself with a start he put his mind back on his work, his ears growing warmer every moment.

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief—there are few men living, and those few probably touched with deafness, who haven't heard the whisper of Old Gooseberry in their time.

IV

TOWARD noon the rain stopped and the afternoon developed into one of those

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They Were on Their Bench Overlooking the River When He Finally Told Her

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Cuba and Mexico, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 15, 1922

A Chance for the So-Goes

THE Hoosiers say that every man in Indiana is a politician, and since the Nineteenth Amendment they probably include every woman also. They used to claim, too, that "As Indiana goes, so goes the Union," which pleased the Hoosiers and was not unduly annoying to any section of the public save the politicians of the other ambitious barometer states, of which there were several. In any event, Indiana maintained a rather consistent so-goes political reputation for a considerable time, and certainly politics was, and is, a favorite vocation, avocation, pastime, employment, diversion and practice of a large percentage of the population.

There always is some politics stirring in Indiana. The candidates begin their campaigns early and continue them over long stretches of time. The Hoosiers like to hear political speeches, and are keen to discuss political issues. As soon as one election is over candidates seeking for votes at forthcoming elections begin their rounds, and there never is a moment when the cities and the rural districts are not entertainingly besieged by members of all parties who desire the frequent suffrages of the people. Consequently the people of Indiana are a politically well-informed people—far better informed than the people of New York, say, where politics is neither so intensive nor so interesting—and to a large degree select their candidates and decide their elections on the basis of political knowledge rather than because of political enthusiasms.

Fundamentally the real Indianians—the authentic Hoosiers—the men and women of the country as distinguished from the aliens and the hyphenates—the Americans—have a keenly intelligent comprehension of national political affairs and tendencies and an active interest therein.

Hence all other Americans of similar comprehension and interest are watching with deep concern the progress of the campaign now being made in Indiana by Albert J. Beveridge for the nomination for United States senator, and with strong confidence that the voters of Indiana will take this opportunity to return Mr. Beveridge to the Senate, not alone because such action will be of advantage to Indiana but because it will be a distinct national, American service as well.

There is no greater menace to the security and perpetuity of American institutions than the continued deterioration of the United States Senate in character, in ability and in political integrity that has occurred during the past twenty years. It has degenerated from its former high capacity of check upon and balance for the political extravagances and maladministrations of the Lower House of Congress to a body now even more demagogic than that Lower House. It is now weak in leadership, faltering and inconclusive in purpose, swayed by blind partisanship, obstructionist, opportunist, raucous with the cries of self-seeking demagogues, and unable even to carry out its own feeble policies without interminable and futile discussion and the injection of all sorts of influenced compromise and capitulation to outside influences.

The only policy of its majority is expediency, and the only plan of its minority is to impede. The quality of the Senate's membership has so deteriorated from its earlier rosters that now one-third, at least, of the names on the roll-call are names that designate individuals who would add little weight to the deliberations of any average board of county supervisors.

The Senate of the United States should be, and was, the great, determining, able and scrupulous legislative forum of this country. It is now the rostrum of little politicians and the breeding place of little politics. It requires but a glance at the list of the Senate's membership of twenty years ago, say, and at that of to-day, and the most casual knowledge of the capabilities and character of the present senators to make proof of that assertion; that, and the daily record of the Senate's proceedings.

Wherefore the people of Indiana are fortunate in this present primary campaign for the selection of an Indiana senator. They have an opportunity to do the country a service, and themselves as well, by returning to the Senate Albert J. Beveridge, who not only has a record of twelve years of able and exceptional service in that Senate to commend him, both to Indiana and to the nation, but in the time that has elapsed since his first senatorial service ended has grown greater in stature and ability. He is an orator with a background and a perspective; a historian and a biographer with a wide and accurate knowledge of our Government, its functionings, its necessities and its capabilities; a man of independent thought and determined action; of character, courage and experience.

This is a chance for the Hoosier so-goes. It is quite possible that if Indiana shows the way by going for Beveridge other states may follow that excellent political example in the selection of their senatorial candidates to the great national service of bringing the United States Senate back to its former status of real and patriotic statesmanship.

Land Settlement for Veterans

ONE of the sections of the Delayed Compensation Bill makes provision for purchase of land for veterans desirous of entering on agricultural pursuits. Such a proposal receives everywhere local support, because every state, even the oldest on the Atlantic Coast, desires land settlers—to take up new land or reclaim abandoned land. To city folk the proposition sounds easy, but to farmers it has the earmarks of a promotion scheme. It is agreed that the new settler must have a better start than the earlier homesteader; but just how much a better start and how supported by the Government is not made clear. What we propose to do Australia has been doing for three years. The experiences with land settlement by veterans in that country ought to yield points of guidance for us.

The several states of Australia conduct the enterprises, but the Commonwealth contributes funds as well as the states. The original Soldiers Repatriation Act established a Repatriation Department for purposes of administration. The returned soldier is entitled to elect one of several options for land settlement. Each approved settler is granted £1000 – £625 as working capital, £375 for resumptions and expenses incidental to settlement. Land is available under five different tenures, or combinations of them. The application is passed on in more than a perfunctory, red-tape manner. Every effort is made to fit the applicant to his land, so that he will stick. The following forms of tenure are available:

1. The lease, in perpetuity, of a homestead farm. The holder must reside on the farm for five years. He pays a rental equal to 2½ per cent of an announced valuation, subject to reappraisement every twenty years. The rent of the first five years may be paid in specified improvements.

2. Lease of a piece of Crown Land, extending forty-five years. The holder must reside on the land five years, the rental is 1¼ per cent of land value, reappraisement every fifteen years; the rental of the first year is payable in improvements.

3. Purchase of land. Payment on appraised capital value is to be made in fifteen equal annual installments, with interest at 2½ per cent.

4. Suburban holdings, either with lease in perpetuity or under sale. Settler must reside on the holding five years; the terms of rental or purchase are like those stated above.

5. Settlement purchase, especially for establishment of coöperative land colonies like those at Durham and Delhi in California. These are for diversified agriculture or for special crops.

More than 1,000,000 acres were set apart as available for these several projects. There is a long waiting list, despite the best efforts of the administrative board. During the first year of operations more than 15,000 soldiers were settled on the land.

In order fully to evaluate this accomplishment we must recall the conditions in Australian agriculture since the war. A new settler of the usual limited means would not have been able to weather the storm of deflation of prices. On the other hand, the country is still in the extractive state, indeed really a frontier state. There is still wide choice of land.

We have little homestead land left untaken. New areas for opening as homesteads scarcely exist. Leases on the forest reserves or other public domain would represent an experiment. The opening of further irrigation tracts faces the problems of high costs of reclamation. For the Government to purchase land now in private ownership as farms for soldiers would simply mean to make them freeholders without capital for operation. Clearly the conditions for the undertaking are much more favorable in Australia than here. And the population there still possesses strongly the psychology of frontier exploitation, almost extinct here. If returned soldiers are to march in the van of a back-to-the-farm movement the undertaking will demand better organization than is to be expected from politicians anxious for the veteran vote.

The Little Tax Slackers

NOBODY knows and nobody can estimate, even roughly, how many million dollars are annually lost to the Government through the failure of the smaller tax dodgers to file income-tax returns. The Treasury Department is amply equipped for the detection and prosecution of big delinquents. Rich men have found tax dodging a hazardous sport, but the little fellows are protected by their very obscurity.

Under the present procedure nobody except Government officials is in a position to know who has filed a return and who has not. The privacy surrounding income-tax matters makes it possible for millions of persons who receive taxable incomes to evade with impunity even the small payments to which they are liable; and it cannot be doubted that many avail themselves of the defects of the system to the limit. It is common knowledge that there are many parts of the country, particularly rural districts, where very few persons even think of paying an income tax and where only the richest offenders are brought to book.

There is a simple remedy for existing conditions, an easy way to stop millions of little leaks. If the Secretary of the Treasury would cause local lists of income-tax payers to be printed and to be generally displayed in courthouses, post offices and other Federal premises, or published in local newspapers, the effect would be immediate and striking. Such lists would be eagerly conned and studied. Unless human nature should suddenly and radically alter, the slackers would be shown up in short order; for no man who has met a common obligation feels kindly toward his neighbors who have repudiated it. Absence from the list would put every tax dodger on the defensive. It would be less painful to come clean than to run the gantlet of neighbors' eyes.

This plan is worth a trial. Added income would be vastly greater than the expense that would be involved.

THE SUN-HUNTERS

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THE manner in which modern migrations are stimulated is pretty much the same all over the world. A resident of Poland, having no money and no job, borrows enough money from a relative in America to make the trip. Having made it he writes back pityingly to his friends in Poland. "Why," he asks in his letter, "should you stay in Poland? It is a rotten place. Borrow some money and come over here quick. The place is full of rich suckers who will buy anything you show them. All the Americans have money. Come quickly before somebody gets all of it away from them."

In a Tin-Can Town, Lemon City, Near Miami

As soon as it becomes known that America can offer advantages which Europe doesn't possess the European is filled with a passionate desire to capture a few of them. Philosophers who have made a careful study of human motives and emotions have embalmed the philosophy of migrations in a few phrases, such as "Distance lends enchantment" and "They all look good when they're far away." These phrases are true; but the thing that lends the greatest amount of enchantment to a distant piece of real estate is a letter from Cousin Walt or Friend Herbert saying, "You ought to see the fish we catch down here. A full-course dinner costs only seventy-five cents. Don't miss this next year."

The Northern States in the past few years have developed a new type of migrant. Instead of being hot on the trail of any sort of coin, currency or legal tender, as is the modern European immigrant, and instead of being in search of political or religious freedom, as were many European immigrants during the past century, the modern migrant is after warm weather during the winter months.

He is a sun-hunter. He is sick of four months of snow and ice. He is heartily tired of cold feet, numb ears, red flannel underwear, rheumatism, stiff neck, coal bills, coughs, colds, influenza, drafts, mittens, ear tabs, snow shovels, shaking down the furnace, carrying out ashes, and falling down on an icy sidewalk and spraining his back. It gives him a prolonged pain to wear his overshoes and a muffler, and to have to thaw out the radiator of his automobile every two or three days. The bane of his existence is sitting around the house for four months waiting for April to come along and unstiffen his joints.

He wants sun and lots of it. If he must spend four months doing nothing he prefers to spend it amid the Spanish moss and the palm trees, hearkening dreamily to the cheerful twittering of the dickey birds and to the stirring thuds of the coconuts, oranges and grapefruit as they fall heavily to the ground.

In the big hotels in Palm Beach, Miami, Ormond, Daytona, St. Augustine and other Florida resorts are the time-killers, with their jewel lariats and their acres of white trousers, with their flask-trimmed tea dances and their hard-boiled social aspirations and their refined gambling houses and their trick whisky canes. The sun, to the time-killers, is not of the utmost importance. If they were unable to change their clothes several times a day they would feel ill at ease; if they were unable to be charged a little matter of forty dollars a day for a double room and bath they would feel that they were being slighted in some way; if they couldn't have the knowledge that they were inhaling the same air that was being inhaled by the leading millionaires and society pets they would feel cheated.

Not so the sun-hunter. The sun-hunter knows the value of a dollar. He usually knows the value of a nickel also. It is said that before he relinquishes his hold on a twenty-five-cent piece he gives it a farewell squeeze of such violence that the eagle on it frequently emits a shrill scream of anguish. This statement, I believe, is a gross exaggeration. The fact remains, however, that one never finds the sun-hunter throwing his money around in the loose spasmodic manner that always characterizes the genuine time-killer I have been describing.

And the sun-hunter wants just two things—sun and air. He knows nothing about Charlie Schwab or Harry Payne Whitney, and he would take no interest whatever in them unless they got between him and the sun.

Clothes mean nothing in his life. The male sun-hunter is usually garbed in dark trousers which hang loosely on his legs like the trousers always inflicted on sculptured statesmen by sculptors of the Horace Greeley period. He may or he may not wear a coat, depending entirely on his whim of the moment; but he almost invariably affects the old-fashioned gallus, or suspender. He will be found in this garb on Sunday morning, when fishing for yellowtails on the edge of a creek with a bamboo pole; he will be found in it on Wednesday afternoon, when visiting the movies; and he will be found in it on Friday evening, when engaged in an exciting game of euchre with a pair of brother and

(Continued on Page 55)

PHOTO BY BURGERT BROTHERS, TAMPA, FLORIDA

A Camp at the Edge of Tampa Bay. Note the String of Red Snappers, Sergeant-Majors, Grunts and Yellowtails Leaning Against the Back of the Flivver

THE UPRISING GENERATION

The Adventure of the Missing Chaperon

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

AT LAST I have a past! Of course the family have made an awful row about it, and I had to work hard getting it, and now Rosamond—that's my elder sister—says it's only a technical past, when you come to look into it carefully. But at any rate I've got it now, and, though I was rather frightened at the time, it was fearfully exciting and I think a woman simply has to have an interesting past to attract any real attention. Look at Helen of Troy and Cleopatra and—oh, well, anybody! And besides all that, with this great literary talent of mine, I want some day to write one of those thrilling memoirs that get you so much trouble and money at the same time, because of telling such a lot of knowing things about the best people, and all that!

And if one is to get together enough material, why, one ought to start one's past in plenty of time, if you know what I mean. Of course I am eighteen, and that is rather late, but still I feel I have at any rate made a good beginning.

This past of my very own started after my quarrel with Ted Stonewall. Ted is an early indiscretion of mine, and it is now practically impossible for me to shake him. Very romantic for him, but a perfect bore for the woman to have a man hang around like that after one's tired of him—eh what?

And I got through with Ted simply æons ago. We met when I was young, a mere child with no discrimination, and while the family were not so watchful about whom I got to know. He came to our country house with the boy who was delivering groceries and I happened to be on the back fence eating a hot cake I had coaxed from the chef. I was a mere flapper at the time and of course could not be expected to know my own mind. Ted gave me an apple and that started it all. I was very much in love with him for a while and used to see a lot of him every summer when we came back to Rosemere. I didn't meet him in town partly because Miss Spears makes that sort of thing so unnecessarily difficult, and partly because Ted's father, who was combined Coal, Wood and Insurance, lived in Rosemere Village all the year around.

The day I put up my hair for the first time without mother telling me to put it down again Ted kissed me—out in the orchard, because mother didn't encourage his coming around to the front door. Democracy simply means nothing to mother if the democrat uses bad grammar. Ted didn't, but his parents probably did, and that was enough for Mrs. Edward Torrington. I wasn't exactly forbidden to see Ted; mother was far too wise for that! But I was more or less on my honor not to, and this was a less day. So I saw him. And after that kiss he became simply impossible!

"I'm going to marry you one day, Pet Torrington!" he said in his heavy way. "I'm going in business with father in the spring, and I'll make good! I'll marry you—you needn't laugh, young lady!"

Wasn't that quaint? I was terribly intrigued by it, but remember I was a mere child of seventeen at the time. I hadn't come out, and I was fearfully ignorant. And by the next summer I was really living—having a perfectly dizzy time, Rosamond being mercifully married out of my way, and of course I wasn't going to have Ted hulking around and criticizing me in his ridiculous, old-fogy fashion. I was fond of him, of course, for auld lang syne, and all that, but I didn't want him scaring everybody else off, and his ideas about women were simply antique! The crisis came one afternoon when he showed up in a flivver—in a flivver, mind you! —and asked me to go to ride with him in it. It was a brand-new shining cracker box and it seems the amusing infant had bought it with his first earnings.

"No, I won't go, thanks," said I. "Not in that rat trap. I'm too slim to ride comfortably in it, Ted."

We were standing on the terrace, where we could command an excellent view of the shining flivver. Ted frowned and lit a cigarette.

"I'll Trouble You to Leave Me Alone! I'm Fed Up With Your Mid-Victorian Tommyrot!"

"Sit down, won't you?" I suggested. "I'll ring for a drink!"

"No, thanks!" said Ted shortly. Then he burst out, "I don't like to see you drink, Pet! It's all wrong—I don't give a darn who says no! Your mother ought to stop you!"

"Mother," said I suavely, "is playing bridge over at the Slossens'. She won't be home for hours. Do change your mind"

"No!" said he hotly. "Your doing it behind her back makes it all the worse, Pet! My mother wouldn't allow such a thing! Honestly, dear—I wish you'd cut it out."

"Don't be a prune, Ted," said I. "And don't call me dear, either. I told you that was all off!"

"You can't cut the dear out as far as I'm concerned!" said Ted firmly. "I love you, and although it's no news to you, I may add I intend to marry you. And I have every right to protest."

"You have nothing of the kind because you're not!" I flashed back at him. "You give me the pershin' blues, old thing! I'm quite capable of taking care of myself!"

"That's just where you're dead wrong!" said Ted very earnestly. "You think you're as wise as the Sphinx, when as a matter of fact you're as innocent as a kitten. Girls seem to have gone crazy nowadays. What most of you need is a good old-fashioned spanking to bring you back to your senses! My mother never acted like that when she was a girl, I'd like to bet; no, nor yours, either!"

"But they probably put a lot over, just the same, old thing!" I snapped. "Don't ever doubt it! The only difference is that they did it on the sly!"

"I don't believe that for a moment!" said Ted. "You like to kid yourself that everybody has always done the same sort of thing. You'll be sorry some day."

"I'll risk it," said I coldly. "And until that fatal hour falls, Mr. Theodore Stonewall, I'll trouble you to leave me alone! I'm fed up with your mid-Victorian tommyrot!"

"It isn't tommyrot, dear," said Ted, coming over and trying to take my hands. "It isn't rot—really, Pet! Decency is never old-fashioned, whatever you may think."

"Ted, you bore me to tears," I replied languidly. "The world has changed and it's left you behind, that's all. Stop being so silly, do!"

"All right," he sighed helplessly. "Come on—hop in the fliv and I'll be good. Please! It's a peach of an engine—the best of its tribe!"

"No!" said I. "I'm dated."

"Who?" demanded Ted, jealous in a flash. "Pet, I've heard some talk. It's not Granny Messinger, I hope?"

"What if it is?" I said. "Can't I even make a date without your permission?"

"Not with a married man—especially one with the sort of reputation Messinger has!" said Ted. "Pet, don't be a fool! You can't do that sort of thing and get away with it indefinitely, by gosh! The life you lead is all wrong! I mean the crowd that hangs around the country club. It's not normal! Take that diamond cup they're playing for now, for instance! Think of a diamond-mounted tennis cup! Paugh! They can't even do athletics wholesomely!"

"Ted, you talk from the depths of the camphor chest," I said, "and I resent your tone."

And indeed I did resent it! Ted's joining the pack which had been yelping at the heels of us poor buds all season marked the limit as far as I was concerned. As if a girl didn't have to have some experience, some knowledge of life! Mother's attitude I could endure. I could manage her, because she would have died rather than have me left out of things or be different from the other girls in the crowd.

"Ted Stonewall, that'll be about all!" I said, exasperated. "I am perfectly capable of running my own life without any help from you! I'll see whom I choose and go where I wish, and I do not wish to ride in that tin pan of yours. After this I'll never ride in it! I'm through!"

"But I'm not through with you!" said Ted with that clumsy, ridiculous seriousness of his. "I'm not through with you. But I'll stay away now, until you send for me. You are a bluff! And when you're through pulling chestnuts out of the fire and finding they are too hot to eat—why, ring me up!"

"Ted Stonewall, you insulting thing!" I cried.

But the sound of my voice was drowned in the roar of the flivver as Ted jumped in and started down the driveway. Thoroughly riled, but somehow not quite as gay as I ought to have been over Ted's very bourgeois departure, I went up to my room and sat down in front of my dressing table, still awfully wrathy as I prettied up and selected a hat. But I did not concern myself with that ridiculous Ted very long. Not much!

Instead I concerned myself with making my get-away unobtrusively before mother came home. Because though mother is awfully good form and fairly intelligent in some minor things such as cultural subjects, she and I are out of sympathy on many vital matters, and she has the most unreasonable way of drawing the line in places where a line has no more reason than if it were in a cubist drawing. For instance, she thinks it's all right for G. G. Third to call on me for hours all alone in our own drawing-room, or even out on the porch at night; but she wouldn't dream of letting me motor with Gran Messinger. And motor

(Continued on Page 30)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

Good news about beans!

You can eat all the Campbell's Beans you want! They are so wholesome and digestible you don't have to curb your appetite. They're slow-cooked, thoroughly cooked, cooked to taste better and agree with you. And so delicious with their spicy tomato sauce that you'll be glad you can indulge yourself freely.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

with him was just exactly what I was off to do, and I had to hurry in order to get out of the house before she could refuse me permission to go.

When I was dressed I must confess my appearance gave me a good deal of satisfaction. I'd had a permanent wave two days before and it made my bobbed hair look simply delicious. And I had just that world-weary look which I think is so fascinating in a woman. I was too intrigued for words, because this was the first time I had ever been out alone with Granny Messinger, and I didn't want him to take me for a child.

He was waiting in the little lane outside the gate with his Colby-Droit roadster, and looking simply top-hole. Oh, I do think older men are so attractive! There is something finished-looking about them that is perfectly fascinating, provided they don't look too finished, if you know what I mean. Gran had this look, combined with a charming figure, gloriously well groomed, soft little mustache, patent-leather hair, and that poise which positively none of the kids can show. I guess that it only comes with experience, secret experience.

"Cheero, old dear!" said I as he reached out a hand and drew me aboard. "I had a time getting out!"

Of course that wasn't quite true, but I had to be interesting right off the bat with a man like Gran.

"The deuce you say!" said he. "I came directly from town. Look here—d'you mind if we keep along the back roads? No use rushing into the crowd on the beach and letting them start any Maltese remarks, eh?"

"Right!" said I. "One can't do the most innocent sort of thing without making talk, can one?" And I looked at him out of the corner of my eye.

"Innocent?" said Gran. "Innocent? Pet, your innocence appalls me!"

And he laughed in the wickedest way. It simply gave me shivers of delight. And then we started cruising off through the heavenly piny back roads, that are so lovely on our part of Long Island, and I settled down to enjoy myself thoroughly.

You see, Ted was right when he said that Gran Messinger had a fearfully bad reputation. But that didn't prevent his being chairman of the house committee at the club, and of course received everywhere, and all that. Naturally all the debs were mad about him, and I knew, for instance, that Sylvia Glenning and Tot Romney, my best friends, would simply die of envy if they could see me now! They were awfully keen about him, too, and we three had rehashed him pretty thoroughly more than once, and supposed a lot of things about him that couldn't be published.

And here I was, secretly motoring with him, all alone out in the woods! It was absolutely too dizzy for words! But how was I to keep him interested and amused? That was an awful question.

You see, it was the first time we had really talked. We'd danced a lot, for he had cut in on me no end for several weeks. But you know how that is. You just chatter when you toddle.

But out here in the air with nothing to occupy one but the view, it was appalling! I had to say something interesting and say it quickly. Gran was the type of man who throws the whole burden of entertaining on the woman. He sits back and dares you to amuse him. But help? Not heavily! So it was up to me.

I thought rapidly for a moment, and then decided to confess my sins. Of course I hadn't any sins, so I was obliged to invent some. But that was all the better; I wasn't hampered in my recital by mere facts. Also there was no back kick to imaginary slips, or so, poor fish that I was, I thought at the time.

For a starter I registered world-weariness and turned great troubled eyes to his in a combined come-on and an I-know-you-will-be-sympathetic look which was perfectly safe as long as he kept on driving. I wanted him to drive, for I wasn't looking for a petting party.

"Gran," I said, "I'm dreadfully off my feed to-day! Don't you think I'm showing my age terribly?"

"I do," said he. "You look all of eighteen, Pet. What ails you?"

"My conscience," said I. "I must cut out the sort of life I'm leading, Granny, or I'll be in hot water the first thing you know. I'm ruining my life, old thing!"

"Well, what else is there to do with one's life?" said Gran in his deliciously cynical way. "That is, if one wants any fun out of it. What's your favorite vice now, Pet?"

"Gambling," I said moodily, because that was the worst thing I could think of offhand. "Gran, I'm a born gambler and I always lose—yet I can't stop myself. I'm fearfully in debt!"

"The deuce you say!" said Gran, his smile vanishing. Up to now he had not been taking me very seriously, but I could see that this hit him. "By Jove, that's rather awful!"

"Yes, isn't it?" said I, sighing contentedly at my effect. But Gran of course took it for deep melancholy. "I don't dare to tell my family—I simply don't dare!"

"I say, look here—how much?" said he. "Won't you let me —— Eh?"

"Oh, no!" said I hastily. "I couldn't dream of such a thing. It's two thousand dollars—about."

"Phew!" said Gran with a long whistle. "I'll say you are going strong for a baby!"

"I'm not a baby!" I said. "I wish I were! Gambling's a vice with me, Gran, that's all! Sometimes I feel a million years old!"

"You're a wise little duck," said Gran seriously. "Look here, though, you are a good sport. A girl should express herself—get a lot out of life. What I mean—experience, and all that. I like you because you're such a crazy child. But two thousand dollars in the hole! I say, better let me clean it up. Let me do it, eh what?"

Wasn't that too exciting for words? Being offered money to pay my gambling debts by a married man! I was simply thrilled to tears! I sat there congratulating myself and laying a mental bet that neither Sylvia nor Tot could equal that for an experience! I could see them writhe with envy when I told about it—if I decided to tell. Meanwhile the plot was thickening. Gran had taken one hand off the wheel and thrown his arm about the seat back of my shoulders. My heart began to beat violently with the excitement of the game, but I wasn't a bit afraid. I knew I could handle him. And just think—what a wonderful item to tuck away for my past!

"Oh, no! Nothing doing, Gran!" I said, but softly, and looking down so that he wouldn't be sure whether I really meant it or not. You know—old stuff. I hadn't got to the place where it was my cue to jump off the cliff with the villain in full pursuit—and land safely below without breaking a single bone in my head! But we were warming up. Gran was driving slowly and the road was

(Continued on Page 113)

I Turned on Him Furiously, Panting With Fear and Anger, and Half Crying With Nervousness

A wave of buying preference for the Hupmobile is evidently sweeping the country.

We began to feel it months ago, in a steady sales increase that persisted during the generally stagnant period.

Now our latest dealer reports show that this increase continues to swell in vigor and in volume.

Nothing can be responsible for it but the *known* good value of the Hupmobile, and the fact that people must now be convinced of value before they will buy.

Hupmobile

UP STAGE AND DOWN

By Charles Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THERE was no reason why Mab Moody should go on the stage, so she went. There was no reason why, once on it, she should have succeeded, but she did. In these matters, as well as in some other things, Mab was a surprising young person. There was, for example, no valid cause for her to detest Harvey Norris, who taught her the A B C of acting—and all of that deserves to be explained.

The name Mab, mark you, is not short for Mabel; if it were, these things might not have happened. It belongs to Maeve, the queen of the fairies, who, being of Irish origin, is an extremely influential myth, and she probably put in a word for the girl who was baptized for her. Mab Moody, at any rate, made her début into the theater without any of the struggles and pangs which are believed to attend that process. She merely declared her intention, the enchanted land opened its stage door before her and, like a lucky fairy child, she calmly walked in and took out citizenship papers. Her first make-up box, borrowed from Harvey Norris, the stage manager, whom she afterward learned to despise, had a rabbit's foot in it, and it was an efficient talisman.

The gift of beauty had no share in the magic which manipulated these events, for Mab, in the days of her novitiate, was not a startling creature to look at. She was a little dumpling of eighteen years, round and soft as a fat kitten, a true roly-poly of a girl, five feet high with no waistline; and the way she did her hair was apparently patterned after a daguerreotype of her grandmother. Although too young to have a discernible profile she certainly had eyes, large, brown and gentle, with tremendous lashes which she knew how to flutter effectively; and her smile had a slant to it that was both droll and lovable. Her voice was merely a sweet, timorous whisper. Such was Mab, an odd child, with fat arms and legs and delicate hands and feet, when she first felt the call to a career among the beauties and the beasts behind the footlights.

Mab's home was in Illinapolis, where her father manufactured plows on an impressive scale; and that city was enough of a capital to support the kind of resident theatrical company which is known as summer stock. For three seasons of a year Illinapolis had to content itself with the miscellany of the Broadway booking offices, transient troupes in split-week engagements; but from June to August it could call itself a producing center and a contributor to the uplift of the stage. Windsor Morton's Repertory Company would then settle down there, to warm over an old play or try out a new one every week, much to the excitement of the local chapter of the Drama League. And Mab, as became the heiress of one of the best families in Illinapolis, kept in close touch with this cultural movement.

When she discovered that Windsor Morton occasionally recruited native daughters into his company for temporary service in inconspicuous characters—chiefly for the sake of their advertising value and willingness to accept microscopic salaries—the great idea burst upon her. To be among Windsor Morton's immortals for a week or two, to get her picture in the papers before she was a débutante, would be a thrilling kind of lark. It was not ambition that stirred within her, but the sense of adventure.

She went into action immediately, and with an excellent instinct for strategy. Instead of mentioning the matter to her father and mother, and thus submitting to the vexations of a family conference, she took her scheme to a bachelor uncle who had invested in real estate. One of the things he happened to own was the theater where Windsor Morton pitched his tent of dreams every summer. This uncle had a habit of spoiling Mab, so in less than no time he had written a letter to Mr. Morton, who upon reading it

"Many Thanks for Your Wire Last Night . . . Yes, Wasn't Everything Wonderful? . . . And Weren't the Critics Perfectly Dear?"

moved with equal celerity. The next day after the letter was written Mab Moody was engaged by telephone and called for rehearsal. The important Mr. Morton himself did the telephoning, and his voice as it came over the wire was like frankincense and nard.

The way of Mab's going on the stage was the way of a princess entering into her loyal kingdom. Nothing could have been done more easily. Even her father, strangely enough, did not object, for he was convinced that Windsor Morton and all his works, having been indorsed by the united women's clubs of Illinapolis, were thoroughly respectable. And he was as nearly right as any man ever is.

What parts Mab Moody acted with the Windsor Morton Repertory Company, to the astonishment and admiration of her relatives, neighbors and playmates, are a completely negligible matter. She was not revealed, as the curtain rose, in maid's costume, dusting off the furniture of the drawing-room—center door fancy set—and expounding the plot in conference with the butler and the cook; and neither did she appear in page's costume to announce to his lordship that the carriage waits without. Such things as these are no longer done in the drama, although the comic weeklies are still printing jokes about them. But these two classic examples will serve as symbols to indicate the nature of her apprenticeship. Although her photograph was duly printed in the Illinapolis Gazette, three columns wide, her parts could have been written on the back of a postage stamp.

She ranged from the almost total obscurity of a supernumerary to deserving humility in bits. In parts she thought she could play with brilliance and conviction—captivating young women of the world who drift across ballrooms with exquisite grace, radiant of wit and coquetry—she discovered that she was most at sea. Being a society girl in Illinapolis and in Lady Windermere's Fan were, it seemed, not so much alike as she had believed. But in sketches of outlandish types—peasants, hoydens, tomboys, slatterns and gamins—that were supposed to give comic relief to the scene, she was not so bad; and occasionally when her lines had true humor in them she experienced the comedienne's bliss of evoking laughter. But whether she succeeded in giving some idea of the playwright's intention or was merely an amateur excrescence on the performance, Windsor Morton, a canny man, kept her in the casts week after week, for he needed the few extra dollars she drew to the box office and the reprieves of rental payment he could wheedle, because of Mab, out of her easy-going uncle. And thus, as she rehearsed for next week's play in the mornings and appeared in the current bill evenings and matinées, Mab grew in experience and knowledge. She began to feel very professional and actress-like.

Her technical education was chiefly in the hands of Harvey Norris, the stage manager and character man of the company. While Windsor Morton posed gracefully, discussing moods, psychological subtleties, light and shade, and all that sort of thing, and tried to imitate Belasco in his devotion to the switchboard, it was Harvey Norris, his subordinate, who did most of the heavy detail work of rehearsing. He had patience and good nature; he knew exactly what he wanted and how to impart that knowledge; and he inducted Mab into all the mysteries—from the beading of eyelashes to how to pitch her voice so that there was some chance of its being heard in the back row—in a quiet, dominating, kindly way that filled her with awe and a kind of shy, tremulous gratitude. This was a new emotion to her, for like most of the emancipated children of this epoch she had never learned respect for authority and experience at home. Having at last found an elder and superior being to worship, she surrendered to the mood with ecstasy.

Harvey Norris was, she proclaimed everywhere, the most wonderful of men. To her parents, her friends, her swains—whose number had increased greatly since she took to the stage—and to her associates in the company, she confided the great news: Mr. Norris was wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! He was the wizard of stage directors and the nonpareil of actors, according to Mab's almost incoherent raptures. He was wise, he was kind, he was clever, he was sweet, he was strong, he was gifted, he was—in short, he was wonderful. She never went so far as to declare that he was handsome, for it was obvious that he was not; but as if in defense of the blunt homeliness that made him a character actor instead of a leading man, she often expressed an aversion, almost amounting to abhorrence, to good looks in the opposite sex. She pensively detected in Harvey a faint resemblance to her favorite hero of history, Abraham Lincoln.

In other words, Mab's first times on any stage were accompanied by a typical happening—a terrific crush on a male colleague.

This is often unfortunate, but Mab, as has been hinted, was born lucky, so the Fates awarded her Harvey Norris and permitted her to think she worshiped the master rather than adored the man.

Mab refused to admit to herself that she was in love. She had experienced the tender passion in occasional spasms, from the age of ten onward, and it had never been like this.

Harvey Norris was a self-contained kind of fellow with no Thespian flash and glitter about him. He could not be called young, although he was youngish; but the difference in age between him and Mab was not so vast as his completely paternal attitude toward her suggested. He accepted her frank adoration with the equanimity of a high-school principal hardened to the marshmallow tenderness of green girls. He pretended not to be flattered by the incense which she burned in his honor, and seemed blind to her soft stricken glances. Altogether he behaved as if he were the safest kind of actor upon whom Mab might waste her first devotion. She was apparently in no more danger

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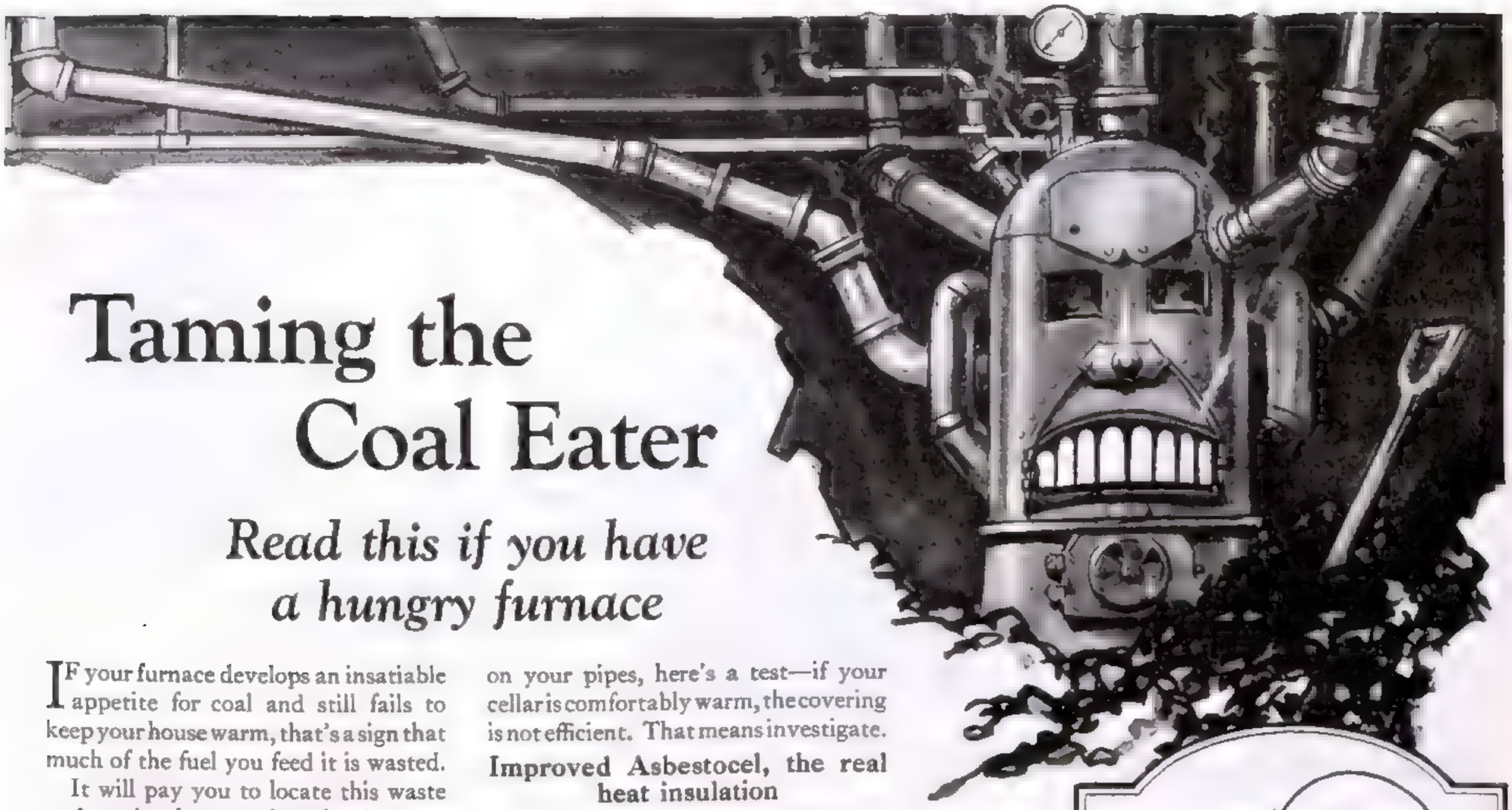


Taming the Coal Eater

Read this if you have a hungry furnace

IF your furnace develops an insatiable appetite for coal and still fails to keep your house warm, that's a sign that much of the fuel you feed it is wasted.

It will pay you to locate this waste and apply the remedy—simple cures which mean a warmer house and often a saving of one-quarter of the season's fuel bill.

Bare pipes waste fuel

As a starter take this fact, not generally known: Under average house-heating conditions a bare steam pipe 50 feet long and 3 inches in diameter loses heat equivalent to 4 tons of coal a season.

And that says: cover the pipes. Cover them wherever they are open to attack by cold air.

If your house is still "on paper" or in the early stages of building, cover the pipes which run between the walls and under flooring as well as those exposed in the cellar. If you are already living in the house, cover all accessible pipes. Cover the furnace body too.

But any covering will not do. To be efficient a covering must be so constructed that it prevents air from circulating through it and carrying off heat. If there is already some kind of covering on your pipes, here's a test—if your cellar is comfortably warm, the covering is not efficient. That means investigate.

Improved Asbestocel, the real heat insulation

Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel keeps heat in because air cannot circulate through it. It is built in a series of closed cells, which act as baffles. See cut and description in panel at right.

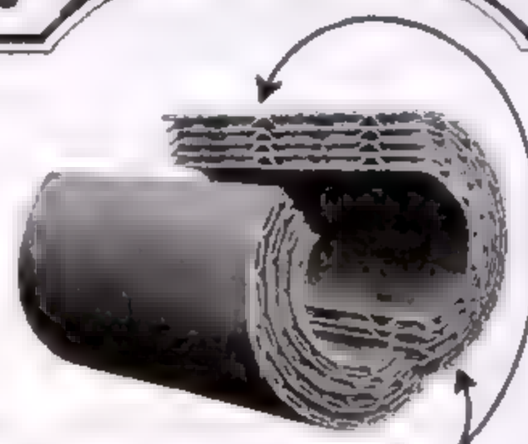
This unique construction makes Asbestocel the best household insulation on the market. Yet it costs about the same as air cell coverings which do not combine its features of high efficiency, neat appearance and long life.

For economy's sake, insulate with Improved Asbestocel.

Other ways to save coal

Clean the flues and heating surfaces of soot several times a season. Clean out ashes and clinkers frequently. Soot on flues and ashes around the fire-bed waste coal because they keep heat away from the boiler. For complete combustion put just a little coal at a time on the fire.

Johns-Manville has prepared a booklet explaining these principles. Send for it if you want smaller fuel bills.



Insist on this construction

Note that the corrugations run both lengthwise and crosswise —instead of lengthwise alone, as in other coverings. Insist on closed cell construction as your insurance for maximum heat saving. Ask for

Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel

To the Trade: Johns-Manville has just issued a booklet which tells how to sell and apply heat insulation. Send for a copy and get ready for inquiries.

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Send for this book. It will help you get more out of your coal bin, whether or not you're ready for Johns-Manville Insulation.

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of drastic consequences than if she had been smitten with a secret infatuation for a chormaster.

Nevertheless he liked her immensely, and more than that. If he had been completely indifferent to her existence, except as a raw amateur to be taught certain paces and gestures in order to humor the caprice of Windsor Morton, he would not have given so much attention to her at rehearsals. The zeal with which he worked over her was more than professional ethics demanded. Stock-company stage direction is careless of ragged edges, but Harvey was thorough when he came to Mab. He never permitted her to fumble and guess her way through a part, and often called her for ten minutes of special coaching before the rest of the company came yawning in to do their morning's chores.

II

SHE did not see much of him outside the theater. Stock means hard work and long hours, and its practitioners have no opportunities for the gay and adventurous recreations that are, in the feverish imaginations of laymen, the inevitable concomitant of life on the stage. This is particularly true in a city like Illinapolis, where the Windsor Mortons, in their one good hour of freedom after the show, had difficulty in finding a decent café open for the satisfaction of their midnight appetites. The night life of Illinapolis was scattered beyond the horizon among a fringe of sinister road houses; and although the jazz boys and jazzabels of Illinapolis might visit these rural slums in their automobiles, they were taboo to the Windsor Mortons, who had to behave according to the highest ideals of the older pillars of local society. Small city stock is a moral institution, and watches its step with vigilance.

For social relaxation there were the leading woman's teas, held on the stage every Friday afternoon after the back of the week's work had been broken. These were almost public functions, attended by matinée maids who had been dazed with the glamour of the great lady, under the chaperonage of their fond and fussy mammas, who also dearly loved a chance to have a cup of orange pekoe with an actress. The other members of the company, particularly the noble-browed leading man and the dapper juvenile, were expected to attend, to help in the entertainment of the customers; and Windsor Morton was always on hand to talk pontifically about modern tendencies in the drama. Mab never missed one of these chatter parties, and enjoyed them hugely, in her dual rôle as a member of both sets, Illinapolitans and Windsor Mortons; but she always came away with a lump of disappointment in her throat. For Harvey Norris was never there.

She wanted to know why, and the leading woman answered her, with a teasing smile, to the effect that Harvey was not a ladies' man and hated society. She at last grew bold enough to challenge him on the subject.

"I brought mamma to Miss Wayne's tea this afternoon," she remarked to him as she idled about backstage in costume, waiting for her only entrance cue. "She said she was dying to meet you, and she was so disappointed."

He smiled down on her quizzically.

"I'm sorry, Mab," he answered. "It would have been nice to meet your mother. But I never go to Miss Wayne's teas. I see enough of her acting on the stage."

Mab thought that his cynical view of Miss Wayne's social manner was a little cruel; but she was glad, anyway, to discover that there was no sentimental bond between them. She had begun to wonder if Harvey Norris were in love with anyone. Or maybe married! A dreadful thought, this last. He had never mentioned a distant wife, as married men have a habit of doing—when they are not trying to be gay deceivers—but she decided that she ought to verify her idea that he was a forlorn bachelor.

So she asked Gloria Wayne about it.

"Not that I know of," said Gloria, shrugging her admirable shoulders. "This is his first season with the company, and he hasn't taken me into his confidence except about what he thinks of me as an actress. But you can never tell about us, Mab, so be careful. Any one of us is likely to have a marriage license or a divorce suit tucked away in our shady past, somewhere out of sight."

Mab declared that she was sure that Gloria herself wasn't married.

"Why are you so sure?" Gloria wanted to know, as she started to comb out her blond wig, which was so much admired in Illinapolis.

"Because you don't wear a wedding ring. There are hundreds of men just crazy to marry you, of course, but you turn them all down because you are devoted to your art."

Gloria laughed and pulled open a drawer in her costume trunk.

"Here's my happy family," she remarked, showing Mab a picture of two obese infants and a grinning man with a large Adam's apple. "It happened ten years ago, and I haven't been able to lose him yet. He has a little job in New York, so we manage to live together occasionally."

Mab was flabbergasted.

"But you mustn't talk about it among the Philistines," Gloria warned Mab. "That would be bad for business. Professionally, at any rate, I'm still single."

"When I marry," Mab declared, "I shall retire from the stage."

Gloria shrieked with laughter at this remark, and refused to explain the joke. She repeated Mab's priceless utterance to everyone in the company, and Mab's attitude toward matrimony became a byword in backstage gossip for the next few days. The others developed a habit of asking her when she was going to retire, and of chuckling at their own wit, which Mab could not understand.

"Why do they think that is funny?" she asked Harvey Norris.

Harvey grinned and hesitated; then he said: "They mean that you're not on the stage yet, from their point of view."

Mab blushed and pouted angrily.

"Oh, I see. They think I'm as rotten as all that, do they?"

"Now don't begin worrying about what they think. As a matter of fact you're doing very well and they say lots of nice things about you, behind your back as well as to your face. But they have the idea that you are merely amusing yourself and will not go on with it. You're a rank outsider to them, Mab."

She hated them all, Harvey included, for a second or two.

"Well, I'll show them!" she declared pugnaciously. "I'll become a real actress—a regular trouper—just to spite them. Do you think I have a chance?"

He considered the question thoughtfully.

"A chance, yes. Anyone who isn't an idiot or a monstrosity can learn to act a little and find something to do on the stage, with a certain amount of luck. But if you mean to become more than a minor member of a third-rate stock company, I don't know whether you have a chance or not."

"Then I've been pretty bad?" she quavered.

"Not at all. Your work has been satisfactory from the stock-company point of view. But you'll have to wait and work for another year or so before anyone can tell what kind of a chance you've got. You will have to grow up, Mab."

With which he patted her upon the shoulder in his best paternal manner.

Mab resented his words but liked the caress. Being treated like a child had its compensations sometimes.

"What would you advise me to do?" she asked sullenly.

"Why, what else would you do but marry the inevitable young business man and live happily ever afterward in Illinapolis?" he said. "That would simplify matters tremendously."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," she retorted. "I'm sick of this town. I hate being a débutante, which is what I shall have to do if I stay here next winter. And rising young business men of the Illinapolis kind give me a pain I'm going to grow up so fast it will make your head swim, Mr. Harvey Norris, and I'm going to become a real actress or take the veil."

Having delivered this ultimatum she withdrew in her most hoity-toity manner.

"Be sure not to get fat," he called after her.

She stuck out her tongue at him for a Parthian shot, and went away determined, if the tragedy of fatness should overtake her, to become a ponderous low-comedy star of musical shows, making the world and Harvey Norris writhe with laughter at her buffoonery.

Mab had been learning something new about the theater almost every day; but she had not yet discovered temperament. She had imagined that the word meant only the glamour of talent, the free, active self-expression of the non-inhibited artist soul. She did not define this mysterious quality in that way, of course, but she had a vague idea along those lines. She thought that temperament was a happy gift of the gods. She yearned for the day when it would be said that Mab Moody had it.

Suddenly, however, she discovered that temperament, in its technical meaning, was a satanic affliction, painful to its possessor at times, and a thing of terror to everyone else.

The Windsor Mortons had behaved, during Mab's association with them, remarkably like a happy family. There had been no quarrels, no jealousies, no disturbing professional friction. At least nothing of the kind had come to the notice of Mab's eyes and ears. She was convinced that they all loved one another, in a heavenly sort of way, and that life in the theater would be one long Elysium of such happy companionships. Her innocence in this direction was vast and quaint.

The next Monday after Mab had discussed her

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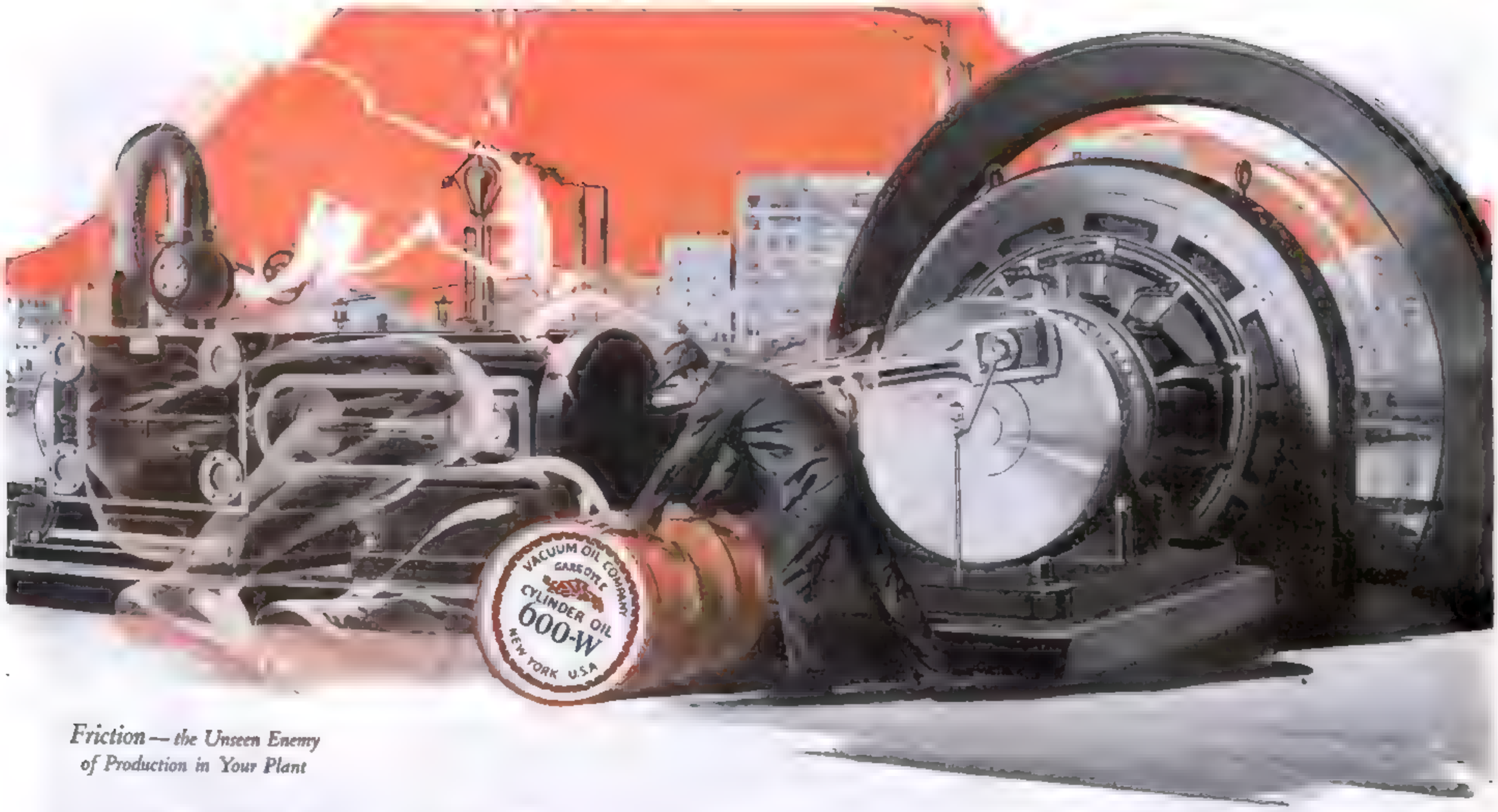
Was She the Leading Woman of This Verminous Troupe of Camembert Barnstormers, or Wasn't She?



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potential career with Harvey Norris, Contrary Mary, a play that had great expectations but no history, went into rehearsal. It had been consigned to Windsor Morton by a cautious Broadway manager for a stock-company test of its acting value. This kind of laboratory work contained possibilities that were lacking in the routine of stock revivals. It was creative work that put the players on their mettle; it gave them a chance to get their teeth into fresh material; it spurred ambitions that were becoming jaded with provincial routine. Someone might easily make a hit in the Illinapolis première of Contrary Mary that would take her or him to Broadway at one swift bound, for the great impresario who was to give the play its metropolitan production would be on hand to watch the result of the experiment, accompanied by a retinue of his advisers and flatterers; and the author, a young dramatist of promise, would likewise attend. It was to be an occasion when opportunity might easily knock at almost any dressing-room door.

Nearly every new American play, it seems, is written as a frank imitation of some other play that has made the proverbial barrel of money. Its proud creator, in endeavoring to enlist the interest of a skeptical manager in his latest work, will speak of it as a second something or other; and the manager, remembering what a gold mine the first something or other was, immediately pricks up his ears, lights a fresh Pomona-Pomona, and is ready to listen to a reading.

Following this tradition, Contrary Mary was to be a second Peg o' My Heart. It belonged to that breed of sentimental comedies in which the hoyden heroine, an elfin daughter of the plain people, suffers much from the taunts and sneers of gilded snobs until she is revealed as an heiress in disguise who heaps coals of fire upon the heads of the aristocrats, saves father from bankruptcy, mother from social suicide, daughter from a life of shame, and brother—by marrying him—from a career of cynical bachelorhood. The play differed from Peg o' My Heart in these particulars: The heroine was Scotch, not Irish; and the pet animal she brought with her when she visited her haughty relatives was not a dog but a Shetland pony. Also, to complicate the plot and avoid accusations of plagiarism she had a mania for masquerading in boys' clothes.

Windsor Morton began rehearsal in true ceremonial fashion by reading the play to the assembled company. Mab was thrilled with this formality; it had never been done for any of the stale Broadway successes which had preceded Contrary Mary. Then came the assignment of parts.

Harvey Norris, at a nod from Windsor Morton, who was languid from the dramatic fervor he had put into the reading, arose from the prompt table and began to deal out certain half portions of bound, typewritten manuscripts on which the dialogue and cues for the various parts were assembled.

In making this distribution he passed Mab by with a half-apologetic but still official explanation. "There is no part in this cast for you, Miss Moody. But Mr. Morton hopes you will be good enough to understudy Miss Olivier. Attend rehearsals and please give special attention to her part. We will have a copy of it made for you later on."

Mab meekly answered "Yes, sir," and sat there as still as an image. This announcement came to her as a sort of shock. She wouldn't be in the show; that was rather desolating, she thought. Still, while Mr. Morton was reading the manuscript she hadn't been able to pick out a part for herself. There were no ingénue bits, and the servants were a butler and a chauffeur. This time, it seemed, she was obviously out of luck. But Miss Olivier was the leading ingénue, and if she should happen to die within the next two weeks it would mean Mab Moody to the rescue. There was a chance, certainly, of winning glory—even though Miss Olivier was in the best of health. Thus Mab suddenly became familiar with all the mixed emotions and tragic yearnings of that creature of suppressed desires, the understudy.

She sat tight and looked on. She observed that every member of the company immediately began counting the number of sides, or pages, in his or her part. The result of this audit was either a smile of contentment or an expression of dissatisfaction. In the latter case, Mab thought, the look resembled that of a child who has bitten into an unripe persimmon—a kind of puckery symbol of contempt and disgust.

Suddenly Gloria Wayne, who had seemed to be satisfied with her total of sides, straightened up in her chair and observed in a frost-bitten voice: "There seems to be a slight mistake here, Mr. Morton."

The beatific stage director pretended not to hear her, and Harvey Norris stepped into the breach suavely with "Typist's error, Miss Wayne?"

"Not at all. You have given me Miss Olivier's part. Perhaps she has mine."

With which Gloria made a swift and forcible exchange, plucking Miss Olivier's part out of her hands and tossing the other, like a despised thing, into her lap.

Windsor Morton serenely sidled off into the wings and disappeared. His method of diplomacy was extremely Oriental.

"There has been no mistake, Miss Wayne," said Harvey crisply. "Kindly return Miss Olivier's part to her and take back the one I gave you."

If Miss Wayne had been one of the famous volcanoes of history, Krakatua or Mount Pelée, she could not have gone into a more complete eruption. Mab, who had led a sheltered life in a pacific family, had never heard or seen anything like it before.

The gracious Gloria, heretofore all smiles, coos and caresses, vehemently called upon her God and inquired where in the realm of Lucifer they got that stuff. Was she the leading woman of this verminous troupe of Camembert barnstormers or wasn't she? She certainly was, she would tell the world, and she would play the leading woman's parts in spite of hell, high water, and any nasty conspiracy that had been framed up against her. She talked to Harvey as a teamster will talk to a motorist on a hot summer day after an averted collision.

Harvey let her run on to an effective climax and then tried to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"I thought Mr. Morton had explained this matter to you privately," he said. "Apparently he forgot to. He came to this decision after long-distance telephone conferences with the author and the manager who will make the New York production."

Miss Wayne suddenly passed from verbal violence into the throes of heartbreak. Her tears began to flow freely.

"It's insulting," she moaned. "I shall never forgive Mr. Morton. That snip of a girl gets the title part and I am expected to play her elder sister. It's brutal. It's outrageous. It's incredible."

"I am really very sorry, Miss Wayne," Harvey continued, "and I assure you there was no thought of hurting your feelings in this arrangement. We were thinking only how to get the best results out of the play with our company. The title rôle calls for a slender young girl who can wear boys' clothes deceptively. You would be very attractive in tight knickers, Miss Wayne—but by no means boyish. The part also requires a Scotch dialect, and Miss Olivier happens to have a special knack at it."

"I played the lead in the Number Three Sandy McNab company," piped up that young lady in corroboration.

"And the part of the sister," Harvey ran on encouragingly, "will undoubtedly make the hit of the show. So you see——"

"I only see," thundered Miss Wayne, "that my contract calls for my services as leading woman with this company! I insist upon my legal rights!"

"Your contract is for ten weeks," Harvey reminded her. "The season is to be extended through an eleventh week, as you know, for this special production."

At this blow Gloria promptly went into hysterics. She threw down on the floor the part she had refused to return, and stamped on it; accused Miss Olivier of improper relations with Windsor Morton, the author of the play, the New York manager, or some other person of mysterious authority over the production; attempted to assault Harvey Norris with her fingernails; and then fainted triumphantly in a picturesque attitude.

Gloria was lugged away to be resuscitated, and then the rehearsal began, in a fumbling kind of way, under Harvey's direction, with everyone strained and unhappy. Mab was asked to read Gloria's lines pro tem., and she nervously stepped into the gap, wondering what was going to come of it all. She had an idea that Gloria had gone mad and would suddenly reappear like a Fury, to attempt all kinds of harrowing things.

Fifteen minutes later the outraged leading woman emerged from her dressing room, red eyed and sullen, and hovered ominously on the outskirts of the rehearsal.

"We will go back to the beginning," Harvey announced calmly, with a gesture at Mab, which meant that she was to drop out and return the part to Miss Wayne.

So they began over again, and Gloria, rather hoarse from the recent abuse of her vocal cords, came in at her entrance cue as if nothing whatever had happened.

That ended the episode, in its surface manifestations. Of course, Gloria and Miss Olivier didn't speak again for years. Incidentally the former made an admirable impression in the rôle of the elder sister, as Harvey had foretold, and thereby won a contract to play it in the New York production.

After the rehearsal Mab, greatly excited by Gloria's uncanny behavior, hung around the theater to talk it over with Harvey Norris.

"What does it mean?" she burbled. "Gloria must be crazy! She starts that awful row, and then she comes back as meek as Moses and takes the part after all."

"That," explained Harvey, "is temperament. She felt that she had to do it to assert her dignity and maintain her prestige as a leading woman."

"But she couldn't play that title part," Mab declared. "She's too big—and too old. She ought to have known better."

"She did," Harvey admitted. "Otherwise she would never have come back. But just the same her position as leading woman compelled her to throw a tantrum because the title part wasn't offered her."

Mab expressed her opinion that Gloria had behaved like a spoiled child.

"You've said a mouthful," Harvey chuckled. "She is exactly that. And so are all the rest of us, more or less, as soon as we get a good juicy taste of success."

Mab considered this cynicism thoughtfully. She did not want to believe it; she hoped that Gloria was a special case; but still Harvey Norris had said it, and he, in her opinion, was infallible.

Then and there she made a great vow which was to have an important influence on her life.

"I am never going to be like that," she asserted, "when I make my big hit."

Harvey gave her an amused look of incredulity.

"No, I'm not," she continued. "I'm not going to get temperamental or vain or stuck-up——"

"Upstage," he interrupted, tossing her the proper technical word.

"Or upstage or anything. Cross my heart, I hope to die, I'm not."

"That is a very pretty ambition," he said; "I wish you luck at it."

"And I want you to promise me," continued Mab, "that if you ever see me getting that way, any time in the future, you'll come to me and tell me about it. Sometimes, you know, we don't see ourselves as others see us."

"But what are you going to be when you become famous?" he asked teasingly. "Sweet and stately and noble and always kind to dumb animals?"

"I'm going to be—just Mab Moody."

He thought that nothing could be nicer, but he did not tell her so.

"Do you promise?" she demanded.

"I do," he answered in a manner worthy of the occasion. "And here's my hand on it, Mab."

They shook hands gravely.

"Thank you—Harvey."

This was the first time she had dared to call him by his first name; it was indeed an occasion. She romped away radiant with the idea that a bond of intimacy had been established between them. When she got home she made this cryptic note in her diary: "Compact with H. N."

After the week of Contrary Mary, in which Mab understudied the title rôle assiduously but hopelessly, the Windsor Morton Repertory Company closed its season in Illinapolis and disbanded. Most of its members hurried back to New York to spend their midsummer holidays hunting new engagements over the hot asphalt of Broadway. Harvey Norris was noncommittal about his plans, but he vaguely mentioned the necessity of going to Chicago on a legal matter. There was much miscellaneous promising to write, of course, and when Mab bashfully said to Harvey that she would like to ask his advice about her plans he gave her the Masks Club, New York, as a forwarding address.

Jim Henry's Column

Your Mind

It always fascinates me to figure out what will be going on in your mind at the instant that my column invites your attention.

There are several millions of you and I have to start with a thought which will appeal to everyone.

Of course, I must avoid politics or religion and the idea must be of a nature which will permit me to slip easily into a discussion of Mennen Shaving Cream and kindred products like Mennen Talcum for Men and our amazingly efficient Kora-Konia.

I generally fall back on the fact that every man hates to shave. The most casual allusion to the horrors of shaving strikes contact with a wealth of poignantly emotional thoughts and enables me to lead you down to my selling climax without any chance of escape.

I suppose, if I were more of an advertising man and less of a salesman, I would know how to write whang-bang statements of Mennen superiority which would send men into drug stores in droves demanding Mennen's.

But the only selling process I have been trained to is the direct, man-to-man kind, where you have to keep him interested to avoid being rudely rebuffed and in extreme cases removed to the sidewalk.

Now, of course, you are in suspense as to just what I am driving at. It is this:

Why put it off? You are more than half convinced right now that Mennen's is the finest shaving preparation ever invented. Your friends tell you so. Try it. Accept the verdict of your razor—and of your smooth, velvety skin.

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Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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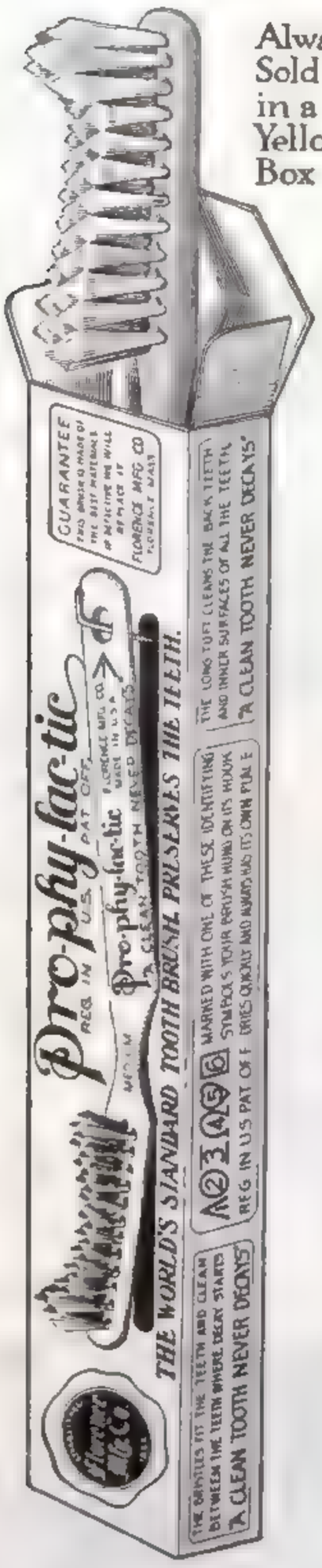
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With this hurried flitting of her new friends, who seemed ever so much nearer and dearer to her than the old stand-bys of Illinapolis, Mab was left high and dry at home, bored, lonesome and slightly blue. Her first touch of the nostalgia of the theater was complicated with sentimental reminiscences of Harvey Norris.

III

SEPTEMBER found her in New York, a new little moth among the bright lights, with the customary collection of notices clipped from the Illinapolis Gazette in her hand bag. There had been the usual family protests against this adventure, but Mab had laughed and cajoled them away, and had been well financed for the pursuit of her destiny.

She had written to Harvey Norris several times in a vein which was quite the correct blend of cool formality and warm affection. He had not answered.

She had telephoned to the Masks Club when she reached New York, with no result except to get a curt answer that Mr. Norris was not in the city. She wrote once more and then gave it up.

Whenever she thought about him her feelings got hurt somehow, but she convinced herself that this was silly, and so she stopped thinking. That was easy enough. Mab found that New York was too exciting to allow anyone to think about anyone else who was out of town.

Of Mab in Manhattan, of Mab's adventures among the mad mercenary managers, there is little to be told. Many things happened, of course, which she thought were important, but as a matter of fact she was too happy—after she had forgotten about Harvey Norris—to have a history.

Her career on the stage—for she had one that contained a surprising amount of success, everything considered—may be accounted for briefly, thus: First, she was lucky, as has been intimated; second, she was a type, or rather the managers believed that she was, which amounted to the same thing.

How she became a type, however, is worth telling. She was sitting in the waiting room of a firm of producing managers, looking for something to turn up, much like a housemaid at an employment agency in the old régime when housemaids were plentiful. A door leading to the private office opened to uncage a worried playwright. He happened to glance at Mab, and started as if he had seen a ghost. He immediately darted back into the sanctum, and emerged with his collaborator in tow. They stared at Mab as if she were some rare work of art, and then bolted back into the inner shrine without a word. Presently out they came again with a stage director at their heels, and the process was repeated, with excited solemnity. Then the press representative was brought out; then the junior partner; finally the senior partner. They whispered together fiercely, but never said a word to Mab, who began to wonder what was the matter with her and to suspect that she had forgotten to put all her clothes on. Finally they retired into their lair to indulge in an almost interminable and apparently venomous debate. Half an hour later Mab was invited inside to face what looked like a grand jury sitting on a murder case. She emerged with a contract signed, sealed and delivered into her hands.

This is what had happened: A play was being cast which contained, among other Semitic characters, a homespun Jewish maiden, aged seventeen or thereabouts. She was to be dark, plump, demure and attractive in an amiably bourgeois manner. She had to look as if she might be the daughter of Ferdinand Da Silva, who would play the rôle of Mischa Mannheimer, the hero. The authors had already considered sixteen applicants for the part and rejected them all because they were either too Jewish or not Jewish enough, or were baby vamps, or had bobbed hair, or too much distinction, or too little class, or for twelve other good reasons and true.

The managers had begun to accuse the playwrights of being too fussy about their Jewish maidens; the authors had begun to assert that the managers would do well to return to their original occupation of cut-rate ticket brokers, and thus a crisis had developed. Then they had stumbled over Mab. She was dark, she was plump, she was demure; she was attractively bourgeoise; she was, in short, the very kind of girl the authors had in mind when they wrote the part, they declared. And so it came about that Mab went to work while hundreds of more deserving actresses continued to worry.

Mab played the part on Broadway and immediately found that it pays to be a type. She had offers that season to act fifteen other Jewish maidens in similar plays. Out of this embarrassment of opportunities she contrived to get three engagements, to raise her salary to an impressive figure, and to have a season of forty almost consecutive weeks, without leaving New York except for the tryouts.

Illinapolis was horrified when she wrote back home, "I am a specialist in fat little kikes," but Broadway admired her for her accomplishment.

But this was not the most important aspect in the metamorphosis of Mab. No, indeed, not by a long shot. She might have gone on playing a line of secondary Jewish maidens until she was fully prepared for the more serious specialty of Jewish grandmothers if something else had not happened. It was something mysterious and inexplicable. It was not quite miraculous, perhaps, but the laws of physiology have not yet given a satisfactory account of it.

In a word, Mab ceased to be roly-poly. A waistline manifested itself in her anatomy. Her fat arms and legs thinned out until they were in artistic harmony with her delicate wrists and ankles. Her plump cheeks smoothed themselves away until her face was like a cameo. Her figure changed from the dumpy to the dainty, and when she walked she no longed clumped but fluttered. Without dieting, banting, rolling on the floor or taking up interpretive dancing, without thinking about the matter at all, Mab dropped from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred pounds in weight, and evolved from a grub into a butterfly. This piquant transformation sometimes happens to pudgy and awkward girls at the end of their adolescence, and it happened to Mab, the lucky. It is, perhaps, Nature's method of launching her specially favored ugly ducklings into the mating season. So it came about that Mab ceased to be a fat flapper and became a lovely little lady, who looked as if she might be of fairy ancestry.

Of course she had learned how to dress so that she was always turned out with a crisp and gay Manhattan smartness. Of course her hair had been bobbed becomingly and her eyebrows had been delicately plucked and her mouth had become a thin cruel Cupid's bow of carmine by the art of the lipstick. But these were merely superficial changes. It was the subtle sculpture of Nature that altered her from a lower to a higher type, and that took her, as an actress, out of the group of simple Jewish maidens into the class of enchanting American ingénues.

And the gayest, jazziest cafés and dancing places in New York knew Mab as one of Broadway's favorite girls of that season. The prevailing styles of women's dress, as well as Mab's popularity, contributed to the happy result—the night-life crowd began to see a great deal of Mab.

IV

HARVEY NORRIS came back to town after a season on tour, to get in touch again with the sources of things theatrical, to enjoy a thoroughgoing actor's holiday by seeing all the new shows, and to find a new stepping-stone toward his ambition to become a recognized, high-salaried stage director. In carrying out this program he knocked about the theatrical district at a loose end, in and out of clubs, managers' offices, theater lobbies, hotels, and all the other rendezvous of his kind; meeting old friends, exchanging the gossip of his craft, finding out where it was safe to get an occasional drink now that the lid had been harshly tightened on, and amusing himself mildly as a man of his profession and celibate way of life will do.

Occasionally he crossed Mab's trail at a distance. He heard her name mentioned, her popularity declared, her acting faintly praised; but he never quite caught up with her during his first few weeks. He remembered her vividly as that droll little darling back in Illinapolis who had written him a few letters after the Windsor Morton company had disbanded. He was sorry that he hadn't answered those letters; and he was glad to hear that she was getting on so well. He would run across her sooner or later, of course, and they would have a jolly talk over old times.

He was surprised, however, to hear that she was to have the leading ingénue's part in Frank Baird's new play—and a corking part it was, too, according to Frank, who wrote it. A part that might easily walk away with the show, Frank had said. This did not sound at all like Mab Moody as he had known her, Harvey thought; and the idea occurred to him that there might be another girl of the same name who had come up in the past year. He decided that he would have to go to the opening and find out if this was really his Mab.

Among the telegrams Mab received the night Flippant Philippa opened with her as leading ingénue in a brilliant cast was one that read "If you are the Mab Moody I knew and rehearsed in Illinapolis I hope that all your ambitions come true."

She murmured "Oh, that man!" indifferently—and then tucked it in her mirror, in the place of honor among the messages of good omen. As she did so she observed that it bore a New York date line, and she thought, "So he's no longer in the provinces."

After the third act, in which Mab had carried off an intense emotional scene with stunning effect—thanks mostly to the veterans who had rehearsed her and built up the climax for her to shine in—a hurried scrawl of a note was brought to her dressing room.

It read: "You're great. Everyone's raving about you out in front. I hardly knew you. How do you get that way? Many congratulations, H. N."

She said to her maid, as she added this to the mementos of a thrilling night: "Aren't these men ridiculous, Louise?"

When Mab read the notices of Flippant Philippa in the newspapers the next morning her metamorphosis was completed. The dramatic critics in raving about the play had put in a few extra shrieks of delight for her benefit. She immediately drew the conclusion that in another season she would become a star.

Harvey Norris was much more emotional over the success of his former protégée than he had any right to be. The sudden and thoroughly charming revelation of Mab as a grown-up, infinitely pettable and adorable, an etherealization of the chubby girl he had known, enraptured him. He left the theater gloating over her, in a professional kind of way—for after all he had some share in the making of this bit of loveliness; and he woke up the next morning still inclined to gloat. How infernally pretty she had become! And how she had put it over! The sweet little rascal! With a happy grin he recalled a threat she had made—something to the effect that she would become a regular trouper and grow up so fast it would make his head swim. Well, she had done it, right enough. Those letters she had written to him must be somewhere in the bottom of his trunk, for he was sure he had saved them. When he saw her he would explain why he hadn't answered.

Such were the reflections of Harvey Norris as he went through his matutinal splashings. Finally, with a start that caused his safety razor to ruin its reputation, he remembered that he had made Mab a certain solemn promise.

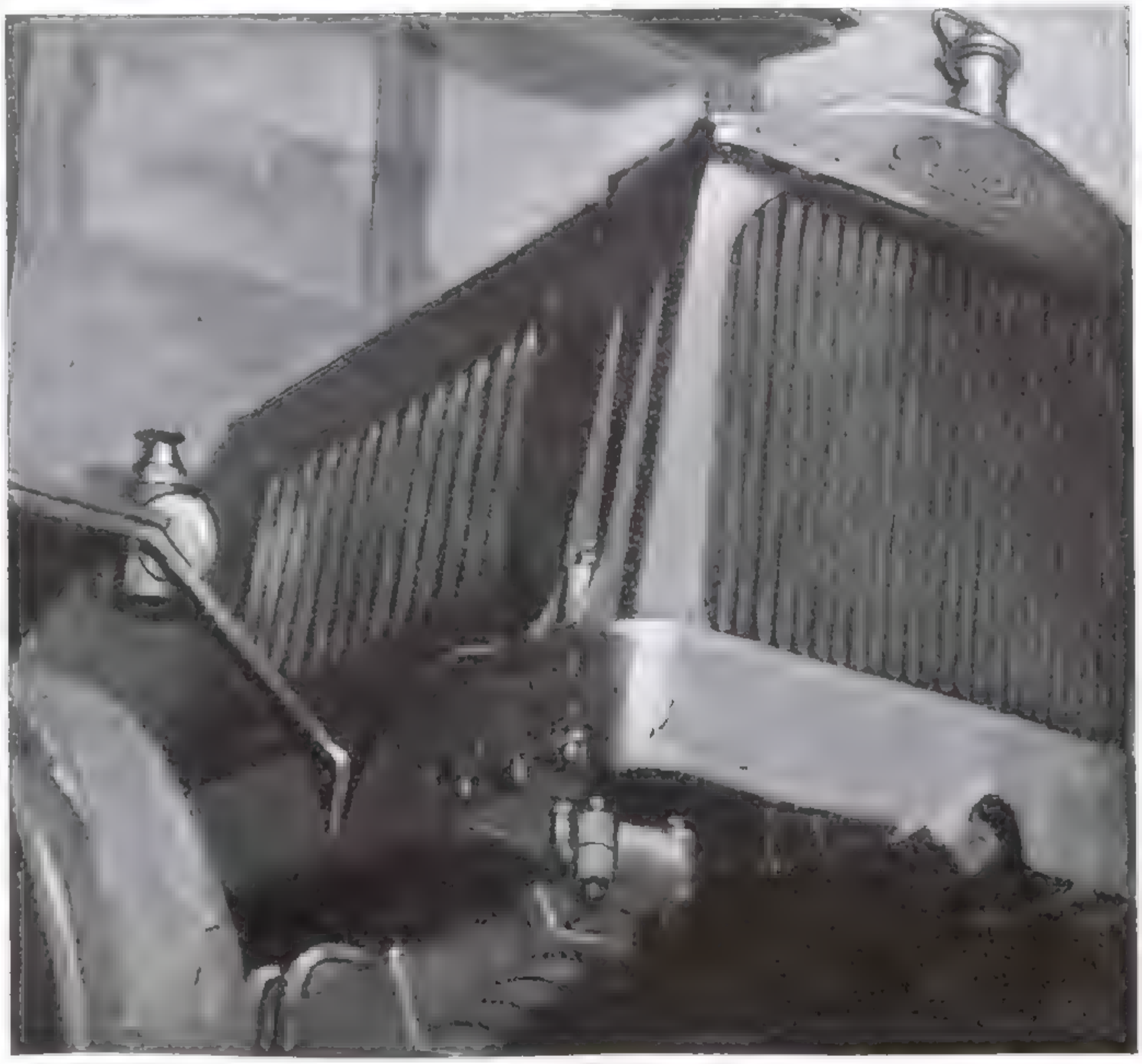
"And with this hit to top it off!" he ejaculated to his lathered visage. "Oh, golly! Oh me, oh my, oh you!"

Before he went down to breakfast he telephoned to the manager of the theater where Flippant Philippa was playing, an acquaintance of his, to say a few pleasant words about the success of the opening, and also to ask casually where Mab Moody was living.

Mab, in bed, surrounded by dismembered newspapers and a boudoir breakfast, answers her call:

"Yes, this is Miss Moody. . . . Who? . . . Oh, Mr. Norris. Surely not Willy Norris? . . . Oh, Harvey Norris. . . . Yes, of course. So glad to know you are in town. Many thanks for your wire and the note last night. . . . Yes, wasn't everything wonderful? . . . And weren't the critics perfectly dear? . . . Yes, it would be most nice to see you again, Mr. Norris. . . . No, I'm sorry but I'm booked for to-night. . . . No, you see, this is a crowded week, what with flashlights and rehearsals and cuts and parties and everything. . . . Sometime next week then, certainly. . . . Do try again. I'd be delighted. But don't ring me before twelve. . . . By-by."

(Continued on Page 40)



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E. W. Hammons, President
Executive Offices, New York

(Continued from Page 38)

"Illinapolis!" growled Harvey satirically, as he hung up the receiver. "Illinapolis—with a new Ritz accent!"

V

THEY were nearing the end of a dinner in a café which was so quiet that Mab had never been there before—a proper place for such a reunion. As a reknitting of Illinapolitan ties it had been, thus far, a moderately successful affair. Mab was wondering when this man would apologize for not having answered her letters.

"Do you remember ——" Harvey began hesitantly, and she was sure that the time had arrived.

Well, she would pretend that she didn't remember whether he had answered or not, and that she had forgotten what she wrote or why she wrote it.

"Do you remember the agreement we made, out there in your home town, the day that Gloria Wayne threw her famous tantrum?"

No, Mab couldn't say that she remembered exactly. But didn't Gloria behave like a perfect goose about not getting that part?

"It was about temperament," Harvey reminded her. "You made me promise that if you ever got temperamental or spoiled or upstage I was to come to you and tell you about it."

"How funny!" said Mab evasively.

"Yes, I thought it was funny then," Harvey confessed. "But now, you see, it's different. It's serious. You've made the hit you swore you would make—a hit you can be proud of. I am a little boastful about it myself, and am going about trying to claim the honor of having discovered you."

Mab bowed mockingly in recognition of the compliment.

"Well?" she challenged.

"This is a gossipy town," Harvey droned on soberly. "Or our part of it is, at any rate. So, although I've been back only a few weeks, I've heard a lot about you."

"Scandal?" chirped Mab impudently.

"Of course not. Just gossip. From managers who have offered you parts and been turned down without a thank you. From acquaintances who say you have snubbed them. From the friend of a friend of a modiste who says you drove her into nervous prostration over the gowns you wear in Flippant Philippa. From stage managers who tell how your maids are always walking out on you because you have hurt their feelings. From press agents who describe with jeers how you wanted more publicity than the star."

If a fairy can look as hard as nails Mab was doing it now.

"Harvey Norris, how dare you invite me out to dinner and then repeat all this wretched backbiting stuff!" she flashed at him.

"Because of the promise you asked me to make," he answered uneasily. "It's happened. So I had to tell you about it. You've got some of the symptoms. You are an incipient case of a girl whose head is getting turned by a run of luck on Broadway."

"I am nothing of the kind!"

"It's natural, of course," he conceded. "It's inevitable. To be spoiled a little is the right of every pretty girl, particularly in this business, which is a constant inflammation of the ego. But don't let it go too far, Mab. Remember your sense of humor. Remember your determination to remain just Mab Moody. And for heaven's sake don't forget Gloria Wayne, or else one of these days you'll make a spectacle of yourself the way she did. Now I've told you and the worst is over. Let's have some fresh coffee and forget it."

But Mab was burning with indignation.

"Let me tell you, Mr. Norris," she said stiffly, "I'm not spoiled or upstage. My head isn't turned. You haven't said a thing to prove that it is. You've been out there in the provinces for years and know nothing at all about my career on Broadway. And anyway, it's none of your business whether I am spoiled or not. And furthermore, I deny that I ever asked you to make such a promise, and I think you have been very rude. I've had a perfectly stupid dinner, thank you. Will you kindly call me a taxi?"

She had spoken with such bitter conviction that Harvey crumpled up abjectly. There was nothing left for him to say. The conversation, the dinner and the friendship had closed abruptly.

There was no aftermath during the taxi ride to Mab's theater, because she made it perfectly clear that she did not desire him as an escort and rode away alone. He strolled toward the Masks Club, inwardly cursing women in general and himself in particular.

He also wished that the bars were as alcoholic as in the good old days.

Well, that ended the brief history of Mab and Harvey, no doubt. The wires of friendship were crossed and auld acquaintance had blown a fuse. This disastrous interview left them in hostile attitudes which would become permanent—she resentful, he contemptuous; she convinced that she had been insulted, he determined never again to take a woman at her word. Harvey, in Mab's opinion, was a tactless brute, assuming advisory privileges he had not earned, crudely blabbing the sneering gossip of the envious. Mab, Harvey decided, was a little monster of bad temper, conceit and ingratitude. In these moods they parted, each determined to live up to the theatrical hymn of hate, which demands a scratch for a scratch and a knock for a knock.

As Harvey headed toward his club he dwelt upon Mab's outrageous conduct with a growing sense of bitter humor. It was really priceless, when you came to think about it, he told himself, a gem of satirical comedy in vivid contrasts—Mab, the novice, swearing that she would never get upstage, and Mab, a spoiled darling of Broadway, angrily denying her oath. This would be a good one to spring on the boys at The Masks—a new and memorable variant of a formula classic in theatrical anecdote. In his mind Harvey began to phrase it for its most ironical effect and its biggest laugh.

He turned down Broadway, into the current of early playgoers, and immediately ran into an appropriate audience for a test of his story. The best possible audience, in fact, for it was none other than Gloria Wayne, the inspiration of Mab's broken vow. They met, as old troupers do, with exclamations of delight, too effusive to be altogether genuine; gay, casual phrases of professional patter; questions as to past achievements and present prospects, answered or evaded as need be. It was a swift, comradely picking up of the threads of their lives before they drifted apart again, for another season or forever.

Gloria was headed toward a rendezvous with her husband to see Flippant Philippa, and thus, as they walked together a block or two, Mab came into the conversation quite naturally. Mab and her unpromising start, Mab and her present hit—Gloria developed the subject with animation. Now was the time to serve the cream of the jest, Harvey's footnote to the episode. He therefore gave Gloria the story with her share in it omitted—in his best Masks Club manner, crisply, quizzically, ironically.

For a first telling he made a rather neat job of pinning a butterfly's wings, he thought. But Gloria did not laugh.

She paused and considered; then she said quietly: "It takes an old, dear friend, one who has earned a lot of privileges, to tell a girl a thing like that. Mab will probably hate you for life. I know I should."

Harvey granted the likelihood of such a feud, and Gloria continued to interpret the omen:

"Of course if you two had kept on being pally after Illinapolis, you'd have had a right to take her at her word and tell her what the wild gossips were saying. But I gather you didn't. You apparently dropped her cold, so you needn't be surprised at getting your fingers burnt when you tried to pick her up again. It's too bad. Mab was crazy about you out there. Well, here's the theater and there's my man, looking jealous. If I ever run into Mab I'll forget what you told me."

With the disappearance of Gloria, Harvey changed his mind. He went to his hotel instead of the Masks Club, and dug three old letters out of his trunk. Then he sat down for an hour of painful literary endeavor, notable for the frequency with which he tore up what he had written.

VI

MAB had gone to her performance, frigid with a comprehensive exasperation. She hated Harvey Norris for his presumptuousness in attempting to correct her manners, for his paternal theory that she was a spoiled child. She was out of patience with herself for lying like a chorus girl and behaving like a little pig. She despised the cats who were saying things about her. She was even annoyed with the taxi driver for not knowing where Flippant Philippa was playing. But Harvey, of course, was her principal grievance.

She reached her theater half an hour too soon because of that miserably interrupted dinner. To kill a little time before going back to her stuffy dressing room she decided to inspect the new flashlight photographs of the play, which had appeared that afternoon, in huge rococo frames, on exhibition in the lobby. She studied the pictures carefully, scene by scene, from a professional point of view; and suddenly her cloudy mood of sullenness broke into a thunderbolt of white-hot rage. She was visible in only one of the flashlights, and there, by an accident of perspective, she was caricatured almost beyond recognition. The officiousness of Harvey Norris passed out of her mind. Her artistic prestige had been slighted; her contribution to Flippant Philippa had been practically ignored! She flamed with indignation.

Like a belligerent wren Mab flew to the box-office window and hurled at the grinning treasurer a shrill demand for the manager of the company. She hardly recognized her own voice as she spoke.

That culprit had not yet arrived, Mab learned. She restrained, with difficulty, an impulse to tell her troubles to the cynical young ticket seller, and left word for the manager that she wanted to see him at once. Then she rushed away to her dressing room, almost hysterical, fiercely determined upon a policy of reparations or resignation.

But as she planned her attack the recollection of Harvey Norris' warning descended upon her like a cold shower bath. Under its tonic influence she tried to convince herself that she was a lady by birth and an actress only by accident.

"Let me," she breathed prayerfully, "remember the Wayne."

That parody of an old war cry helped her to regain her sense of humor.

Between acts Mab charmed the company manager with her rational attitude toward his excellent explanation of the mischievous flashlights—how the scenes in which she had figured did not come out right, and so on. She understood perfectly. She agreed that another session of flashlight posing would be annoying to the others in the company.

She applauded his suggestion of substituting her best cabinet portrait for the flashlight which had made her look so ridiculous. Mab was quite angelic about it, and the manager went out front proclaiming that Miss Moody was a sensible girl with a perfect disposition.

That night, after the performance, Mab addressed to Harvey this carefully considered note:

Dear Old Harvey: Please forgive me for being so rude at dinner. Of course I remembered all about it. Perhaps you were right, for I nearly made a goose of myself to-night—in the best style of Gloria Wayne—over nothing more important than some wretched flashlights. But your warning helped me to get hold of myself. So now I am trying to reform, and am being kind to dumb animals. Yours sincerely ——

A missive from Harvey crossed hers:

Dear New Mab: I owe you three letters, and I want to explain why I didn't answer them. I would have got around to it at dinner to-night if you had given me time.

I was a married man back in those good days in Illinapolis, and was being sued for divorce. It was a perfectly respectable divorce as such things go, with both victims satisfied. But you were too nice a girl to be having anything to do with an actor about to celebrate his first divorce. I thought it was up to me to drop out of your sight for a while.

It was something like our misunderstanding of last night—I was stupid but I meant well. Let's forget about both incidents. Faithfully yours ——

Mab read this surprising message with mixed emotions. Of course she was glad to have so adequate an explanation of Harvey's indifference, and to accept his apology. But it was not so pleasant to discover the existence of a first Mrs. Norris, and to begin wondering what kind of creature she had been.

There was nothing to be done about it, of course—nothing but to telephone Harvey, a few days later, to inform him gayly that his confession was perfectly disgusting. With that off her mind she promptly accepted another invitation to dinner.

The rest goes without saying.

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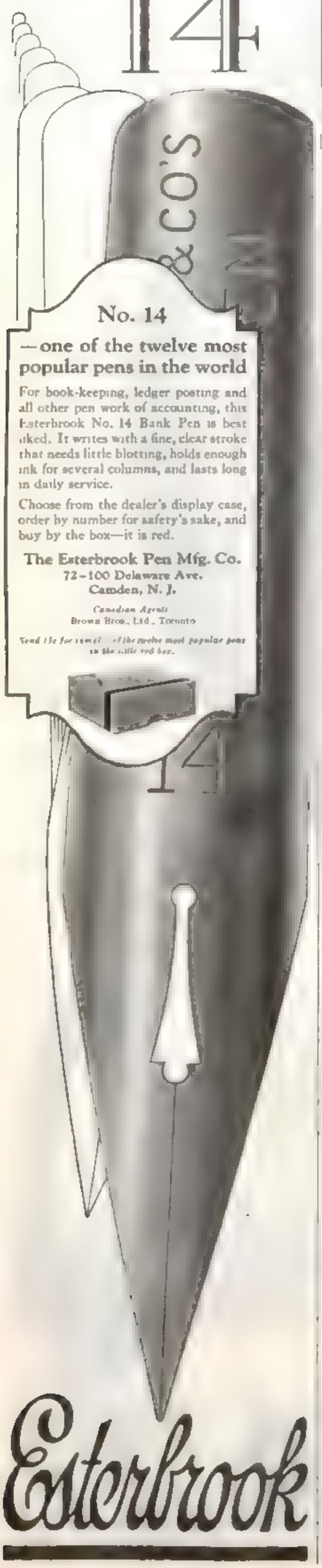
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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Telescopes and the Stars

ASTRONOMY is looked upon by many people as a rather useless profession, and its followers are often derisively dubbed stargazers. But there is a growing belief on the part of many that we have taken too light a view of the science of the heavens, not only because of its influence on our intellectual life but for the reason that astronomy may be utilized to a much larger extent in a practical way in our everyday existence. A famous European astronomer has just discovered a sun spot almost fourteen times the size of the earth. The spot at the present time is in its infancy.

Now the questions arise: Is there any connection between such a spot on the sun and the comparatively mild temperature of our last winter? Some of our winters are severe, while others are not. Is it not possible that this seasonal variation is largely influenced by forces external to the earth, and if so, why should not astronomy eventually provide us a fairly accurate means of weather forecast?

Astronomy is the science of infinity and eternity. It is the oldest science, probably because the heavenly bodies are the most prominent of natural objects. The study of the sun and stars creates a reverence for the truth and a desire to know the truth. The degree of civilization of a nation may be judged by the provision which the people of that country have made for the study of scientific problems.

Astronomy has influenced human thought to a greater extent than any other science. It has given birth to many traditions which still survive, and has always been mixed up with the various types of religions. It has changed the crude and fantastic theories of world origin held by the ancients into proved scientific principles.

Only three centuries ago the leaders of knowledge taught that because the earth had no limbs and muscles, like animals, it could not move as they did. To-day we know that the stars are really suns—many of them larger than our sun; that our sun and family of planets are traveling through space at a speed of more than twelve miles a second, or approximately 400,000,000 miles a year. We know that the early life of the earth was lived at some point in the stellar system far distant from where we are now; that the planet on which we live is hundreds of millions of years old; that if our sun were a hollow shell of its present size, more than a million earths could be dropped into it, and there would still be unoccupied space between the earth spheres. We know that if it were not for the sun's energy the tropics of the earth would speedily attain a state of frigidity far more severe than that which now exists at the North and South Poles. It is the sun's heat that permits us to follow agriculture, and yet less than one two-billionth part of the solar heat of the sun falls upon the earth. Providence has been kind to man in providing a beneficent atmosphere around the earth, for it is this air that protects us from the bombardment of 20,000,000 small foreign bodies which collide with our planet each and every day.

The interest of most people in any science is generally limited to its practical applications. Astronomy has done more for civilization than most of us imagine. We are indebted to it for the first voyage of the Phœnicians, and later for the discovery of the New World. It was his intimate knowledge of the sphere that inspired Columbus with confidence to pursue his journey westward over an unknown sea. The average layman does not realize the great value to the human race of the knowledge we possess concerning the shape of our planet and the fact that the earth rotates upon its axis in a dependable way and revolves around the sun in exact obedience to law.

It is by means of astronomy that latitude and longitude are determined, and practically all important land surveys are founded on this science. Observations of the stars with transit instruments furnish the correct time for all nations. Two astronomers stationed on the same north-and-south line, and supplied with modern equipment, can observe the stars so accurately, in comparison with the beats of their common clock, that they will agree within two one-thousandths of a second as to how much that clock is fast or slow. Astronomy enables us to make precise maps of continents and islands; to sail ships over long courses; to determine the times of high and low tides, so essential to mariners in entering many harbors. It has helped to abolish the necessity of forts on the frontiers of nations, for by observations of the stars we are now able to fix imaginary boundary lines between adjacent countries. Modern astronomical instruments on a ship to-day enable a navigator in clear weather to determine the position of his vessel in midocean, within less than a mile of its true position.

The telescope is the astronomer's super-eye. Work with the wonderful instruments now being constructed is rapidly extending the boundaries of the visible universe. It now requires three to six years to grind, polish and correct the lens of a powerful telescope. The glass disk alone of one of the larger telescopes now used weighs more than two tons. The diameter of such a lens is six feet or more. Hardly more than a dozen people in the United States have the training necessary for working out the difficult calculations required in perfecting the parabolic curve of such a lens. In testing one of these big lenses a ray of light is passed through a hole one fifty-thousandth of an inch in diameter, hits the lens and is reflected back to a plane mirror and then to the opening. If the surface of the lens is perfect the ray of light will go out through the same opening through which it came in. In finishing the surface of one of these lenses it has been found that the opening and closing of a door, or the additional heat from the body of another person in the grinding room perceptibly affects the parabolic curve of the lens.

The telescope is not used solely for its magnifying power; its greatest value consists in its capacity for collecting light from some distant celestial body or cluster of stars. A seventy-two-inch lens will gather and concentrate 100,000 times more light from a distant star than the human eye. The modern astronomer substitutes a photographic plate for the human eye, for the effect of light from a heavenly body, brought to a focus by the lenses of a telescope, is cumulative upon the photographic plate, which is not true in the case of the human eye. The eye will see nearly as much at the first glance as it will ever see. The photographic plate, on the other hand, accumulates its impressions, so that distant bodies which are not luminous enough to make an impression on a plate at once can be made to imprint their images clearly, through keeping them exposed to the eye of the telescope for a period of hours. It is for this reason that modern astronomy is becoming long-exposure photography.

In making these time-exposure photographs it is necessary to move the telescope so that it will accurately follow the travel of the star. If the timing and movement of the telescope are not perfect a blurred plate will result. The longer the exposure the more difficult it is to secure an accurate photograph, and for this reason scientists are endeavoring to construct larger and still larger telescopes. As one authority points out, it has been found impossible to substitute unlimited length of exposure for increased light-gathering power of a big lens. So delicate is the mounting of one of these great instruments that the power required to move a large telescope is no more than that which is required to light a sixteen-candlepower electric bulb.

Another interesting use of the big telescopes, aside from making photographs of distant bodies, is the measurement of the distances to the most remote stars. Direct measurements are impossible, so the astronomer employs the simple method of the land surveyor who wishes to determine the width of a river. In this method a base line is established on one bank of the river, and the surveyor measures the angles made by lines from the ends of this base line to some object on the other side of the river. In astronomy the base line is the 186,000,000-mile diameter of the orbit in which the earth revolves around the sun each year. The object corresponding to the inaccessible point on the other side of the river is the distant star. It is quite evident that when the astronomer measures his angle at one end of his base line he must then wait six months, until he has reached the other end of the base line, when of course he can measure the other angle. In order to insure accuracy these measurements must be repeated many times, through a series of years, by astronomers in different lands, and finally an average distance is obtained that is fairly correct. It is said that no more than thirty stars have so far had their distances measured accurately.

A newer method of calculating stellar distances is a contribution of American astronomers to world science. This more recent plan consists in determining distance through a study of the nature of the light received from the various stars. A spectroscope is used in connection with the telescope, and the light of each star is collected, photographed and analyzed. The spectroscope measures the brilliancy of the light when it left the star, and a photometer calculates the brilliancy of the light we receive from the star. With these two quantities known it is easy to estimate the distance of the star from the earth.

Our experiences during the World War taught us the necessity of establishing an optical-glass industry of our own. Prior to the war the United States was dependent upon Germany, France and England for its optical glass. Just as the big telescopes are the eyes of astronomers, small glasses, mirrors and reflectors are the eyes of a nation's army and navy.

When the armistice was signed the United States had built up an optical-glass industry equal to any in the world. Therefore let us not lose interest in subjects astronomical or forget the importance that attaches in peace or war to the manufacture of optical glass. Great problems lie ahead for astronomers, and perhaps none possesses greater possibilities than the storage of the sun's rays for release as needed. It is not likely we shall ever accomplish this end until we have found the source of the sun's energy. There are dozens of other problems relating to the heavens that are no less practical and important. Although the oldest science, astronomy is but in its infancy. No line of work can possibly have a greater influence upon the lives of the people of the world. After journeying from Massachusetts to Ohio at the age of seventy-seven to lay the cornerstone of the Cincinnati Observatory, ex-President John Quincy Adams said it was his endeavor to turn the enthusiasm for astronomy at Cincinnati into a permanent and persevering national pursuit, which might extend the bounds of human knowledge and make the country instrumental in elevating the character and improving the condition of man upon earth. One thing is sure: If the skies were clear of clouds only one day and night a year these twenty-four hours would be eagerly watched and waited for by every person in the world. But as we have the free and easy opportunity to view the wonders of the heavens practically at will, very few of us either appreciate or take advantage of the great privilege afforded us.

Ways to Boost Retail Sales

MERCHANTS are finding the selling game at the present time a difficult and tedious process. Slackened activity resulting from the business depression is forcing retailers to tax their ingenuity. Store managers are searching for new ideas that may stimulate trade. Any promising plan to attract customers and foster a desire to buy merchandise is now speedily utilized.

The methods of shopkeepers to-day are quite changed from those of years gone by. In olden times retail selling was more or less of a struggle between buyer and seller. Antagonism and suspicion permeated

(Continued on Page 44)

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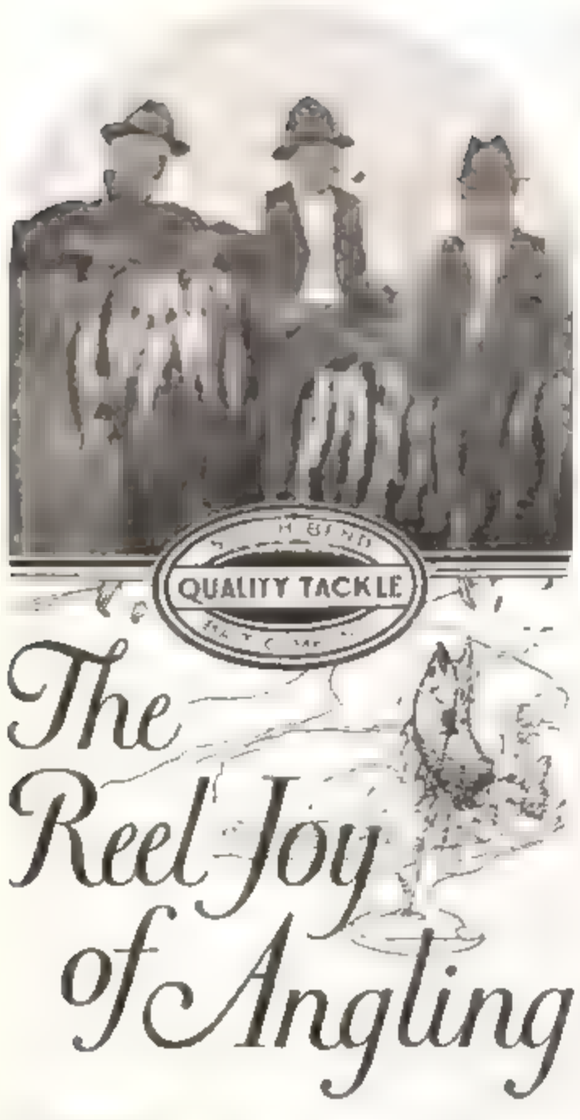

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(Continued from Page 42)

trade. Not one merchant in a hundred adhered to a one-price system. When John Wanamaker adopted the plan of having only one price for each article and refusing to sell for less, dozens of merchants condemned the new policy and urged legislation to prohibit this one-price plan, which was called "unfair competition" by the critics.

Slowly but surely business morals have improved. Retailing is no longer founded on a system of bargaining. Merchants in the same line coöperate. Advanced practices and new ideas are openly advertised instead of secretly guarded. Store executives meet in convention and exchange experiences. Goods are reliable; damaged articles are marked as such, and the dissatisfied customer may have his money back if he so desires. The contrast in business between to-day and even twenty years ago is amazing when true parallels are drawn.

Though many things are important in operating a store, most retail businesses are based chiefly on salesmanship. Selling over a counter is not so difficult as selling on the road. The customer of the retailer takes the initiative, and enters a store with a definite idea of making a purchase. The retail salesman, therefore, is not compelled to devote so much attention to arousing the prospective buyer's interest and desire to own as is the traveling salesman.

However, the person who sells over a counter must have ability to classify a customer quickly. He must determine first of all whether the prospect has come resolved to buy, has merely reached the stage of desiring to own, or has been prompted only by curiosity. A different method of selling must be employed in each of these three cases. The salesperson must also discover whether the buyer considers the price almost exclusively, whether price and value are equally balanced, or whether price and value are secondary, and suitability alone is the chief consideration.

I found the business philosophy of one famous retailer most interesting. In salesmanship a dozen sound facts in hand are worth a five-foot shelf of books. The two things most necessary to avoid are overstatement and condescension. They kill many sales. Keep the spine straight and the head erect. Holding the head to one side denotes indecision. Hew to the line of truth. Avoid placing negative thoughts in the prospective buyer's mind. After making a sale don't add, "You couldn't use anything more, could you?" Instead make positive suggestions that will encourage desire rather than kill it. Get the customer into personal contact with the article. Some buyers are half sold when they get an article into their hands. Though all deception must be avoided it must not be forgotten that many an unimportant defect would never be noticed except for needless apology. Get rid of the snob salesman who gives attention to the rich and neglects the poor.

Salespeople must understand that before they can sell an article they must sell their own personality. At the commencement of a sales transaction the buyer sizes up the salesperson just as the salesperson does the buyer. No seller can make a permanent success unless he is interested in the goods he is handling, and knows them thoroughly. Each retail-store employe should be taught the value to the firm of public esteem and good will. In selling, it is usually best not to refer to the price of an article unless the customer first inquires about it. This is especially true when the customer appears interested in the merchandise only. An exception to this rule is the case of an article that is of unusually good value in relation to the price. The up-to-date merchant regards possible customers as his guests, just as he does the actual customers. People who are only looking around and not spending should be made to feel perfectly welcome. The attitude of salespeople should be shaped accordingly.

It is a mistake on the part of store managers to pet or coddle their salespeople, especially the beginners. Many young men and women are ruined in business by employers who incline to flattery. Though it is true that indifference toward an earnest, efficient worker may easily be carried too far, it is usually best for a manager to show his high regard for an employe by singling him out for the really tough jobs, for this gives the promising worker a chance to advance and make good. It is always wise to train salespeople to make two or more sales instead of one to each customer. Put a ban on flowery language. The day of oratory in selling is past. Encourage salespeople to develop their memories for names and faces, and insist that they cultivate both tact and a cheerful demeanor. It is not a bad plan to hold each salesman responsible for certain customers, and have him handle all transactions with such buyers, in this way building a personal following. This gives salespeople somewhat the same feeling they would have if they were in business for themselves.

Although it is desirable to have attractive window displays, such exhibits should not be out of keeping with the merchandise inside the store. A luxurious window display defeats its own end if it possesses none of the characteristics of the goods inside the store. One of the greatest mistakes a merchant can make is to refuse ever to sell goods at a loss. Many a store has lost trade and become involved in financial difficulties through hanging onto a stock of old goods that could have been sold easily by marking them down to replacement prices.

It is a good policy for a store to purchase not more than 70 per cent of the stock anticipated as necessary to satisfy seasonal requirements. It is more than likely that additional goods can be secured if needed later in the season to fill shortages. The merchant who follows this plan insures himself against an oversupply of slow-moving goods. When this rule is not followed it too often results that the store must sell surpluses at reduced prices, thus cutting down the original profit. In determining when to buy, the merchant should remember that it is a good rule to make his purchases if possible when others are not buying. When mills and factories are shut down reserve stocks soon melt away. Manufacturing plants that have been closed entirely, or which have been working on part time, cannot get back to full production for a period of weeks. Sound judgment must be exercised in deciding on the proper time to buy.

Original ideas to increase sales have been put into operation by retailers in many parts of the country during the recent months of depression. One store in a small Western city has appointed agents who make weekly reports from near-by towns. The printed forms used provide space for the names of new customers, newly married couples, engaged girls, new babies, houses being built or remodeled, automobiles purchased, high-school graduates and confirmations. The agents or correspondents of the store are given a 10 per cent commission on all goods that any of these prospective customers purchase. A great many stores in both large and small cities are now endeavoring to build up a mail-order out-of-town business by issuing catalogues and offering rebates. In one Western city seven firms got together on a coöperative basis and issued an attractive advertising circular. The plan proved a success in boosting sales, and effected a saving in postage alone of more than ten thousand dollars.

One large retail concern in attempting to enlarge its business with suburbanites and farmers has established a store service on wheels. Several trucks were purchased, supplied with numerous articles in common use, and then assigned to certain established routes. Each house on every route is visited once every two or three weeks. On near-by routes the articles sold are supplied from the truck at once. On the more distant routes orders are taken for the delivery of goods the next time around.

In several towns where business has slumped merchants have introduced a day-and-night sale to stimulate buying. One concern in a small town started such a sale early Monday morning, and kept it going, without interruption, until the following Saturday at midnight. The sale was widely advertised, and the market was scoured for real bargains to add to the regular stock. Day and night shifts were arranged, and the store was never closed from the time the sale started until it ended. A sewing machine was given away each afternoon and a talking machine each midnight. A free lunch was served every night at one o'clock. More goods were sold during the week than had been sold during the two previous months.

One firm answers letters from women on tinted notepaper that is inclosed in an envelope of the social size. Another concern has established a personal-service department to supply customers with useful knowledge. A capable woman in charge of this work has prepared a series of talks treating of the manufacture and care of various fabrics. These talks are given in a hall accommodating two hundred persons, and include facts concerning the qualities and care of materials. In treating of silk, moving-picture films taken in Japan are shown. Large sales have resulted from the plan, and the women of the city have been educated to purchase in a more discriminating manner.

A number of large stores are now paying more attention to children, realizing that these youngsters are the buyers of the future. There are twenty million children in the United States between the ages of five and fourteen. Several stores have established barber shops for children, where parents can leave them to have their hair cut while the older folks are shopping. One concern publishes a monthly magazine for boys. Another store has organized a story-hour club for children. The club meets every Saturday afternoon, with an interesting story-teller in charge. The meeting place has been made to resemble a playroom, and is decorated with articles taken from the toy department. Music and refreshments are served free. The club started with fifty children, and now has a membership of more than five hundred. Mothers of the children have found it convenient to shop in other departments of the store while their little ones have been attending the story hour. The scheme has been a business builder.

The manager of a store in another town secured from public-school records in his city the ages and dates of birth as well as the addresses of young children likely to appreciate toys. A form letter was sent to parents two or three weeks before the date of each child's birthday, suggesting that the store had a large assortment of toys appropriate for birthday gifts. Many parents were flattered and pleased by the thoughtful interest of the merchant, and responded to the invitation to purchase toys. Another store, which keeps track of engagements of local couples to marry, sends a cordial letter to the new fiancée, suggesting that she purchase a cedar hope chest on easy terms. As a result of this thoughtful attention the concern has sold not only a number of these chests but many things to go in them.

An impromptu price-cutting sale was conducted recently with much success by a store in New York City. A number of salesmen armed with big blue pencils pushed their way through the crowds in the store, and without any previous announcement commenced to reduce the prices on the tags attached to certain lines of articles. The psychological effect of having these reductions actually made right before the customers' eyes started a buying movement that in a few hours cleaned the shelves of the goods that were reduced. The plan was successful because the reductions were convincing.

One store proved the value of absolute frankness in advertising by calling attention to the sale of a number of suits that had been in stock for several seasons and were not of the latest style or of the most popular colors, but the goods were all wool and the garments were well tailored and in perfect condition. The price was right and the sale was an immediate success, due chiefly to the honest impression created by the advertisement.

Though some merchants still continue in the ways of their forefathers, the majority of retailers have become students of modern methods of handling men and rendering service to the public. These progressive ones know that men will work much harder with the boss than they will for him. Before a merchant can build sales he must build sellers. The trend of the times is shown by one general manager who installed an iron box with a padlock on it and a slit in the top just big enough to receive an average-size letter. The box was placed at a point where it could be seen daily by all employes, and bore this notice, signed by the general manager: "This box is intended for private communications from you to me. There is only one key to the lock, and I have that. Tell me how to better working conditions, improve methods and reduce costs. Sign your letter and give me your home address, and I'll mail a personal reply to you there."

Perhaps in no line of endeavor is originality of thought more necessary than in retailing merchandise. It is one business where an ounce of ability is worth a pound of pull.

"Your Battery Plates Are Dead, Sir"

When the battery expert tells you this, you know it means a new battery

When the old battery can't spin your engine, and the expert at the service station makes his *diagnosis* and gives you the *bad news*, you just *dig down* and *buy* a *new* battery.

Face to face with the fact of plates gone *bad*, you know their importance. For the *life* of a battery is in *the plates*.

Then, isn't it good business sense when buying a new battery to buy *plates?* Plates that *last!* Of course! And it is just as good sense when manufacturing a battery, to make plates the most important feature, and build plates *that last*.

The Famous PREST-O-PLATES

This is why Prest-O-Lite *specializes* in plates. Always the maker of a *better* plate, Prest-O-Lite used all its scientific research and skill to improve it, and produced the Prest-O-Plate, a genuine achievement.

Prest-O-Plates are *better* than ordinary plates; basically better in the making, and better in the practical *operation*.

Small-batch mixing assures Prest-O-Plates a *uniform mixture*, making each plate an exact likeness in quality with every other plate.

PREST-O-PLATES Pre-tested

Pre-testing separates *high* vitality plates from *low* vitality plates, leaving only high vitality plates to go into finished Prest-O-Lite Batteries.

Prest-O-Plates possess an *unusual hardness*, combined with a *peculiar* porosity.

None of the *old trading* between lasting strength and ready delivery of power. No power swapped to get durability.

There is proof of it in their dependable *reserve power* in biting cold weather, and great *non-buckling* strength, which resists *overheating* in *summer*.

All PREST-O-LITE Parts Top-Quality

Every *other* part of a Prest-O-Lite battery *measures* up to the *top standard* of Prest-O-Plates.

All the factors of the great Prest-O-Lite institution function as a unit in turning out the best all-weather battery.

Small wonder that 87 leading manufacturers already specify it as original equipment, and this list is growing.

Every Prest-O-Lite is *underwritten* by a liberal and specific guaranty, a definite obligation *plus* a *spirit* that says the car owner must be pleased.

Friendly Expert Service

Your car is the *better* for having a Prest-O-Lite Battery. But, whatever battery you have, give it the benefit of a Prest-O-Lite Service, the *oldest service* to motorists.

The friendly expert help of the Prest-O-Lite representative will banish battery troubles.

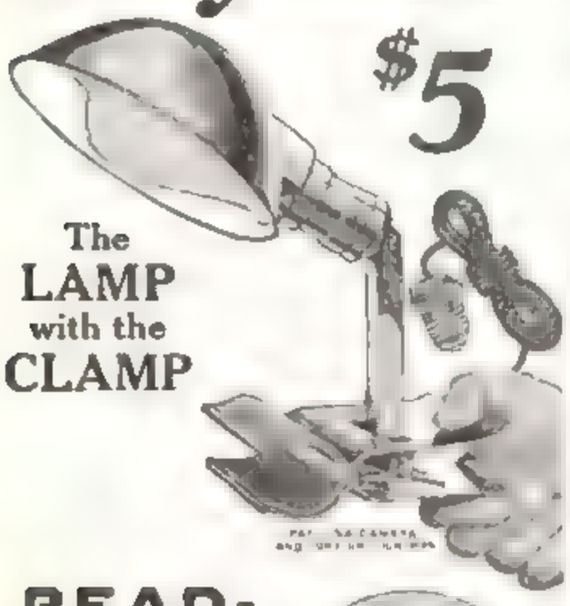
Between the *method* of *making* a Prest-O-Lite Battery, and the *method* of *taking care* of it, you *have* the *utmost* in battery service.

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY, Inc.
Carbide and Carbon Building
30 East 42nd Street, New York
Eighth and Brannan Streets
San Francisco, California
In Canada
Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

THE OLDEST SERVICE TO MOTORISTS

"It Clamps Everywhere"

$5



The LAMP with the CLAMP

READ-
Clamp it on bed or chair; or anywhere.

WRITE-
Clamp it or stand it on your desk or table.

SEW-
Clamp it on sewing machine or table..

SHAVE-
Clamp it on the mirror or any handy place.

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

THE lamp of a thousand practical uses. More uses daily. The longer you have it the handier you find it. Clamps—stands—hangs—anywhere and everywhere—and stays where you put it. A necessity in home, office, store. All the light you need, where and when you need it. Hundreds of thousands are finding Adjusto-Lite indispensable. Prevents eye-strain—reduces light bills. No other lighting device like it.

$5

Get an Adjusto-Lite today. If your dealer doesn't carry it, order direct.

S. W. FARBER
141–151 So. Fifth St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

TRADE MARK

TAPE

(Continued from Page 13)

guessed wrong again. A last strike, a final killing! That was the savage, grotesque irony of it. The next play, the next turn of the market might have set him on his feet again, let him go on again; but though he'd had the money, that thousand dollars stitched in his coat, Nat Truax hadn't used it. The money was the last shot in his locker, all that he had left to him. When that was gone ——

The silence of the room was broken by a sudden savage mutter, a snarl. The next instant he was at the door, cursing to himself as he unlocked it and flung it open. He was still in his shirt sleeves; and the light from the dim gas burner overhead gleamed on his shoulders, wet, still dripping. Without the ceremony of a knock he pushed open the door of the room adjoining.

Mrs. Mangin, in a wrapper, stood by the bed, her hair and attire in its usual frowzy disorder. Near by was the boy, a lad of twelve or so. On the bed lay the woman, his mother, her face flushed and her eyes dulled and half closed. She did not move as the door opened, but the boy and the lodging-house keeper turned toward it, startled. An exclamation, a protest, sprang from Mrs. Mangin; but as she saw the face of her top-floor roomer the landlady shrank back, silenced.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Nat Truax. "Turning out that woman?" The landlady gasped. Then as she stared at him her mean, unlovely face hardened. "What's that to you?"

Her lodger strode toward her, his look menacing. "Answer me!" he snapped; and at the dull rancor in his voice and face her eyes fell.

"I brought her some food; a plate of broth," she mumbled sulkily.

The boy, too, was frightened. In his fright, though, his boyishness still asserted itself. He edged across the room, his face pale, his eyes rolling; but he had his fists doubled.

"You get out of here!" he stuttered.

Nat Truax looked at him, his face sour. Then he walked over to the bed and, leaning down, he peered at the woman's face.

"Mrs. Cartright," he said. The woman stirred restlessly, but she did not reply; and he took one of her hands in his. "Look at me, d'you hear!" he ordered. "Mrs. Cartright, look at me!"

The lidded eyes opened tiredly. A moment afterwards into their dullness crept a dawning wonder, and her lips moved.

"Why—it's Nat Truax," she faltered.

"Yes; Nat Truax. Where's Joe, your husband?" he asked.

"Joe?"

"Yes; where's Joe?"

She had closed her eyes. Her face lying on the pillows was wan and tired, a faded face; and in the chance that had brought her to the drab and dingy lodging it was evident that Joe Cartright's wife had come a long way—a long way down too. Presently her lips parted and the man stooped lower to catch her words. Joe was dead.

Nat Truax stood up again.

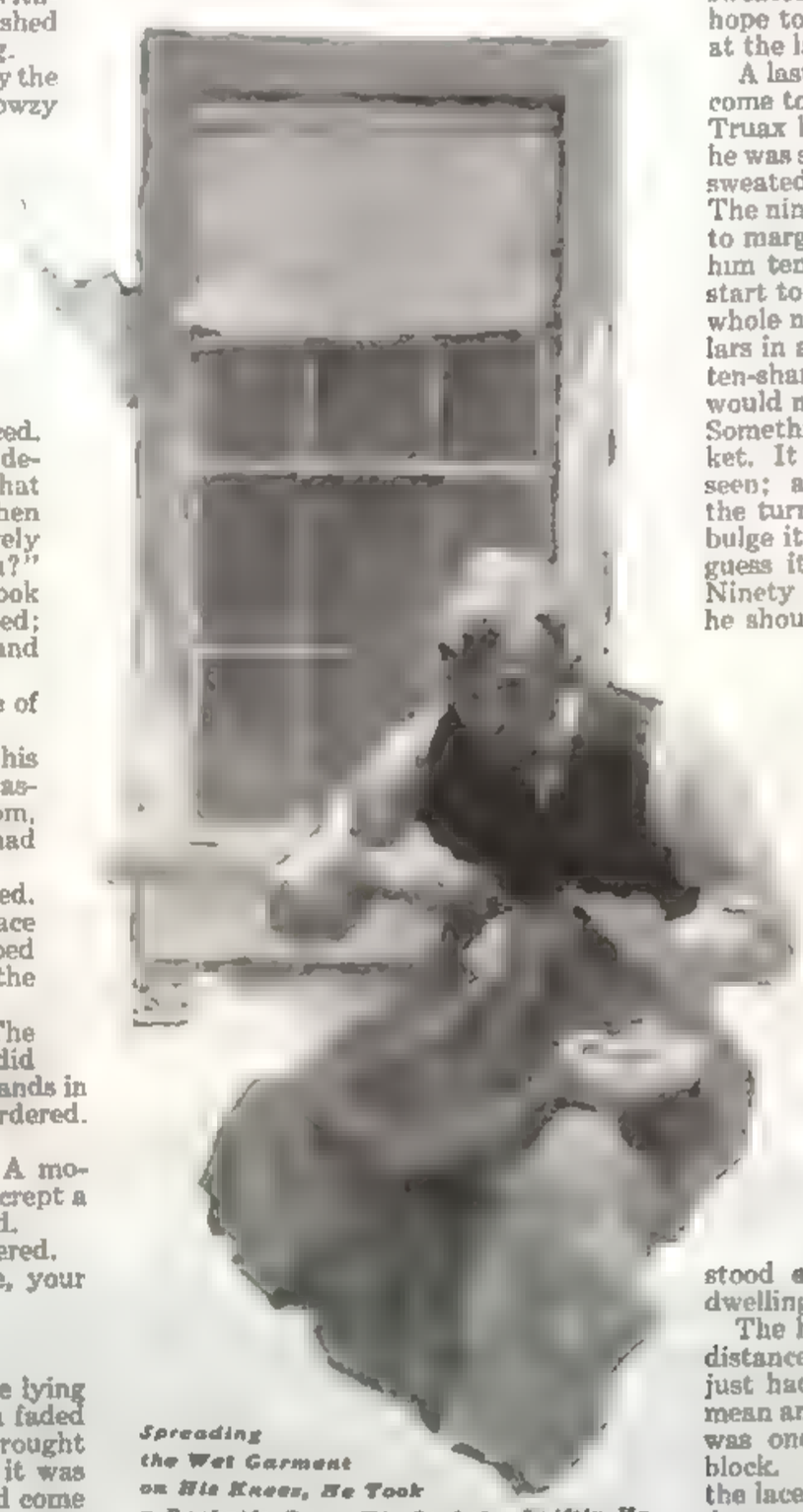
"Here, you," he said brusquely to the lodging-house woman, "go downstairs—get a doctor." As she still gaped at him, rooted to the carpet in dull wonder, he gave another growl: "D'you hear? Get a move on!" The money, the bills he'd ripped from his coat lining, he had in his hand; and stripping a bill from the packet he thrust it at her. "There's a hundred dollars," grunted Nat Truax; and he shot at the woman another threatening look. "You spend that for what's needed," he ordered. The boy he looked at for a moment. The boy, his eyes rounded, his mouth wide, was shaking. "Don't you worry, son," he grumbled; "it's all right."

Then, his face once more scowling, harsh, he turned and shuffled from the room.

Five minutes later, his hands deep in his pockets, his coat collar turned up to his ears, Nat Truax was stumping along the dingy side street, once more hurrying through the rain. Inside his coat was the tape he'd taken that afternoon from Rooker, Burke & Co.'s.

III

TAPE. In the years Nat Truax had haunted the downtown brokerage shops, feverishly dabbling in the market, the stock tickers he had watched there must have ground out from their maws innumerable miles of the narrow paper ribbon. Miles, miles. It inched from the rasping, chattering machine in a never-ending stream; and even in his dreams, it seemed, he saw it. His ears, too, it seemed, dinned day and night with the staccato clack of the ticker as the tape came from it. For all that, though, the trick, the knack of guessing the riddle he never had managed to catch. Harvey Nash, as it's been said, could do it; but what had happened that day in the brokerage shop was conclusive. Nat Truax was as far from the knack, the trick, as he'd ever been.



Spreading the Wet Garment on His Knees, He Took a Penknife From His Pocket. Swiftly He Began to Rip Out the Lining in the Breast

Now, however, he was going to find out why. That was why he hurried. It was why, too, that night downtown he had sped away from the street corner, hurrying from it as if he fled from what he'd seen at the street end. The doings uptown in the lodging house were merely an incident.

The night before, when he lay sleepless, staring at the wall, he had heard enough to let him guess who were his neighbors in the room next door. It was, in fact, another grotesque detail of the luck—his luck the kind that for years had dogged him. He might be harsh, a tough bird, as hard as nails; but Joe Cartright, it appeared, had been the man who once had held out a hand to him, saved him when he was on the rocks. In the test, though, it seemed, Nat Truax had proved no tougher than his fellows. It might even be said that in the same test they would have proved not tougher. Never mind, though. What graveled the man was that in his extremity the luck should have lain in wait like this for him. The thousand dollars he had kept by him all these years was only nine hundred now. It was, as the luck ordered, already slipping through his hands.

The money he had hoarded for the end. He often had wondered, though, if the end came, how he'd use the money. The fact is, he'd never dared to face it. In other hands a thousand dollars might, by contrast, be a fortune. Not in Nat Truax's hand, however. By the nature of the way he made money—got it, rather—the amount seemed little but a pittance. With it, if he used it for his living, he might live on a year or so longer. He might, too, if he saw fit, have with it a last fling—a week or so of high living, hard drinking. The taste for that, though—happy days, the Street's ironic term for it—long had left Nat Truax. Year after year, however, the fear, the terror tugging at his heart, was that at the end the money, the thousand dollars, would go the way the rest of his money had gone. He sweated at the thought that in a last wild hope to recoup himself he might, after all, at the last risk it in the market.

A last strike, a final chance! Well, it had come to that. The morning would see Nat Truax back at the brokerage shop. True, he was sweating now as never before had he sweated; but the decision he had made. The nine hundred dollars would enable him to margin ninety shares. That would give him ten points' leeway should the market start to go against him. He could play the whole ninety shares, the nine hundred dollars in a lump; or, more safely, shoot it in ten-share trades. In the ten-share trades he would not risk being wiped out all at once. Something was doing, though, in the market. It was getting ready to move, as he'd seen; and though he'd guessed wrong on the turn, going short so that on a sudden bulge it had wiped him out, this time he'd guess it right. No sense now in piking. Ninety shares, the whole string, was what he should play. If he played it like that any sort of turn—say, a ten-point movement—would set him on his feet. And when he won——

The old story. They're all like that, the men with the fever in their blood. Wall Street he might hate, and if he made a last strike, a final killing, the Street he might quit; but as Nat Truax linked it along now through the darkness and the wet he was, in spite of all the tragic consequences he faced, still the dabbler he had always been.

Hope. A fever of hope. The belief, almost a surety, that sometime the luck would turn. They all have it, the dabblers.

He was again almost running as he turned the corner and headed toward the near-by L station. Twenty minutes later in a side street near Riverside Drive he stood at the door of a tall brownstone dwelling, tugging at the bell.

The house, its surroundings, too, seemed distanced vastly from the neighborhood he just had quit—the lodging house and its mean and drab vicinity. The dwelling itself was one of the most pretentious in the block. The door and its ironwork grille, the lace-draped windows and its other evidences of smart costliness were all well enough known to Nat Truax, however. If years had gone since he had been there last he still knew the place; and the manservant who presently opened the door he also knew. The man knew him as well.

"Sir!" cried the servant. "Mr. Truax!"

Nat Truax made him a gesture of caution.

"Your mistress—is she in?" he asked in a guarded voice.

"She's out, sir. She's dining somewheres, then going on to a dance afterwards," the man replied. He stared at the visitor, his wonder growing. "You're all wet, sir. Has something happened, sir?" he faltered.

The question Nat Truax didn't answer. A harsh laugh came from him.

"A dance, eh?" he croaked. He thrust his way into the hall, the water dripping from his face, squelching from his soaking shoes. "Show me upstairs," he ordered brusquely.

The servant's face lost for the moment its usual air of obsequious deference. He eyed the visitor with a fishy, uncertain eye. "Sorry, sir, my mistress said ——" he began; but a growl, a snarl almost, cut him short.

"Take me upstairs!" Nat Truax ordered.

The man, after a glimpse of the visitor's face, closed the door and silently led the way up the staircase.

The hangings of the house, the pictures and other ornaments, the deep pile of the

(Continued on Page 48)

"Well?"

"It wouldn't have been 'well' if we hadn't both been driving on Kelly-Springfield Cords!"

NOT only will the new Kelly Kant-Slip Cord Tire help the driver to keep his car under control on slippery streets, but it will give him the long, uninterrupted mileage which Kelly users have come to expect as a matter of course. Best of all, you can now buy Kellys for no more than you would have to pay for ordinary tires.

No. 9300

Can You *Relax*?

Notice a babe asleep. Every muscle is limp. Notice a cat. Not a nerve is tense. This is relaxation—rest. Few people know how to relax. That is why thousands in this country have the ailment called "Americanitis." Nature can't restore a tense body. You need relaxation.

Just Push the Button

Royal Relaxation is complete. This celebrated "Push-the-Button" chair supports every point of the body. Pull out patented DISAPPEARING LEG REST. Then "PUSH THE BUTTON" and lean back until you are at perfect ease. Release button and back remains in that position. Absolutely automatic. Locks in any position. Read, sew, or just recuperate completely relaxed.

The Royal is "The World's Easiest Easy Chair." Made in many modern and period designs—oak or mahogany. Upholstered in tapestries, velours, fine leather and fabricated leathers. Absolutely guaranteed. Moderately priced. See your local furniture dealer for demonstration. Attractive booklet sent free on request.

Royal Easy Chair Corporation
Sturgis, Michigan, U. S. A.

Royal
EASY CHAIRS
"Push the Button—Back Reclines"

Special No. 4
Mahogany ... cushion seat over special springs. Disappearing Leg Rest

No. 804 V
... leather, blue, brown or black ... Disappearing Leg Rest

Special No. 9
... Disappearing Leg Rest

(34)

(Continued from Page 46)

carpets and rugs upon the floor—were all further evidences of the costly luxury which made the place distinct; but if Nat Truax marked it nothing of that showed either in his face or in the feverish animation of his eyes. The servant, now silent, led him from the floor above still on. Through two other floors they passed till they came to the floor at the top. There, in less ornate, less richly furnished surroundings they halted before the door of a room in front. Nat Truax touched the manservant on the arm.

"Anyone else up here?" he asked sharply.

"No, sir," said the servant, "the attendant's still at his dinner below." He looked at Nat Truax as he spoke. His air was deprecatory, evidently aghast. He cleared his throat. "The mistress, sir, she will be angry if she hears," he remarked. "She said if you came I was not to let you in. If you needed money I was to give it you, Mr. Truax; but you were not to get upstairs."

"Money, eh?" said Nat Truax. His lip curled itself. "You tell her to keep her money till I ask her for it." He made a motion with his hand for the man to stand aside. "Keep that fellow, the attendant, downstairs," he directed.

"I'll do it for you, Mr. Truax; it's as good as my place, though," said the man.

He stood aside then and, opening the door of the room in front, Nat Truax stepped within.

An electrolier overhead was lighted brightly and, closing the door behind him, the visitor stood gazing about him momentarily. A bed, a big old-fashioned four-poster, half filled the room; and at the foot of the bed was a heavy leather-covered lounge. On this lay sprawled a huge loose-limbed figure, a man, clad in trousers and a corded brocade dressing gown. The robe was open at the throat, disclosing an unkempt collarless shirt, the shirt and the silken texture of the gown soiled each in front with spots, greasy stains.

The man's face and figure, though, were what at once would have caught and held an observer's eye. His face, like the frame it surmounted, was massive, quite huge, in fact; but the eyes that looked out from beneath the man's bushy, shaggy brows were hardly the sort that one had thought to find in features, in a figure, like his. They were dulled and wandering. They raised themselves heavily as the door opened; but in them was no light of recognition.

Crossing the room Nat Truax went to the couch. He stood for a moment looking down at the loose, sprawling figure lying on it.

"Harvey, it's Nat—Nat Truax," he said.

It was then, a second time that night, that Nat Truax was recognized, known.

Harvey Nash looked up at him, his dulled eyes lighting to a flicker of remembrance stirred in the remote blurred cells of his brain. Though he had not died that night when the stroke laid him on the floor beside the ticker, it might have been better for him if he had.

"Nat? Old Nat?" he quavered. His voice, querulous and thick-tongued, droned on its lifeless monotone. "What's happened to you, Nat? You've changed since last night—yesterday."

Yesterday? Last night? It was twenty years and more since that night, the time drifting now through his shadowy mind.

His voice, fretful and petulant, gabbled on. The twenty-odd years were as the day before in his dim, disorganized wits. It wasn't right, droned Harvey Nash, that they'd kept him here all the day, locked in his room like this. He wanted to get out. He wanted to get downtown to the Street. Something was doing in the Street. She wouldn't let him go though.

Who the she was Nat Truax had no need to hear.

Once, years before in that same room, he'd had it out with Harvey Nash's wife. She had been Nat Truax's stenographer Nash's, too in the days when they'd traded together; and but for Nat Truax —— Well, that, too, was twenty years and more ago. It was Nat Truax, though, who'd made Harvey Nash take her uptown one day and marry her. Let that go, however. The time Nat Truax had faced her there in the room was years after that. It was after the night, too—long after it—when he had brought home Harvey Nash the last time from Wall Street. She had planned to send Harvey away, it seemed; arranged to get rid of her encumbrance. Nat Truax had stopped it, that's all.

He was not thinking of that now, however. He drew in his breath, its shrill sibilance whistling in the stillness of the room.

"Look!" he said. "See what I have here, Harvey!"

He had, as he spoke, slipped a hand into his pocket and drawn it out again. Once more Harvey Nash's mouth had gone slack and drooling, but with his other hand Nat Truax gripped him by the shoulder.

"Look!" he whispered.

It would be hard to depict the feverish fire of anxiety and expectation in his eyes, for on the outcome the man hovering over the couch had hazarded all his hope. Before the dulled orbs of the other, once his pal, he dangled the tape he'd brought that night from the brokerage office.

"D'you see it, Harvey?" he said.

"Yes, I see it," quavered Harvey Nash. He gave a momentary, meaningless giggle. "What d'you bring me that for, Nat?"

The sweat had started on Nat Truax's brow.

"Read it!" he said hoarsely. "Show me how you used to do it, Harvey! You can show me, can't you?"

A whimper came from Harvey Nash. "My shoulder, you're hurting it," he complained.

His eyes ablaze, Nat Truax tried it again.

"Show me, for God's sake, Harvey!" he said. "It's Nat, old Nat, who's asking you!"

It was ten minutes later when Durkin, the manservant, uneasy and apprehensive now, hurried up the stairs. It was, as he'd said, worth his place to let the visitor in; but as he reached the top-floor landing he paused. Nat Truax he had known for years; and after the look he'd seen that night on his face Durkin had no wish to rouse him. He stood at the stairhead and listened.

The door of the room in front was shut. Through its paneling, however, came a sound, a murmur. It was a sound that the servant for many years had heard; but now he cocked up his ear, listening. The murmur, a voice mumbling to itself, went on fitfully.

"Buy—buy," it mumbled. A while later it changed. "Switch—sell," it said; "sell."

Durkin, his face wondering, pushed open the door.

The visitor had gone, departed; but on the couch sat the servant's master. In his hands Harvey Nash held a narrow paper ribbon, yards and yards of it; and he was running it through his fingers, muttering to himself as he scanned the cryptic letters and numerals printed in its face.

"Sell," he was saying; "sell; switch—buy."

IV

THE market opened at ten o'clock. A half hour, however, before that time the customers' room at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s began to fill with its daily throng of dabblers. The night before, it seemed, the list had closed feverishly hectic and uncertain; and that something was doing in the market was evident not only from this; it was visible also in the general uneasiness that charged the atmosphere.

Beeks, the manager, moved about in the growing crowd. The nervous anxiety his customers showed, though, was too old a story to Beeks to let it affect his affability, and he was as urbane and gentlemanly as ever. In the background Buck Rooker hovered, too, the familiar stub of a cigar clenched betwixt his jaws. Activity of any sort meant, of course, commissions; and Buck's face reflected his satisfaction. As ten o'clock drew near he moved out to the front of the room.

"Gentlemen, your attention," commanded Buck.

It was the head partner's habit each morning to begin the day with a little discourse on the market. Its technical position he referred to first, the term dear to him, after which Buck gave to the dabblers—or such of them as cared to listen—his advice on making their trades. The long pull, that is, lengthy, waiting trades Buck seldom, if ever, favored. "In and out," this he advised always—"in and out." The process naturally meant frequent commissions.

"Gentlemen ——"

Buck had reached this far when he stopped. The door of the brokerage office opened, and in walked Nat Truax.

The firm's old customer, the man it had closed out the day before, came in a hurry, it appeared. His face was moist; it was white too; but his eyes, in contrast with his skin, were burning. Thrusting a pathway through the throng he made his way toward Rooker.

"Buck, I want to see you," he said.

Buck scowled. Interruptions like this he was not accustomed to.

"Just a moment," he said austerely.

"No," said Nat Truax; "now!"

Beeks, in behalf of his employer, began to bristle.

"Say!" he said.

The look Nat Truax shot at him was menacing. The threat, too, of its truculence was imminent; and Beeks fell back aghast.

"What d'you want, Truax?" growled Rooker.

With a jerk of his thumb Nat Truax indicated the private offices at the back. "Step inside, Buck," he said; and, surly and grumbling, Rooker did as he was directed.

The night before, Nat Truax again had not slept. The doctor had come, and he had found him at the lodging house on his return from the trip uptown. Joe Cartright's widow might not die; but it would take careful attention—money, too—to save her. "How much money?" demanded Nat Truax. The doctor didn't know; it was impossible to say with pneumonia.

When the doctor had gone, however, Nat Truax went back to his room. There the money he had left he divided into two packets. One of them, then, he put back in the lining of his coat, and sewed it fast again. The other he slipped into his pocket. Five hundred dollars. It was in his pocket now as he closed the door of Buck Rooker's private office and turned to face the broker.

"Well?" inquired Rooker.

Nat Truax was breathing deeply. In five minutes or so the market would open for the day.

"I want a room, Buck—a private room to trade in," said Nat Truax.

"You want wha-at?"

Rooker's drawl was expressive. The rooms like that kept by the firm were reserved for its heavy traders. The customers' room was where the small fry, the pikers, congregated. Nat Truax's demand, though, was not just a whim of his. Each of the private rooms had a ticker of its own; and nothing less would do Nat Truax now. It was sink or swim with him. For this last time—and it would be the last, that was certain—he must be where he could have quiet, all his faculties concentrated in that final trading. Rooker's grin widened. As the man at the door saw it he shook.

"Don't laugh!" said Nat Truax; and from his throat came a wheeze. It was thousands of dollars that he'd spent in the brokerage office; and he shook again. With fumbling hands he felt in his inside pocket, stepping toward the broker as he did so. "There's my margins," he wheezed.

Rooker methodically counted the money handed to him. There were five hundred dollar bills in the roll—five hundred dollars—a shoestring. The amount would margin fifty shares of stock; and the sweat beading his face Nat Truax waited, watching. The tip of his tongue for an instant wet his lip. If Rooker said no ——

The broker slipped the bills into his pocket and Nat Truax stirred swiftly.

There was a ticker clacking and chattering in the corner; and for a moment it had paused, its type wheels whirring aimlessly. Then with a sudden resounding thump it burst forth into a renewed reverberating clack and chatter. Outside, too, the sound of a sudden animated stir ran through the customers' room.

"Quick!" cried Nat Truax.

He sped to the machine; and with the tape stretched between quivering hands he hung above it, his eyes gleaming. At the same time from the room came a cry, shrill and vociferous.

"They're off!" it piped.

It was ten o'clock, and the market had opened for the day.

Only for an instant, though, did the man hovering over the rasping, thumping machine linger there beside it. The tape he gave a swift eager glance; and tossing it from him he turned and sped toward the door. At the door he halted, his hand on the knob, and looked back hurriedly at the now wondering Rooker.

"Wait! I'll be back!" he barked. "Don't let anyone in here till I come!"

(Continued on Page 51)

Lens Achievement

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The signature, Wilson Bro's, is not only a guaranty of quality but it is also an unfailing index of fashion and correct dress. Look for this signature on hose, shirts, pajamas, belts, underwear, cravats, garters, handkerchiefs, nightshirts, mufflers, suspenders, knit gloves

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 48)

Then flinging open the door he was gone.

Buck Rooker, his mouth agape, stood there with the cigar stub drooping from his lips.

"Bug!" said Buck. "Nuts!"

V

THE market opened with a whoop. A thousand Steel came over at the first transaction, the price an eighth up from the close of the night before. A hundred-share lot followed, the quotation 80 flat. It was followed by another hundred-share lot, then another, each at the same price, 80. Then followed a flock of other quotations—Reading, Soup, Katy, Mex Pete, Little Annie—each in turn spread on the flowing tape. Steel was the leader though; and a moment later in the customers' room rose a shrill exuberant voice:

"Five hundred Steel at an eighth!"

By all the signs, the dope the reader, the adept, gets from the tape, that meant inside accumulation—the time to buy. It is in the trend of the big blocks, briefly, that the tape reader gets the hint, his hunch. The tape tells the story -or so they say. Hardly had the man at the ticker, however, shouted out the price when he raised his voice again:

"Steel—five hundred at 80 flat! Another five hundred, the same. Steel, 79—Five hunded at the same. Steel, 80!"

The customers' room was in a ferment. The dabblers, eager for action, like all their sort, milled about in their anxiety to get aboard. In a market like this, though, it would have taken a seer, a Harvey Nash, in fact, to tell which way the cat would jump; and a shrill explosive outcry escaped from one of the most agitated among the customers.

"Himmel, I shall bust!" he vociferated.

The customer, a short, rotund person with protruding eyes screened by heavy, thick-lensed glasses, rushed up to the manager and began to paw him wildly.

"Vat's der dope, Beeks? Der markgert—vich vay does she go?" he spluttered.

Beeks gave a grin. "Search me, Bimmy. Why don't you read the tape?" he drawled.

Mr. Bimberg—for that, it seemed, was the gentleman's name—at once exploded again. "Read der dape, vat!" he shrilled. "Is it a choke you make off me?"

If it was a joke Mr. Bimberg failed to see it. He was a specialist, it appeared, in five and ten share lots; but though wild like the rest to get action, how could a man lay a trade in a market running—as Mr. Bimberg termed it—"sideways"? "Sideways" seemed, too, an apt term for it. Then, as the hands of the clock marked ten minutes after ten, the door of the brokerage office opened; and when the crowd thronging the room looked around and saw who stood there a low murmur of wonder and astonishment rose from it.

It was Nat Truax again. This time, though, he was not alone. Two others were with him—a boy and a man; and the crowd stared.

"This way, Joey," said Nat Truax.

It was to the boy he spoke. The boy, a lad of twelve or so, was on the other side of the man Nat Truax had with him. The man's arm Nat Truax had in his, while the boy, his face set and intent on his task, guided him by the elbow. It was this—the figure between them—that made the crowd stare. As the trio started to cross the floor the throng parted, making a pathway for the three.

"The back room, Joey," directed Nat Truax.

Harvey Nash in that brief moment of his appearance seemed to have undergone a change. As the door had opened and the crowd first saw him his mouth was slack and drooping, his dulled eyes vaguely roving. It may have been the old, long-forgotten sights and sounds of the brokerage office that stirred him now—the crowd, the familiar quotation board, the rasping clack and clatter of the stock machine; but whatever it was, a swift, vital transformation swept into his face and frame. His eyes lit alertly, and he threw back his head on his shoulders. From him came a laugh, a chuckle of excitement, animation.

"Hey, Nat!" he chirped.

"Come on, Harvey," urged Nat Truax.

They were halfway to the room at the back when Beeks blocked their path.

"Here! What's this? What's this?" cried Beeks.

Nat Truax bared his teeth at him.

"Out of the way, you!" he snarled.

A thrust of his arm swept the manager aside. Then the door of the back room opened and Buck Rooker emerged. He had sensed the commotion outside; and his jaw was squared belligerently.

"Sa-ay!" he said.

That was all, though, he said. The door Nat Truax opened; and the three, the two men and the boy stepped inside. Then the door closed behind them; and out in the customers' room Buck Rooker stared at Beeks.

"Say," said the broker, "can you tie it?"

Beeks couldn't. If Beeks and his boss, however, could have looked at that moment inside the doors of a house uptown near the Drive they might have had an explanation of the morning's doings. It would not have left them any the less wondering and startled, perhaps; but whatever the case, in a room on the top floor of the house stood a middle-aged, overdressed woman with frizzed hair and a doll-like, vapid face. Now, however, her face was crimson with anger.

A man, a servant, stood at the door; and it was he, evidently, who was the object of her wrath. "You say you don't know?" she was saying. "Why don't you know? I told you, didn't I, not to let that man inside?"

"I didn't let him in, Mrs. Nash," protested the servant. "It was that boy, the kid with him, who did it. The boy said he wished to see you; and when I went upstairs to find if you was awake he must have opened the door for the man. I didn't see him, anyways, till he had the master down the stairs and outside, driving off in the cab."

A look of uneasiness for a moment replaced the wrath blazing in the woman's eyes. "You don't suppose that man's heard anything, do you?" she faltered; and the servant looked at her queerly.

"About your putting the master away, ma'am? Sending him to that sanatorium?"

"Yes."

Durkin, the servant, didn't know. All he knew was that Nat Truax always had threatened to make trouble if anything like that was tried. The explanation, though, was all very simple. The night before, Nat Truax had for once and for all found out that he'd never solve the riddle, the trick of reading the tape; and that was why he'd taken Harvey Nash to Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. It was to find out if his old pal still could do it.

Down at the brokerage office the door of the back room opened; and the boy, Joe Cartright's son, appeared. His eyes were popping; yet for all that, his air was boyishly alert and confident.

"Hey, Mr. Rooker!" he piped. The broker he beckoned to imperiously. "Mr. Truax wants you—quick!"

Rooker came hurrying. Inside the room the ticker was stamping and chattering in another reawakened burst of sound; and over it hung Harvey Nash, his bulky figure quivering and the tape stretched between his hands. Beside him stood Nat Truax, his coat off and a penknife in his hands. The lining he again had ripped apart; and from it he took the bills he had sewed there the night before. In his air now was no longer any uncertainty.

"Here," he said; and the money he handed to Rooker; "there's some more for margins."

Then he turned to Harvey Nash.

His eyes on the tape Harvey Nash was chuckling and mumbling to himself.

"Steel!" he was saying. "Steel!"

Nat Truax wet his lips. It was only for an instant though. His thumbs he put into his armpits; and his tone, when he spoke, was as airy and nonchalant as if he, too, for the moment, had set back the clock twenty years or so. One had to look close to see how he was shaking.

"Well, Harvey," he said, "what's the dope?"

"Sell," said Harvey Nash.

VI

THAT day's happenings in the market the customers at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s will long remember. They will remember, too, the doings at the brokerage shop. All around, it was an occasion they would have reason to recall. Harvey Nash few of them had ever heard about, while fewer yet had ever seen him. That something, though, was going on in the back room of the odd-lot house none had any reason to doubt.

Buck Rooker's face when he emerged from the inside office was dazed and wondering

Most Widely Quoted In Foreign Press

Wythe Williams, special correspondent of the Public Ledger, recently cabled from Paris, as follows:

"The Public Ledger leads all American and English newspapers this week in the quotations from the English language press appearing in Continental newspapers. The Havas Agency and its connections, covering virtually all of Europe, give the Public Ledger the leading position in cable reports of the editorial comment on the Conference, especially on the Public Ledger article supporting the justice of René Viviani's 'fervent' speech at the conclusion of the quadruple entente.

"It is notable that the Public Ledger is quoted above the British Press, which because of the short time between Paris and London, usually receives most attention in the reflection of Anglo-Saxon opinion on questions of world importance."

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In each dish of oats

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That is why the oat dish holds a unique place in the diet. It helps to guard one against the lack of any needed element.

And that is why the oat dish should be made inviting. Make it so rich, so flavory, so delicious that children will eat an abundance.

Quaker Oats does that for millions the world over.

Quaker Oats

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The flavor that won the world

Made from just the finest grains, the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

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Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

As he hurried to the booth to telephone the order Nat Truax had given him, Steel by fits and starts had crept up half a point. The order, however, he had hardly given over the wire when Steel came to a standstill. Five minutes later it began to slide. With it went the entire list. At half past ten Steel was a point and an eighth under the opening; and from the thick of the crowd again arose another sudden explosive ejaculation. It came, it appeared, once more from Mr. Bimberg.

"Himmel, I shall bust!" he ejaculated.

Mr. Bimberg, it seemed, had been whipsawed. Having gone short on Steel at the outset, he had switched to the long side, only to have the market go again against him; and now shoving his way through the crowd, his elbows going like flails, Mr. Bimberg precipitated himself on Buck Rooker.

"Say! Vat's heppening?" he vociferated. "Nat Truax he has something up his sleeves, ain't it?" Puncturing the air with an eloquent if somewhat wildly agitated thumb he pointed to the room at the back. "Vat's der dope, Buck? Does he buy or does he sell in there?"

It was no business of Rooker's to say. He shook off Mr. Bimberg's clawing hands; and he was turning away when the door of the back room opened once more and the boy appeared at it.

"Hey, Mr. Rooker!" he shrilled.

Rooker again went hurrying. Inside Harvey Nash still stood at the ticker; and beside him was still Nat Truax. "Cover," said Harvey Nash; "cover; then switch to the long side. Buy!"

The order Nat Truax repeated; and closing the door, at the same time evading the now wildly agitated Mr. Bimberg, Buck Rooker hurried to the telephone. Again as he gave the order Steel began to react. By fits and starts once more it swung back toward its former figure; but ere it reached it the boy once more was calling from the door for Buck Rooker.

"Switch," said Harvey Nash. "Sell Rebecca now!"

Nat Truax's eyes as he gave the order were like lamps. "And pyramid!" he said.

Rooker understood. The order was to sell Republic I & S; and add to the transaction the profit they already had. Not many minutes after that U. S. Steel began to slide again, and with it slid Rebecca, the latter tumbling as if the props had been kicked from under it. Harvey Nash had read what was coming from the tape.

How many times during the next two hours or so Buck Rooker shuttled between the customers' room and the office at the back not even he could have told. To the dabblers outside, however—Mr. Bimberg, in particular—the broker seemed kept upon the jump. The day Mr. Bimberg had not enjoyed—a good many of the others with him. In spite of his efforts to keep on the right side of the now hectic, feverish list, the small rotund gentleman seemed to have guessed wrong in at least four out of five of his trades. Now cleaned out, his margins reduced to a few remaining dollars, he was preparing toward the close to leave the brokerage office when again the door of the back room opened.

"Hey, Mr. Rooker!" called Joey Cartright.

This time the boy did not beckon imperiously to the broker. His eyes were round, true; but now they looked a little frightened. When Buck Rooker went to the door and looked within, his air, too, was startled.

"Say! What's wrong?" he said.

The ticker in the corner had again set up a clattering chatter, striving to keep up with the prices now pouring in on the tape; and over the machine hung Nat Truax, not Harvey Nash, the tape stretched in his shaking hands. Sunken in a chair, his chin on his breast and his eyes once more dulled and roving, Harvey Nash was muttering to himself.

Nat Truax dragged the tape from the machine; and bending over the figure huddled in the chair he held the tape before the other's eyes. The market was wavering now, shaking to and fro; and on Nat Truax's face the sweat had started. To the last dollar, his profits pyramided in his margins, he'd played on that one last turn.

"Look, Harvey!" he croaked.

The man in the chair, his mouth slack and drooping, looked up at him with dulled, roving eyes.

"I'm tired, Nat. I want to go home now," said Harvey Nash.

The tape fell from Nat Truax's hands. "Here," he said abruptly to the boy. The boy went toward him; and fishing into his pocket Nat Truax drew out a coin. "Chuck it into the air, son. You may have luck if I haven't." The boy, as he was bidden, tossed up the coin; and as it fell to the floor Nat Truax put his foot upon it. "Heads I buy, tails I sell," he said. Then he took his foot from the coin.

It was tails; and his voice cracking, Nat Truax turned to the broker.

"Sell," said he.

It was at four o'clock that afternoon when on the top floor of the lodging house over near the ferry there was a sound of scurrying footfalls from the stairs. The door of a room at the back opened; and a young woman in a neat crisp gown, a nurse, stepped out.

"Hush!" she whispered.

The boy at the stairhead halted and for an instant he caught at his breath.

"Mother—she's all right?" he faltered. Then, ere the nurse could restrain him, he had pushed by and bolted inside the room. The woman in the bed, though, was not asleep.

Her eyes opened; and as she looked up at him Joey Cartright gave a cry. It was more like a shout though.

"Mother!" he piped. Then jumping up and down in his excitement he held up a long cardboard box he had in his hands, and from it he began stripping the coverings.

"Not flowers!" exclaimed his mother.

"Yes, flowers!" cried the boy. "Mr. Truax stopped and bought 'em."

There was another sound of footfalls outside, and a moment later Nat Truax stood at the door. His face, however, lacked the boy's fire and excitement. It was haggard and drawn; and as the woman saw it a shadow came into her eyes. It was as if she had seen that look before and had learned to dread it.

"What happened?" she breathed.

A smile for an instant twisted Nat Truax's mouth.

"It's all right, my girl," he said. "You're going to get well, and from now on you and your boy don't have to worry."

"Yes—but how about you, Nat Truax?" she said queerly.

Nat Truax again smiled that thin, wearied smile of his. What he had undergone in that moment at the brokerage office when he had stood with his foot on the coin the boy had spun in the air only he would ever know.

"Yes, I'm all right," he said. "I'm going away somewheres—some place in the country maybe; and I'm going to take an old friend with me. We two will be together there again; and that's all I want, I guess."

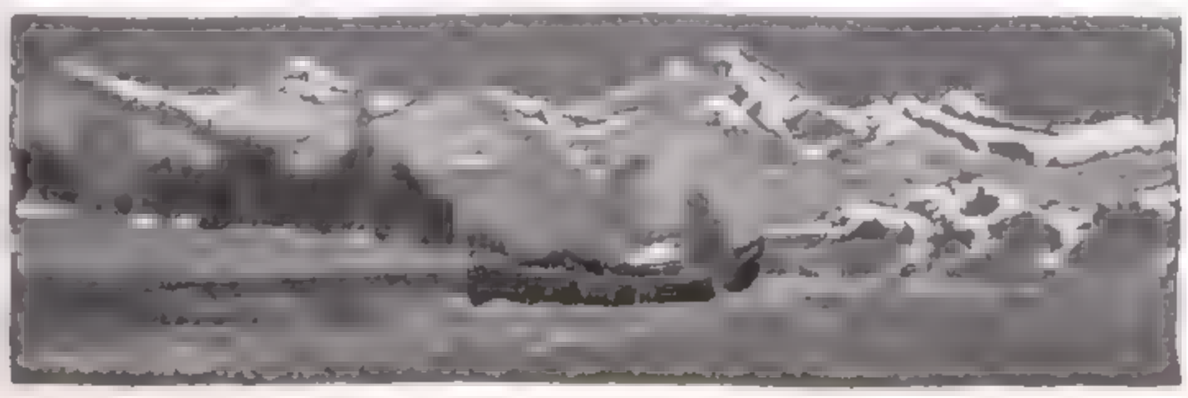
She was still gazing at him, her breath held.

"Then you—you won?" she faltered.

From his pocket he took a strip of paper and held it where she could see it. The paper was a check; and as she saw the figures on it she gasped.

"Yes, I won," he answered. Then he drew in his breath; and with a heave of his shoulders as if he freed them from a load he spoke again.

"Yes—and it was worth the price, I guess," he said. "I'm cured."



Valspar—the Varnish of countless uses—

DUKE KAHANAMOKU of Hawaii, famous athlete, expert on the surf-board and world champion 100-metre swimmer, has discovered still another use for Valspar. Duke Kahanamoku writes:

Honolulu, T. H., May 3, 1921

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S. R. P.—4-15-22

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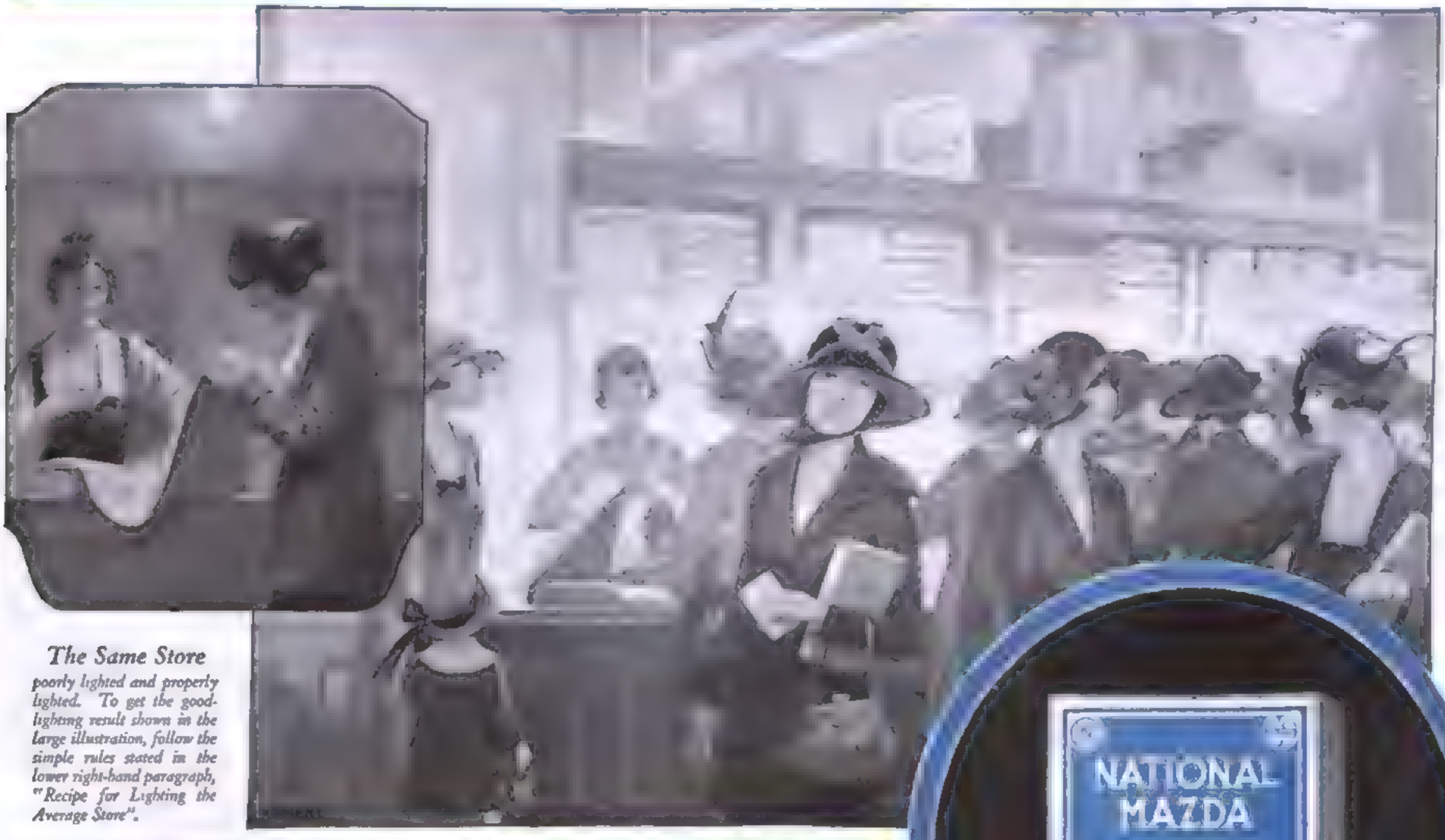

The Same Store
poorly lighted and properly lighted. To get the good-lighting result shown in the large illustration, follow the simple rules stated in the lower right-hand paragraph, "Recipe for Lighting the Average Store".

Good Selling is Partly Good Seeing!

Other things being equal, the well lighted store will always be the busy store! Good lighting does make buying easier. Comparisons are readily made, details are clearly seen and quality is better appreciated when the eyes can aid in the purchase without strain and without fatigue.

Many store proprietors—you are possibly no different from many others—will say, "Yes, but *my* customers can see!" Is this true? Is it not possible that your lighting falls far below the modern standard? A recent survey in a large city was carefully made by experts with the following results: Out of each 100 stores examined, only two had "excellent" lighting, 23 "good", 15 "fair", 60 "poor". If the rule of probabilities holds good, then, your lighting is very apt to be less efficient than you have thought!

Yet correct illumination—the sort that adds to the results of each sales person—costs less than any other important item of store outlay. The recipe in the next column tells, in a few words, how to light the average store.

More detailed instructions will be mailed on request! National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 303 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Recipe for Lighting the Average Store

For most stores the following rules point the way to excellent illumination. *First*—Use 300-watt MAZDA Daylight lamps, or 200-watt MAZDA C lamps. MAZDA Daylight lamps are preferable, under most circumstances, because (1) they show colors more accurately, and (2) their light blends more agreeably with natural daylight. *Second*—the space between lighting units should not greatly exceed ten feet. *Third*—The lamps should be properly shaded. Shades and reflectors, when made of glass, should be of dense white glass rather than clear or frosted glass, and should surround or enclose the lamp. *Fourth*—Clean the lamps and shades once a month.

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

THE SUN-HUNTERS

(Continued from Page 27)

sister sun-hunters. He may change it, but there are few who are aware of it if he does. It is the sun-hunter's uniform.

The sun-hunter is not recruited from any one class of citizens. The natives of Florida, with their unflagging determination to place everything in the most favorable light, tell you that they are bankers, merchants, doctors, lawyers, what not. They'd have you think that most of them are bankers. As a matter of fact there are some bankers among them—and some burglars too. The bulk of them are farmers; for a farmer can, if he wishes, arrange matters so that he has little or nothing to do during the winter months. Next to them come contractors, builders and carpenters. The sun-hunters are the people who can get away from home with the least amount of trouble; and among them one finds retired business men of all sorts—dairymen, doctors, bankers, lawyers and similar folk.

Such is the modern American migrant, and Florida is the goal of his migration. As soon as the first snow begins to fall in the North, or when the earth has tightened up under a black frost, the sun-hunters prepare for their flight to the South. Great numbers of them travel by automobile; and their automobiles are completely stocked with folding chairs, collapsible beds, accordion mattresses, knock-down tents, come-apart stoves, telescopic dishwashers and a score of dishpans, tables, dinner sets, tin cups, water buckets and toilet articles that fold up into one another and look like a bushel of scrap tin.

In addition to this, each automobile carries a large assortment of canned goods. There are canned goods under the seats, slung against the top, packed along the sides, tucked behind cushions and stacked along the floor. Some of the automobiles are so well stocked with canned things that they could make a dash for the Pole. And as one passes some of them on the road they sound as though their owners were carrying a reserve supply of canned goods under the hood—loose.

Stamped-in-the-Can Sun-Hunters

It is due to the heavy weight of cans carried by these automobiles that the true, stamped-in-the-can sun-hunter is known to himself, to his friends and to his enemies as a tin-can tourist. He lives in more or less permanent settlements known as tin-can towns; and his interests are safeguarded by a flourishing organization rejoicing in the impressive title of Tin Can Tourists of the World.

The badge of the Tin Can Tourists of the World is a small white celluloid button with the letters T C T tastefully disposed on it in dark blue. The emblem of the order is a small soup can mounted on the radiator of the member's automobile. There is also a password which the members bawl at each other when they pass on the road; but this is one of the secrets of the fraternity that should not be profaned by publication.

The tin-canners organized in 1919 at the Tampa tin-can town and have held conventions there ever since. The present membership of the order is estimated by some of the most important officials, or khans, of the Tin Can Tourists to be in excess of 30,000.

Practically every Florida town and city, large and small, located inland or on the gulf or on the ocean, provides a tin-can town or a tin-can village for the Tin Can Tourists. Occasionally these towns are free and provide not only all the comforts of home but comforts that home never possessed for most of the tin-canners.

The largest and most celebrated tin-can town is in De Soto Park, East Tampa, on the shore of Tampa Bay. Hundreds of automobiles are lined up side by side throughout the winter in De Soto Park. The camp, which is carefully regulated and policed by the municipal authorities, is free. A trolley line connects it with the business section of Tampa. In the center of the camp is a pavilion, where entertainments are given. The camp has electric lights, running water, city sewerage, shower baths and an enormous hot-water tank. The tourists are permitted to send their children to the excellent schools on payment of fifty cents a week—which is too little.

Oddly enough fifty cents a week or twenty-five dollars a year is the amount that naturalization experts want to charge aliens for their schooling, but that Congress considers too high. It's not enough for American tin-canners; but it's too much for aliens. How does Congress get that way?

About the only things that aren't furnished for the tin-canners are free telephones, a free morning paper and free butler and valet service.

During the 1920–21 season there were great numbers of free tin-can camps throughout Florida; but Florida towns found, as the United States itself is beginning to find, that an open-handed and unsupervised welcome to any person who can scratch up enough money to take advantage of the welcome will bring nothing but annoyances, losses and misery in its train. The Tampa camp was a success because it was very carefully regulated and policed. Many of the other free camps, however, suddenly woke up to the truth of the old adage that people never appreciate the things that they get for nothing. This is of course the old problem of immigration reduced to a personal basis. The United States talks for a century about the necessity of restricting immigration and forcing aliens to pay for the privilege of enjoying America's benefits; but in that hundred years she does next to nothing. Florida towns, confronted with a mild edition of the same problem, take action overnight.

The Florida Refugees

What happened was this—and the same thing, to a far greater degree and with far more evil and widespread results, is happening to the United States and will keep on happening until immigration is rigidly restricted: Word began to go forth in the Northern States that free camping grounds were to be had in Florida towns and cities; that if one bought a secondhand flivver at the beginning of winter and beat his way to these camps he could live more cheaply than he could live in the North, could afford to accept lower pay for his services than could the Florida natives, and could go back North in the spring with money in his pocket and sell his flivver for what he paid for it. These are almost exactly the same reasons that brought a million immigrants a year to America from Eastern and Southern Europe before the war.

Florida has made it plain that she wants no more of these seasonal laborers who can't make a satisfactory living in their own communities. Most of them are so hard-boiled that a diamond-pointed drill is needed to penetrate their shells; and most of them have as much regard for neatness, cleanliness and the rights of others as a Berkshire hog has for a potato peel. Tin-can towns have begun to charge various prices for the privilege of staying in them—prices ranging from twenty-five cents a night to seventy-five cents a night or from four dollars to ten dollars a month. Even the free towns won't admit residents who wish to go to work each day. They've got to be tourists or devote themselves to taking the air. As a result the seasonal laborers who went to Florida for the 1921–22 season were taking themselves homeward early in 1922 and hurling many a deep, guttural, roughneck curse at the state of Florida as they went. America would get very rapid and satisfactory action on her immigration problem if her citizens could be brought into personal contact with its rottenness.

These automobile hoboes are about as welcome in Florida as a rattlesnake at a strawberry festival. The Florida newspapers, usually very slow indeed to find any flaws in anybody or anything that has secured a foothold in the state, emit poignant shrieks of rage at the very thought of them. Early in 1922 a North Carolina paper, with the smugness which characterizes the utterances of a resort newspaper when it thinks it is administering a painful black eye to another resort, stepped forward with a tale to the effect that 1922 was seeing a great exodus from Florida of broke, hungry and disheartened tourists. Instantly the Florida papers threw their palpitating typewriters into the breach. "The only Florida tourists beating it back to the North," declared the Tampa Tribune scornfully, "are the cut-rate, fly-by-night cheap skates who have been coming to the state and preying off the public for the past

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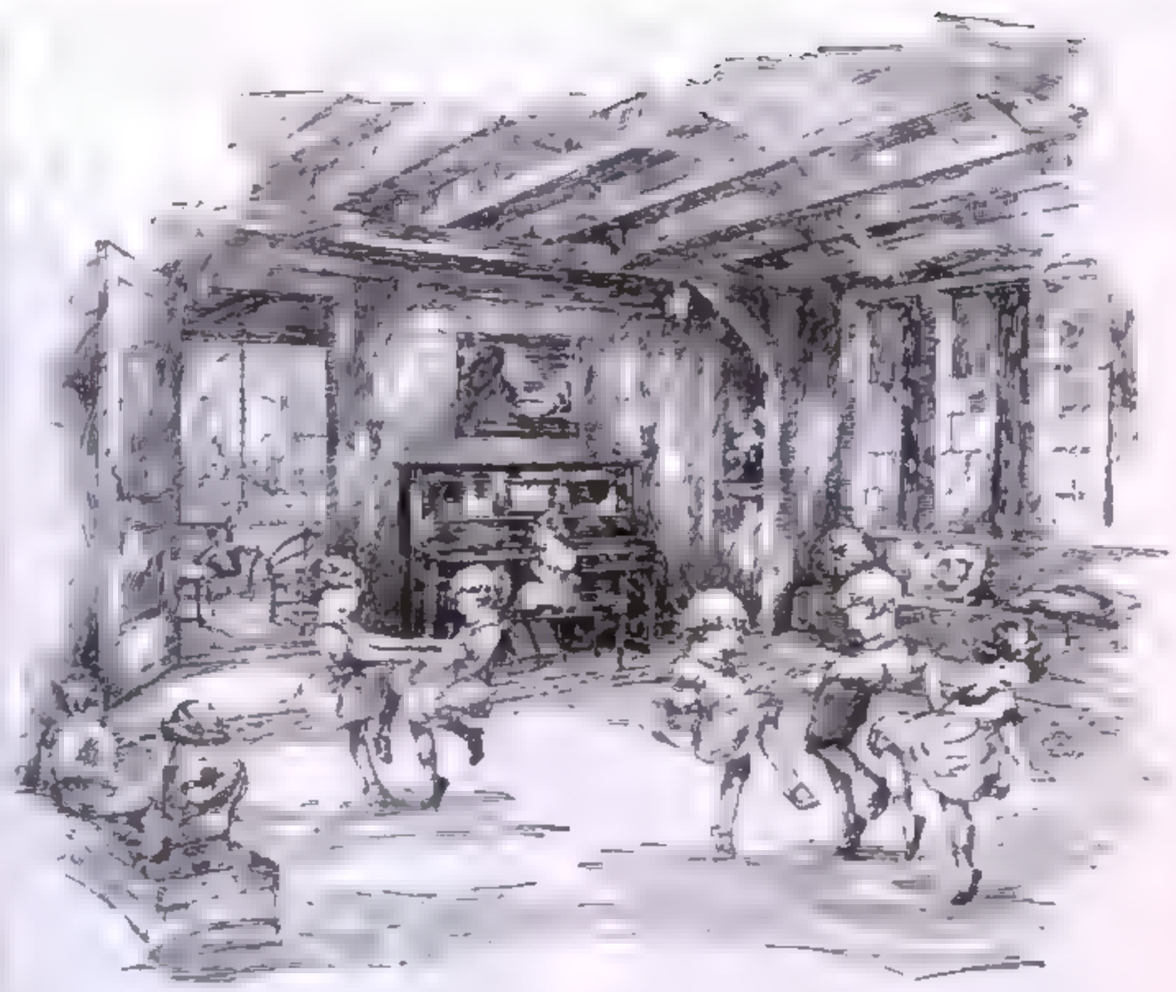

"When Old Folks they wuz young like us
An' little as you an' me,—
Them wuz the best times ever wuz
Er ever going to be!"

James Whitcomb Riley

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STORY & CLARK MINIATURE PLAYER PIANO

Only four feet two inches high—the ideal size for the small apartment—summer cottage or veranda

Richly designed—of exquisite tone—this charming little instrument contains the Story & Clark Imperial Player Action which makes it so easy to play and in every detail of construction it has that exceptional quality that is so easily recognized as obtainable only in instruments much higher priced

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST CONSERVERS OF PROPERTY — PAINT AND VARNISH

Don't let it go another day!

FOR weeks—months—perhaps years—many owners have been saying to themselves: "One of these days I must have that painting done." But as someone said: "One of these days is none of these days." Not until the thought is translated into action, is deterioration definitely checked.

Inside, too. Think of the floors and furniture—of the walls, wainscotings and windows—of the ceilings and stands—of the tables, bookcases and chairs—of the bureaus, mantels and beds—of the many surfaces that must have varnish, and paint, too, if they are to retain their attractive looks, stay clean and sanitary, and give years of faithful service.

If you have property that needs attention, the time to paint and varnish is *now*. There are reliable painters and paint dealers in your town. Talk with them about the painting you ought to have done. Don't let it go another day. The longer you put it off, the more money it will cost you, "one of these days." Save the surface and you save all.

TODAY it costs less to paint than it did. The cost of materials has led in the downward economic trend of manufactured products. But no matter what it costs, the fact remains that it always costs more not to paint than to paint. Rust and rot go on till you check them. The logical time to paint and varnish is NOW.

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN
507 The Bourse, Philadelphia

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.

305 © Save the Surface Campaign, 1922

Continued from Page 55

many years. . . . The state has enough of its own honest labor to take care of without opening its doors to the floater who is here to take the bread out of his brother's mouth for less than the honest price. This winter Florida is taking care of its own out-of-work men and women. The riffraff, the confidence man, the faker, the wage cutter and the public mendicant all get the cold shoulder in Florida."

The true sun-hunter and the Tin Can Tourist in good and accepted standing are received in most parts of the state with the same quiet welcome that would greet the arrival of a new citrus fruit. The big resorts like Palm Beach don't welcome the tin-canners; but those resorts don't welcome anyone who isn't able to spend at least fifty dollars a day on the merest essentials. And there are numbers of young men employed by the leading Palm Beach hostelries who have nothing but unutterable contempt for the person who doesn't spend one hundred dollars a day while he is at Palm Beach.

So far as I know, tin-canners have never attempted to wield their can openers at Palm Beach or Miami Beach; and it is highly probable that the regular Palm Beach set would give the tin-canners even more of a pain than the tin-canners would give the Palm Beach set. One can imagine the anguish on both sides if Mrs. J. Vanderplank Fritter, of Park Avenue, and a party of her prominent friends should, after going in bathing in full evening dress at one A.M., emerge in a still potted state and run smack into a flivver loaded with that well-known tin-canner, Herman Blister, of Tackhammer, Michigan, and his wife, sister, daughter and maiden aunt. The Fritter party might feel that its entire evening had been spoiled; but the Blister family would probably feel that a sinister cloud had descended on their entire season.

Roughing It De Luxe

The tin-canner spends, for his winter of travel, about the same amount of money that a seasoned Palm Beach mixer frequently spends in a couple of days. This isn't exaggeration either.

On the road between Miami and Palm Beach I encountered a commodious portable bungalow lumbering noisily along in the general direction of Palm Beach at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour. It filled the entire road, which was nine feet wide at that point. There are many stretches of fine macadamized road in Florida which are exactly nine feet wide, so that when two machines pass each other one or both of them have to take to the ditch. The reason for such peculiar road building is supposed to be that the road engineers took a look at the surrounding country, decided that nobody would ever be willing to live in it, and figured that all traffic along the road would run in only one direction—north. They were mistaken, as people usually are about the development of Florida.

At any rate this portable bungalow filled the road, and it continued to fill the road until it found a good hard place beside the road that would permit it to get out of the way without tearing itself to pieces. It had a thermometer hanging beside its back door in an attractive manner, and three neighborly looking people were sitting placidly on its glassed-in front porch. Across the base of the front porch in large gold letters was painted the owners' address, from which fact one might suspect that the owners were not persons who were striving to hide their lights beneath a bushel, or who would shrink timidly from publicity.

When questioned, the suspicion became a certainty. The owners of the portable bungalow proved to be typical Tin Can Tourists, equally ready to share with you their last tin of Norwegian sardines or Chicago baked beans in the Boston manner, or to furnish you with concise and intimate information concerning their own or their neighbors' business and family affairs from the panic of 1907 down to the present day.

The owner of the portable bungalow was a dairyman who had grown tired of developing rheumatism, chilblains and a grouch during the long winter months, and had decided three years before to spend the winter in Florida. He had enjoyed his first winter so much that he had persuaded a couple of friends to make the trip with him during the second winter; and this winter there were two other couples in his party. The four other people traveled ahead in a little sedan, while he and his wife and his eighteen-year-old son pounded along behind in the ole truck. "Yessir, this house here is nothing but our ole delivery truck with a camping top put on it, and she certainly is the greatest ole truck you ever saw! Why, my gracious, she'll just go through anything, this ole truck will! Why, coming through the Everglades this ole truck ran into ——"

That is one of the hall marks of the simon-pure Tin Can Tourist. No matter how battered and dilapidated his automobile may be, it has qualities which place it above all other cars—even above other and newer cars of the same make. It can extricate itself from thicker mud and from deeper sand than other automobiles. Its feats of endurance are superautomotive. They verge—to hear the tin-canner tell it—on the miraculous. After the tin-canner has dwelt for some time on the almost-human intelligence of the little ole car, one thinks of the little ole car as standing up on its hind wheels and honking with delight when its master says a kind word to it.

The dairyman's portable bungalow, which would slough its skin with the advent of spring and return to its less romantic duties of trucking milk, contained a portable stove, countless canned things, a fully equipped sink and kitchen cabinet, three hammocks, bedding for seven people, and a phonograph, to say nothing of numerous odds and ends like chairs, dishes, pans, suitcases and what not.

In the party that used this portable bungalow as a base there were, as I have said, seven people. The seven of them had started from Ohio on the twenty-second of November, worked down to the west coast of Florida, lingering at the larger and better resorts, crossed over to the east coast, and were slowly working back up through Palm Beach and Ormond. I met them on the eighth of February; so they had been on the road for two months and a half.

The expenses were borne equally by all the travelers, except the dairyman's son, who worked out his keep around the cars. The six others chipped five dollars apiece into a general pool as money was needed. In the two and one-half months a grand total of $510 had been chipped in; and this sum covered the expenditures of the trip—gasoline for both automobiles; inner tubes, tires and repairs for both automobiles; street-car fares when needed; food for seven people, and movies whenever the spirit and the movies moved together. This meant an average of seventy-three dollars apiece for two and one-half months' travel in the sunny South, or almost exactly a dollar a day apiece. Such an expenditure contrasts startlingly with expenditures in the big resorts, where one week's expense for a man and his wife may easily cause a thousand-dollar bill to degenerate into a two-ounce package of chicken feed.

The Original Tin-Canner

The dairyman declared that to travel in the way he was traveling cost him about one-third as much as it would have cost him to travel to Florida in trains and to live at hotels and boarding houses. From this statement it can be seen that one doesn't necessarily have to be a millionaire in order to spend a winter in Florida.

Mr. Charles Dickens, in The Old Curiosity Shop, described the original luxurious tin-canning vehicle; but Dickens knew the contraption as a caravan. And instead of being motor driven, it was, of course, horse drawn. The original tin-can tourist appears to have been Mrs. Jarley, proprietress of Jarley's Waxworks, who rode in "a smart little house upon wheels, with white dimity curtains festooning the windows, and window shutters of green picked out with panels of a staring red, in which happily contrasted colours the whole concern shone brilliant. . . . One half of it . . . was carpeted, and so partitioned off at the further end as to accommodate a sleeping-place, constructed after the fashion of a berth on board ship, which was shaded, like the little windows, with fair white curtains, and looked comfortable enough, though by what kind of gymnastic exercise the lady of the caravan ever contrived to get into it was an unfathomable mystery. The other half served for a kitchen, and was fitted up with a stove whose small chimney passed through the roof. It held also a closet or larder, several

PITCAIRN
Sole-Proof
Colored Varnish and Enamel

85c Refinishes a Table
30c refinishes a chair
$1.50 an average floor

So far as cost is concerned, no furniture, floor or woodwork need be shabby or worn—and everyone finds it a pleasure to use the brush.

Perhaps you would like to give your furniture a change of color—make old chairs presentable for porch use—"do over" a bedroom suite in enamel—or any of the beautifying things that can be accomplished with a brush.

You can do them all with Sole-Proof Colored Varnishes and Enamels—which come in colors, ready-to-use, in big and small packages. They are the highest grade, easiest-flowing varnishes and enamels and insure enduring results.

Sold by quality dealers everywhere.

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Pitcairn Aged Varnishes — Sole-Proof — Products — Paint's Sun Proof Paints

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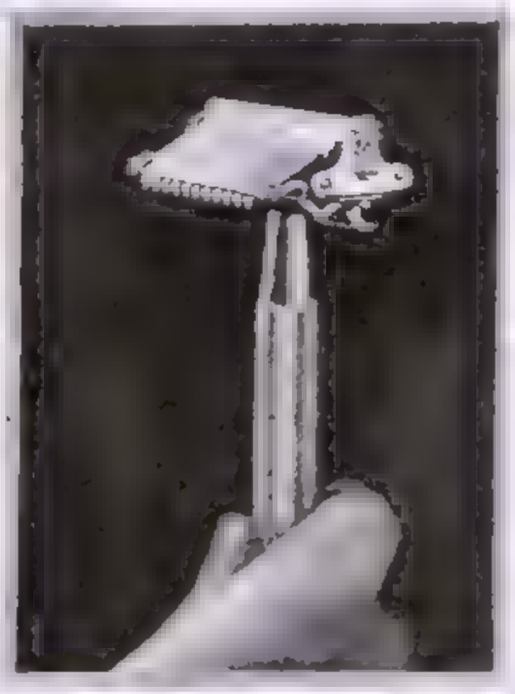
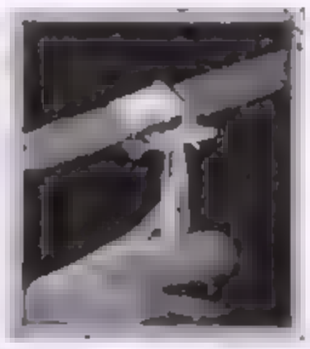
THE RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITS OWN BLADES

Just slip the strop through the razor





A few strokes on the strop—the blade is keen again

Ten seconds—no more—for a new, keen edge *every* morning

With this razor you average fifty smooth, clean shaves per blade

ARE you still plugging along with an ordinary non-stropping safety razor? Half-dull blades to struggle with? Sinking dollar after dollar on new blades right along?

Just get the Valet AutoStrop Razor into your hands and you'll see the big difference! A few strokes on the straight leather strop with this razor and you've got a new keen edge for the morning shave. It's as easy as winding your watch—ten seconds does the trick. The Valet AutoStrop Razor strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.

It gives a fine smooth shave—the kind you talk about—every day in the week.

It saves the good money you've been spending on blades. Over a year of smooth, clean shaves are guaranteed from every $1.00 package of blades—an average of 50 comfortable shaves per blade. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the Valet AutoStrop Razor for you today.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

Silver plated razor, strop, year's supply of blades, in compact case $5.00

Strops and blades may also be bought separately

Saves constant blade expense

chests, a great pitcher of water, and a few cooking utensils and articles of crockery."

Heated discussions arise among the tin-canners as to the proper size of a camping outfit. The man with a portable bungalow scorns the man who jams all his belongings into a small space as being an old woman and a tightwad; while the man who packs his camp outfit into the small machine views the portable-bungalow owner with the utmost contempt as being inefficient, spoiled by luxury, a road hog and a slave to his belongings.

In Lemon City, a suburb of Miami, I found a tin-canner whose tin-canning outfit was probably the extreme opposite of the portable-bungalow outfit. His home was Chicago, and since early autumn he had jounced from Chicago down to Texas, around the eastern side of the Gulf of Mexico, down the west coast of Florida and up the east coast. He was a hard-boiled bachelor of the sort that announce loudly that they don't propose to bother anybody and that they don't want anybody to bother them. His means of locomotion was a small runabout with a boxlike arrangement behind the seat similar to that used by salesmen who carry their samples around with them. Nothing was strapped to the sides or the running boards of the machine; it was an ordinary runabout with the top up and with an inconspicuous box attached behind. Into this box, which a carpenter had built for him for a matter of seven dollars, the tin-canner had packed everything that he needed for a five months' camping trip. He had lain awake at night for years doping out exactly where he was going to carry the butter and how he could fry the eggs with the least commotion; and the final result was a masterpiece of compactness—of such compactness that if anyone but the inventor had tried to repack the camping outfit he might have sweated over the problem for two hours and still had enough left over to fill a freight car.

The Condensed Tin-Canner

The front of the box came off and proved to be shelves packed with tin cans and other matters pertaining to the kitchen. A khaki top and sides pulled out of the top of the box, extended straight backward from the machine top, and were held in place by collapsible uprights. The seat of the machine, laid along the top of the kitchen shelves, formed the bed; and on this was placed what the owner called a shoulder-and-hip mattress. All a person needed, he explained, was a mattress that made a comfortable resting place for his hips and shoulders; it made no difference what became of his legs. His cooking utensils, including a collapsible stove no bigger than a fair-sized inkwell, came out of a small tin suitcase. He had every move planned out in detail.

"In the morning," he explained, fondling his outfit with the proud and gentle hands of a parent, "I get up and eat one of these individual packages of breakfast food. While I'm doing that the water is boiling for my coffee, and as soon as the coffee is done I put on my frying pan with bacon and eggs in it. I use two paper napkins for my tablecloth. When I have finished breakfast I put the eggshells in the breakfast-food box, wipe out the frying pan with the napkins, put them into the box with the eggshells, and touch a match to the box. That cleans everything up."

He knew exactly how, when and where he was going to do everything, and he was delighted to knock off a couple of days to explain any or all of his well-ordered regimen to anyone who wanted to know about it. He would even deign to explain it as fully as possible to some who didn't want to know about it. One of his greatest pleasures was to unpack and pack the tin suitcase that contained his kitchen utensils. It seemed impossible that any human agency could get all of them into the space at his disposal, but he could do it almost every time. Occasionally he would find himself with a frying pan left over when the packing was finished; but instead of getting excited he would unpack calmly and coolly and fit the things together with a practiced hand until there was nothing left over. He had a collapsible chair that dropped into the side pocket of his coat and took up less space than a notebook. He had a diminutive double-ended ice-cream freezer. This was his ice chest. Butter went in one end and milk or cream in the other. The biggest day in the life of this genius will, I believe, be when he discovers a collapsible frying pan that will fold into a one-pound bacon box.

The ordinary tin-canner, unlike these two extreme examples, is content with an ordinary small touring car, which when in motion has a part of his camping outfit attached to every exposed portion of the machine. The tent and a couple of suitcases are attached to one running board; mattresses and blankets are attached to the other; cases of canned goods, kitchen utensils and other odds and ends are fixed to the rear or concealed beneath a false floor in the tonneau. The false floor is frequently carried to such an extreme that the occupants of the automobile convey the impression of riding around the world on the backs of their necks.

When the ordinary tin-canners break out their camping outfit the tent extends out at right angles from the side door of the automobile, so that the occupants of the tent can use the automobile as a combination lavatory, sitting room, chiffonier, clothes closet, pantry and safe-deposit vault.

I conferred with a mild-spoken tin-canner at a Miami tin-can camp one hot February afternoon as to tin-canning in general. His wife, who was a capable and keen-witted lady in a blue gingham dress, sat with us and dug the soft substance out of tiny pine cones, her idea being to sandpaper them and varnish them at a later date and make them into fascinating strings of beads. This is one of the most popular diversions among lady tin-canners; almost as popular as is horseshoe pitching among the male tin-canners.

The tin-canner was a noncommittal corn farmer from the vicinity of that newly famous Ohio town, Marion. Careful thought on his part, assisted by frequent promptings from his wife, brought out the following information:

He had broken away from the farm for the winter because he preferred sitting around where it was comfortably warm to sitting around where it was uncomfortably cold. He wasn't particularly struck with Florida land, but he liked the Florida air.

Looking at Florida land with the eye of an Ohio farmer, he felt that he wouldn't particularly care to pay much more than a nickel an acre for most of it. He met up with a lot of Michigan and Ohio farmers along the road, and they felt the same way about it. Still, it was kind of restful and soothing to look at, and the sun and the air more than made up for the drawbacks of the land. The sun was nicer just to sit in than the Ohio sun, and there was more of it. This Florida sun made a person feel kind of trifling—trifling being mid-western slang for lazy.

Better Than it Looks

He wouldn't want any Florida people to hear him say that some of the land looked worthless, because they would probably pass an act through the legislature forbidding him to come back into the state again—and he wouldn't like that because it was a real pleasant place to come back to—in the winter. Besides, you couldn't tell much about this Florida land from looking at it. Something that was a swamp one year would be nice solid land the next year, and selling for fifty dollars a front foot. These Florida people were real touchy people and you had to be mighty careful what you said when they were around. The sand flies pricked holes in him every afternoon, but he preferred not to mention it when any Florida people were around, for fear they would say he was a California man that had been paid to come over and cast slurs on Florida's fair name. And for the same reason he disliked to mention the sand fleas that came up out of the sand around sundown and nipped him all over the legs.

There was one bad feature connected with tin-canning, and that was loneliness. There were a lot of honeymooners among the tin-canners, and they were about the only ones who didn't seem to get lonely. Unless you had a couple of friends to travel with, or were honeymooners, you were apt to get lonely and homesick, and go back where it was cold, and be sore at yourself for going back.

They were traveling with a doctor and his wife from back home. The doctor was the only doctor in the neighborhood and he had been just run to death. Folks wouldn't let him alone. He was just run to death. Somebody was getting sick every minute and they'd call him up at all hours of the

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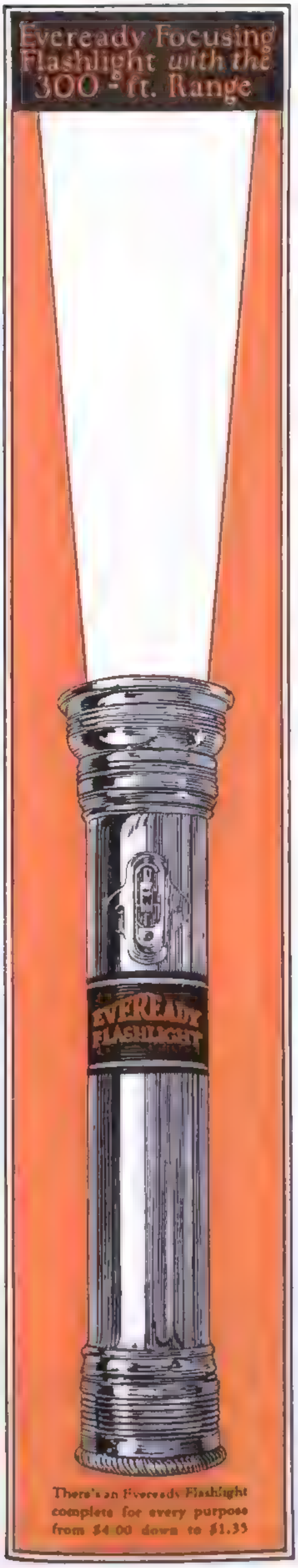


A friend no motorist will leave behind!

The Eveready Focusing Flashlight—a 300-foot beam—to read road signs at night; to furnish light *quickly* when a tire needs attention, or when anything happens along the road. The handiest, surest, safest light ever made for motorists. Independent of all other equipment.

Eveready Flashlights and Batteries are easy to buy in hardware, electrical, sporting goods, drug, and auto accessory shops; garages; general stores.

Eveready Flashlight Batteries are universally used because they are better. Fresh when you buy them; give brighter light; last longer; fit all makes of flashlights.

Insist upon Eveready

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

OVER 126 YEARS BIRD'S NEPONSET PRODUCTS ON THE JOB

Bird's Rugs

Bargains Whenever You Buy Them

"OFF with the old and on with the new"—particularly in the matter of floor coverings at the time-hallowed, house cleaning season!

"Brighten up"—the floors especially—is the order of the hour in Springtime.

No need to put up for another single day with a dingy, unattractive, worn old rug. When once you see these lovely, modern, sanitary Bird's Neponset Rugs—*and when you read their price tags*—then you'll know the reason.

The most inexpensive *good* floor covering it is possible to buy, a Bird's Neponset Rug, tones up any room amazingly. It simply radiates cleanliness and good cheer. And it wears and wears and wears—longer than any rug within its price range and its field of usefulness.

For every room in many homes
For many rooms in every home

Felt base, thoroughly waterproofed both sides—and all the way through—which means it cannot rot—stainproof, germproof,—a Bird's Neponset Rug is a blessing to the busy housekeeper.

Easy to clean and to keep clean—once over lightly with a damp mop, and your cleaning is over. No heavy sweeping, lifting, beating, scrubbing or vacuum cleaning.

A practical floor covering—a Bird's Neponset Rug never turns up at the corners. It doesn't wrinkle. It lies perfectly flat and smooth without tacking. You'll find these rich-looking, soft-toned rugs on the floors of many an attractive home. Anywhere, they add a touch of cheery comfort. You save many dollars when you buy one, and many hours of wearisome labor.

The makers of Bird's Neponset Rugs are the originators of felt-base printed floor coverings. Your housefurnishing dealer or department store can show you Bird's Neponset Rugs in a variety of patterns and colors.

BIRD & SON, INC.

Established 1795 **East Walpole, Mass.**

New York: 200 Fifth Avenue Chicago: 1429 Lytton Building
Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ontario

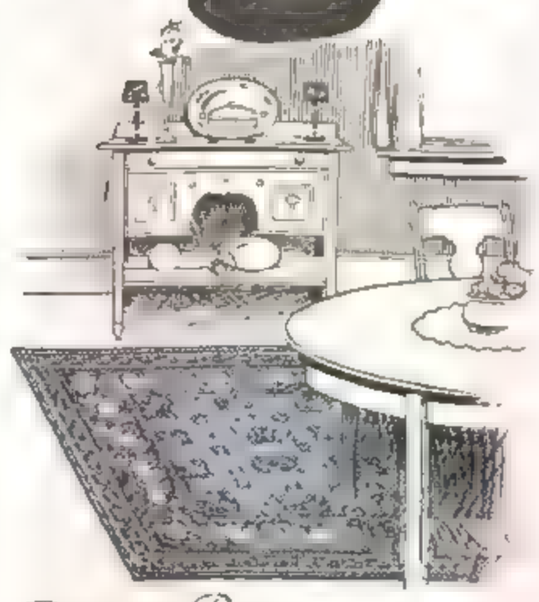
When Washington Was President

the first Bird plant was in operation. Since that far distant day in 1795 this ever growing enterprise, which has culminated in the Bird & Son organization of today, has been engaged in making Quality Products, for each of which a nation-wide recognition of leadership has been established.

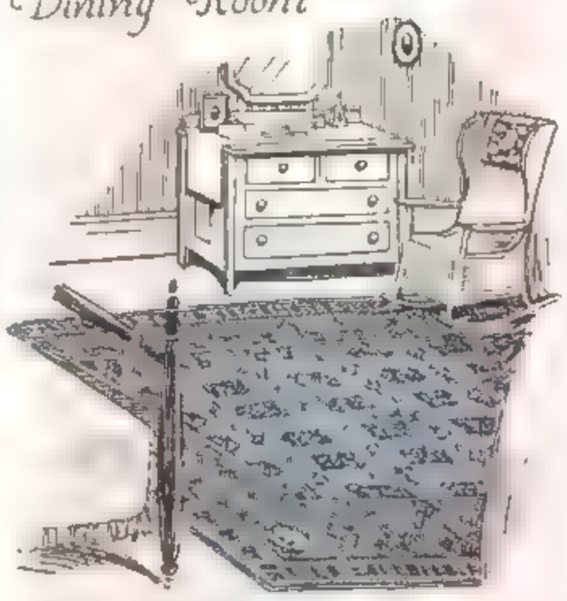
Bird's Neponset Products

Bird's Neponset Paroid Roofing
Bird's Artcraft Roofing
Bird's Asphalt Shingles
Bird's American Ready Roofing
Bird's Granitized Roofing
Bird's Neponset Black
Bird's Coated and American Building Papers
Bird's Neponset and American Wall Board
Bird's Neponset Fiber Shipping Cases and Shoe Cartons
Bird's Neponset Rugs and Floor Coverings
Bird's Press Board and Special Papers

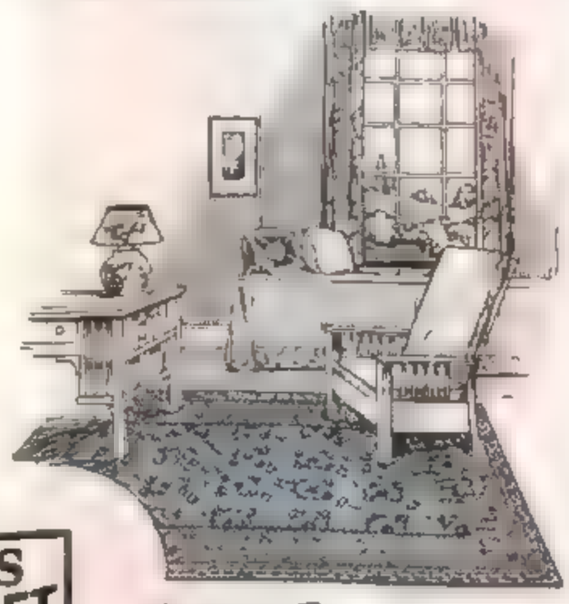
NEPONSET



Dining Room



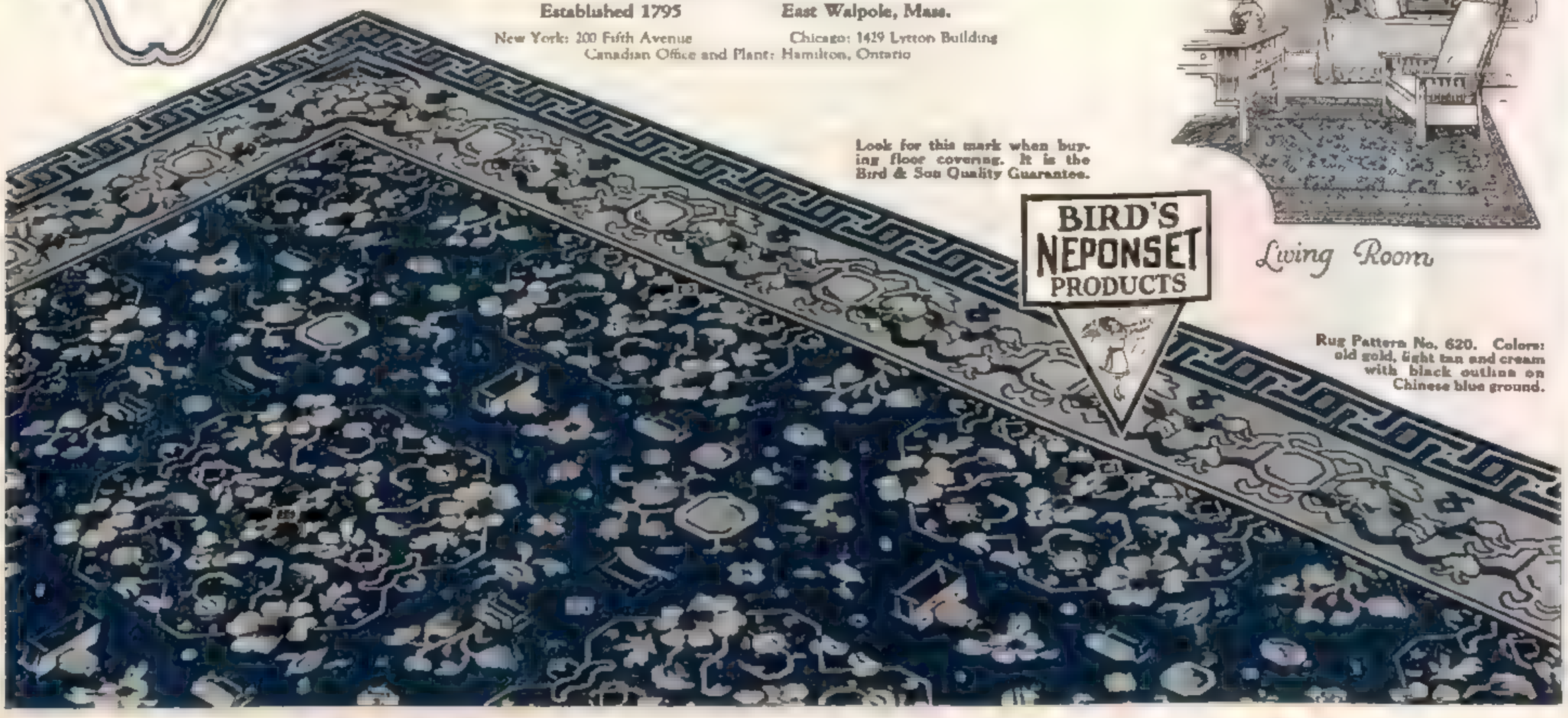
Bed Room



Living Room

Look for this mark when buying floor covering. It is the Bird & Son Quality Guarantee.

BIRD'S NEPONSET PRODUCTS



Rug Pattern No. 620. Colors: old gold, light tan and cream with black outline on Chinese blue ground.

(Continued from Page 58)

day and night and just run him to death. For years he'd been planning to take a vacation and rest up, but they ran him so he couldn't. So finally, when he heard that they were going to Florida, he just up and went. Oh, he was run to death, but a few weeks in Florida had done him a world of good. No, he didn't know how his former patients were getting along. Probably they were all right. Probably there was some young college feller looking out for them. There generally was in a case like that. He didn't know. Things like that didn't worry you much when you struck Florida and began to sit out in the sun.

And so we return to the great craving of the sun-hunters—to sit in the sun and take the air. Golf is a matter of which they know little; tennis is regarded as a game for muscleless smart Alecks; polo might be a sort of dog or a game or a movie actor—they're not quite sure about it; sea bathing is a diversion in which they rarely indulge. But they are remarkable sitters. Given a bench in the sun they can outsit a trained athlete or the United States Senate.

Thrilling Outdoor Sports

All the towns and cities and large tin-can camps of Florida cater to the sun-hunters by setting apart a sunny park where they can gather and commune silently or monosyllabically with one another, chew tobacco, discuss fertilizers, cuss the Administration and indulge in the games to which they are addicted. Some of the sun-hunters who wear the benches shiny in these parks are tin-canners; and some are seasonal sun-hunters who have left their farms and their businesses in the North and hired a bungalow in Florida for two hundred or four hundred or eight hundred or a thousand dollars a season; and some are professional sun-hunters from the North who have made barely enough money to last them the rest of their lives unless the country goes Bolshevik or unless Congress taxes their savings out of existence, and who have bought homes for themselves in Florida; and a very few are rebellious husbands from the big hotels who have sneaked away from the money-perfumed atmosphere of the time-killers, and incurred their wives' disgust and loathing by mingling with the roughnecks.

Take, for example, Royal Palm Park, at Miami. It is larger than some of the Florida parks for sun-hunters; but the people who use it are no different from those who use similar parks all over Florida. On one side of the park is Biscayne Bay, with gingerbreadish houseboats and gleaming steam yachts and broad-winged flying boats crowded along the shore. On another side is Miami's principal business street, lined with modern office buildings and up-to-the-minute haberdasheries and modistes and drug stores and real-estate offices and hotels and soft-drink emporiums and parked automobiles and bustling shoppers.

In the park itself, beneath the softly rustling palms, an audience of silent sun-hunters, sprawled on benches which surround the edges, gaze intently at the long double row of horseshoe pitchers and at a score of long tables crowded with men who are brooding over obviously important matters. The men at the tables are the skilled checker, chess and domino players of the tin-can camps and the sun-hunters' colonies. At one table one afternoon I recognized a doctor who had cured my childish ailments in Maine many years ago. Opposite him was a cattleman from Iowa. Beside him was a crippled beggar and panhandler who owned to no home at all; and busily playing checkers with the panhandler was a prosperous-looking small-town banker from Illinois.

Checker and domino tournaments of terrifying ferocity take place at frequent intervals. The champion checker player of Miami issues a challenge to the champion checker player of West Palm Beach, and the outcome is awaited with breathless interest. It is not unusual for individuals to wager as much as fifty cents on the result.

For hair-raising excitement and action so thrilling that it frequently causes hardened sun-hunting onlookers to swallow their chews, one must turn to the horseshoe pitchers. Horseshoe pitching is the representative sport of the tin-canner and the sun-hunter, just as the representative sport of the British workingman is drinking Burton's, and just as the representative sport of certain African tribes is wearing rings in their noses.

Just as an Englishman is unable to see anything in baseball, and just as most Americans yawn heartily at the mere mention of cricket, so is the ordinary passer-by unable to detect the charm in horseshoe pitching. He sees a long row of men tossing horseshoes at iron stakes, and another long row of men digging the horseshoes out of the dirt and tossing them back at other stakes. But the sun-hunters get out immediately after breakfast and pitch all day with feverish intensity and passionate concentration, only quitting when the sun goes down behind the palms in a golden haze.

Some of the horseshoe experts carry their private horseshoes with them in leather bags, and it is not unusual for an aspiring horseshoe tosser to seek out the experts and pay handsomely for copies of the instruments with which they won to fame and high position. Thus it may be seen how among horseshoe tossers, as well as among golfers, ball players and others who should know better, the delusion persists that a workman may attain perfection through his tools instead of through himself.

The more skillful tossers carry with them all the appliances of their avocation—tape measures with which to measure the distance of the shoes from the stake; calipers to measure their distance from each other; chalk with which to keep score; collapsible rakes to smooth out the tumbled dirt around the stakes. The delicate movements of a celebrated tosser as he hitches up his galluses, spits on his right hand and tests his muscles by sinking to a semi-squatting position and rising upright again are watched with the keenest interest by large crowds of sun-hunters. When a horseshoe makes a particularly noteworthy flight a fusillade of applausive spitting splashes on the sun-baked ground.

A Fisherman's Paradise

There is, of course, an International Horseshoe Club. It is too important an organization to be demeaned with a merely local name, such as the Horseshoe Club of America. Then there are local chapters that indulge in tournaments at which feeling runs high. At West Palm Beach, when I was there, a new pitch was being prepared for the big impending tournament with Lake Worth. An international polo match may get more publicity, but there's more quiet bitterness over a horseshoe tournament—much more. Especially in Florida.

Those who weary of dominoes, checkers, chess and horseshoe pitching are at liberty to cut a bamboo pole and sit in the sun beside one of the countless rivers, streams and inlets which dent the Florida coast. These waters are full of trout, bass, red snapper, yellowtails, pompano, grunts—silvery and delicious fish, so-called because of their noisy and peevish growls and grunts of protest when removed from the water—and many other fish whose eating and fighting qualities would have caused Izaak Walton to swoon with delight.

It's hard to believe that the North, every winter, is full of people who hate Northern winters, and of folk who don't know what to do with themselves. If they don't know enough to become sun-hunters they deserve to suffer.

A Tin-Canner Transports Himself in Vehicles Ranging From a One-Lunged Plivver to a Bungalow on Wheels

Try a pipeful or two direct from the factory

Not that it will be any better than the Edgeworth you buy in a store, but we want you to have your first Edgeworth smoke at our expense.

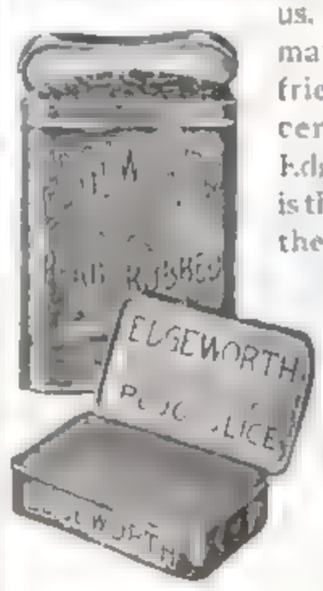
You may repay us by finding that Edgeworth just suits your taste. And if it doesn't—for there are some few men to whom Edgeworth is not just the thing—there's no harm done.

We are glad enough to send free samples in the same spirit that we'd hand you our pouch if circumstances permitted. We wish it were possible to save you even the little trouble of writing for Edgeworth.

Edgeworth is a likable smoke. Men who have tried it and found it to be the right tobacco for them never think of smoking other tobaccos. They'll tell you there are many good tobaccos—and there are. And when you offer them your pouch with "stranger" tobacco in it, they may use up a pipeful just to be friendly.

But notice how quickly they get back to their beloved Edgeworth!

Day after day Edgeworth fans write to us. They tell us human little stories, friendly anecdotes centering around Edgeworth. Often it is the number of years they have smoked Edgeworth that prompted them to write.



Knowing how hard it is for the average man to write letters, we consider these unsolicited messages the greatest tribute to Edgeworth we could possibly have—greater even than the increasing sales. It gives the business of making tobacco a pleasure that runs through the whole gamut—from factory executive to the smoker in the backwoods.

If you have never tried Edgeworth, let us repeat our offer, "Try a pipeful or two direct from the factory." All you have to do is to write "Let me try a pipeful or two" on a postcard, sign your name and address and send the postcard to us. The address is Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you want to add the name of your tobacco dealer, we'll make sure that he has Edgeworth in stock.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Hundreds of men and women tell what Fleischmann's Yeast is doing for them

THE reports came from all parts of the United States—113 different occupations were represented. Lawyers, artists, lumbermen, wrote in. Housemaids and private secretaries. Dressmakers. Even a boxer told how he had added Fleischmann's Yeast to his daily diet.

These letters reflect the growing realization of men and women all over the country that American meals are often lacking in certain essential food factors.

"We now know definitely," writes one of our greatest authorities, "that the regular diet of a large portion of the people of the United States is falling short of maintaining satisfactory nutrition."

This is what has caused fresh yeast to assume such a new and startling importance in our food. Today men and women are getting from Fleischmann's Yeast exactly the food factors they need. For yeast is the richest known source of the necessary vitamin-B.

Fleischmann's Yeast contains elements which build up the body tissues, keep the body more resistant to disease. Also, because of its freshness, it helps in eliminating poisonous waste matter.

It is well known that many of the things we eat have lost their valuable food properties through refining and other such commercial preparation. Fresh yeast has not been subjected to any such process. Fresh yeast gives you the health-essential food factors in all the potency of their fresh form. This is what your body tissues crave.

Doctors are agreed that laxatives never remove the cause of the trouble. Indeed one physician says that one of its chief causes is probably the indiscriminate use of cathartics. Fleischmann's Yeast as a fresh food is just the natural corrective you need. Fresh yeast, says a noted doctor, should be much more frequently given in intestinal disturbance, especially if it requires the constant use of laxatives.

More and more science is coming to look on digestive disturbance not as a separate ailment for which one takes a drug but as a danger signal that something is fundamentally wrong with the habits of eating. The food factors which Fleischmann's Yeast contains in fresh form improve the appetite, stimulate the digestion, and strengthen the entire digestive process.

Some of these men and women did not like the taste of yeast at first. Almost all grew to like it. Most people took it in water. A number liked it in milk. It tastes something like an egg-nog. Many of the men liked it plain. Women liked to make sandwiches with it, or they took it in fruit juices. Two or three liked it in ice cream. One took it in soup. Several liked it in coffee.

Add 2 or 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast to your own daily diet and notice the difference. *Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will supply you.*

Send for free booklet telling what yeast can do for you. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 608, 701 Washington St., New York City.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
is a natural corrective food

THE REAL STORY

(Continued from Page 20)

made a dash for the whirligig arrangement. Just as she got herself inside, a slender, handsomely dressed young man entered the opposite section. The glimpse was as rapid as the contact of two straws carried by opposing currents in a whirlpool. Through the sparkling plate glass she saw two lambent flames, and her knees weakened.

Black eyes, somber as night, eloquent as Shakspere, limpid as dew, fiery as stars, were burning their way through the transparent barrier and into her soul!

Marquis del Argo had arrived.

V

JULIE CORLESS had spent a miserable hour in the confines of her office, doing her best to make the article about Harry Leek something better than a lame, tame catalogue of facts. Her mind was a continent away from her work.

So the Marquis del Argo had come to New York as if in response to her recklessly written biography! Was the man endowed with magic powers? Certainly there was a touch of the supernatural in those eyes which had flashed at her once more through a partition of brightly polished glass. The idea gave her a shudder of dread; there was romance, too, in that shudder.

His reappearance in her life brought up a hundred questions. How had he comported himself these seven years? Had he made good his hot promise to reserve his mind and heart for her? It is wonderful to be loved like that, and by such a man, she found herself thinking, and her lips softened to a fond smile, more appropriate perhaps to eighteen than to twenty-five.

Mr. Trask came in to interrupt her thoughts. His Napoleonic features held a benign look.

"A quarter of seven," he began amiably, "and still working! I thought you society rustlers never really worked. How's that Harry Leek interview coming along?"

"Pretty well," she responded dully.

"Good. Pep it up to the limit. Harry won't care—it all comes under the head of press notices."

Mr. Trask paused and his keen eyes seemed to be seeking out her dejection.

"Heard anything more about that Marquis del Argo?" he asked casually.

Julie raised her eyes, confronted by fearful alternatives. Should she lie to him and thus weave another tangled web about an already complicated situation?

"He registered at the Merlinbilt this afternoon," she announced distinctly.

"You don't say so!" Mr. Trask thrust his fingers into his waistcoat pockets and eyed her speculatively ere he asked: "You've got the story, haven't you?"

"Why, no," faltered Julie. "There isn't any story—that is ——"

"For the love of Mike, Miss Corless!"

"I beg your pardon," cut in Julie with a severe inflection.

"I beg yours," conceded Mr. Trask, "but there's the finest follow-up story in the world just lying round waiting to be grabbed. You can beat everything in town on it, because you're the only reporter who knows anything about Del Argo. Get him to talk—he'll probably be tickled to death. Get his opinion on American divorces, horse racing, shimmy dancing and international marriages.

"And here's another chance: You said in your first article that he was a champion swordsman—get that. Make him tell you his duels and a little spicy stuff about what led up to them. You've got a good mine there, Miss Corless."

Someone called him out into the hall, so he left her to despair. She had decided that she couldn't under any circumstances go asking a vulgar, impertinent interview of the nobleman who had worshiped her as a queen; then she saw Brick Minor standing diffidently in the doorway. She could not help comparing his rather small, unimpressive figure with that of the dashing Spaniard who dared everything for love.

"A quarter after seven," he smiled, "and you've forgotten all about dinner."

"I don't want any," she declared bleakly. "Oh, Brick, I'm making such a mess of things!"

"That Harry Leek interview, you mean?"

She nodded her diminished head, satisfied to let it go at that.

"Let me see it, won't you?" he begged, and took the litter of yellow paper.

"You've got his athletic record a little twisted," he explained after reading. "But I'll fix that. It isn't so peppy and jazzy as yesterday's story, but it'll pass all right. And now will you dine with me?"

Would she? She woke from her trance to realize that she was hungry. She thought of Brick Minor's company with less relish than the day before. Female-wise, she liked him far less in one way and far more in another. His complexion was so ugly—but after all, he was such a brick!

They had a little table at a downtown restaurant. Over a casserole she listened vaguely to Brick's conversation. Never before had he talked much of himself. Quaintly enough, during his years in the sporting department he had fostered a passion for medieval textiles. He had read volumes and written one book on the subject. Busy as he was he had found time to speculate in Connecticut real estate and to devote his vacations to flying trips abroad; he had driven a few sharp bargains in French and Flemish tapestries.

His tale of bickering in beauty seemed to Julie a trifle sordid. Would Del Argo have stooped from his castle in Spain into such hawking commercialism?

"I hate to sell them," he confessed. "I'm keeping a few for my house."

"Your house?" Julie was surprised.

"It isn't built yet," he smiled. "You see, I've done very well for several years, and I shan't be a sporting editor week after next. But I'm waiting ——"

He paused and she knew what he was going to say.

"I'm waiting for a woman worth the house I've planned to buy. Julie, I'd make a very good husband, I think. I know I'd try. But I've never been in love before. Maybe I've had my long nose sticking too much between pages of copy to look round me. I don't know how to go at this."

Softness came into his colorless eyes as he blurted: "I'm in love now. I haven't anything to offer you'd think worth while. But I adore you."

"I'm afraid it won't do any good now, Brick," she told him. "But I wish you knew how much I admire you. You've been doing the sort of work—well, you know the sort—for so many years. And yet you've kept yourself above it, remained one of the finest gentlemen I ever met."

"I don't think you'll ever understand the newspaper business," he assured her with a wholesome laugh.

"I suppose not."

The confession caused her to droop a little and he asked, "Julie, what's been on your mind all day?"

"Nothing," she said at first, then came out with half the truth: "This Marquis del Argo."

"I see." Brick Minor bit his lip.

"He's at the Merlinbilt, you know. Mr. Trask insists on my interviewing him."

"Of course. And why shouldn't you?"

"It's hard to explain, Brick. I don't want to."

"That's a poor way to go at it in the newspaper business," he told her in a queerly constrained voice. "You're in the profession to advance yourself."

"But you don't understand, Brick."

"Perhaps not." Minor sat as though searching his memory. "Del Argo? Del Argo? There was a Spanish marquis by that name who fenced at Stockholm when I went over to report the Olympiad. Defeated by the French champion. I wouldn't mind talking with him."

"Suppose you do this interview, Brick," she suggested hopefully.

"Oh, no!" Brick grinned. "A good reporter doesn't pass the buck. Besides, I have a prize fight on for to-night. But what's your hesitation, Julie?"

"It's simple enough to me," she said, trying not to make her tone superior. "There are circumstances—well—I hate to put myself in the undignified position of hounding a man of Marquis del Argo's sort into playing vaudeville for the Bugle's readers."

Brick Minor's rough-surfaced features were puckered into a look that revealed how snobbish it sounded.

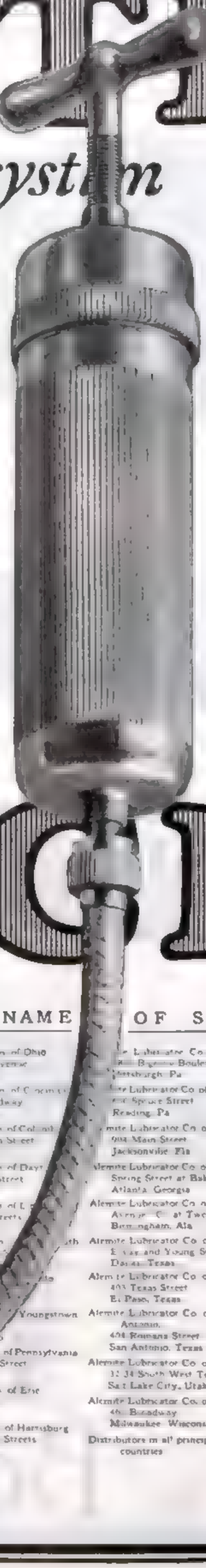
"I don't think you ought to quit on that plea," he said. "It would be a little like deserting in the midst of battle."

By this remark he managed to spoil the evening for her. And she knew that,

(Continued on Page 65)

ALEMITE

High pressure lubricating system



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THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois
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624 Van Ness Avenue
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Alemite Lubricator Co of Cent N Y Inc
906 Main Street
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Alemite Lubricator Co of Rochester
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Market and Fourth Streets
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Alemite Lubricator Co of Minnesota
208 South Tenth Street
Minneapolis, Minn

Alemite Lubricator Co of Missouri
1506 McGee Street
Kansas City, Mo

Alemite Lubricator Co of St Louis
3121 Washington Avenue
St Louis, Mo

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417 Wall Street
Joplin, Mo

Alemite Lubricator Co of Topeka
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Topeka, Kans

Alemite Lubricator Co of Wichita
222 South Topeka Street
Wichita, Kans

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Tulsa, Okla

Alemite Lubricator Co of Montana
56 West Granite Street
Butte, Montana

Alemite Lubricator Co of Nebraska
2320 Farnam Street
Omaha, Nebraska

Alemite Lubricator Co of New England
[illegible] Fairfield Avenue
Bridgeport, Conn

Alemite Lubricator Co of Boston
984 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, Mass

Alemite Lubricator Co of Springfield
49 East Court Street
Springfield, Mass

Alemite Lubricator Co of Rhode Island
16 Fibers Street
Providence, R I

Alemite Lubricator Co of New Jersey
328 Halsey Street
Newark, N J

Alemite Lubricator Co of North and South Carolina
197 King Street
Charleston, S C

Alemite Lubricator Co of Eastern North Carolina
106 Green Street
Fayetteville, N C

Alemite Lubricator Co of Northwest
312 East Pike Street
Seattle, Wash

Alemite Lubricator Co of North[illegible]
1124 Spring[illegible] Avenue
Spokane, Wash

Alemite[illegible]

Alemite Lubricator Co of Ohio
601 [illegible]9 Euclid Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio

Alemite Lubricator Co of Cincinnati
Eighth and Broadway
Cincinnati, Ohio

Alemite Lubricator Co of Columbus
[illegible] North Fourth Street
Columbus, Ohio

Alemite Lubricator Co of Dayton
36 West Second Street
Dayton, Ohio

Alemite Lubricator Co of [illegible]
Erie and West Streets
Lima, Ohio

Alemite Lubricator Co [illegible]
Seventh and Gas[illegible]
Portsmouth, Ohio

Alemite Lubricator [illegible]
917 Jefferson
Toledo, Ohio

Alemite Lub[illegible] Youngstown
[illegible] Market
Youngstown, Ohio

Alemite[illegible] Co of Pennsylvania
[illegible] Broad Street
[illegible]sburg, Pa

[illegible] Lubricator Co of Erie
[illegible] State Street
Erie, Pa

Alemite Lubricator Co of Harrisburg
Second and South Streets
Harrisburg, Pa

[illegible] Lubricator Co of Pittsburgh
[illegible] Boulevard
Pittsburgh, Pa

[illegible] Lubricator Co of Reading
[illegible] Spruce Street
Reading, Pa

[illegible]mite Lubricator Co of Southeast
904 Main Street
Jacksonville, Fla

Alemite Lubricator Co of Atlanta
Spring Street at Baker
Atlanta, Georgia

Alemite Lubricator Co of Birmingham
Avenue C at Twenty first St
Birmingham, Ala

Alemite Lubricator Co of Texas
Ervay and Young Streets
Dallas, Texas

Alemite Lubricator Co of El Paso
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El Paso, Texas

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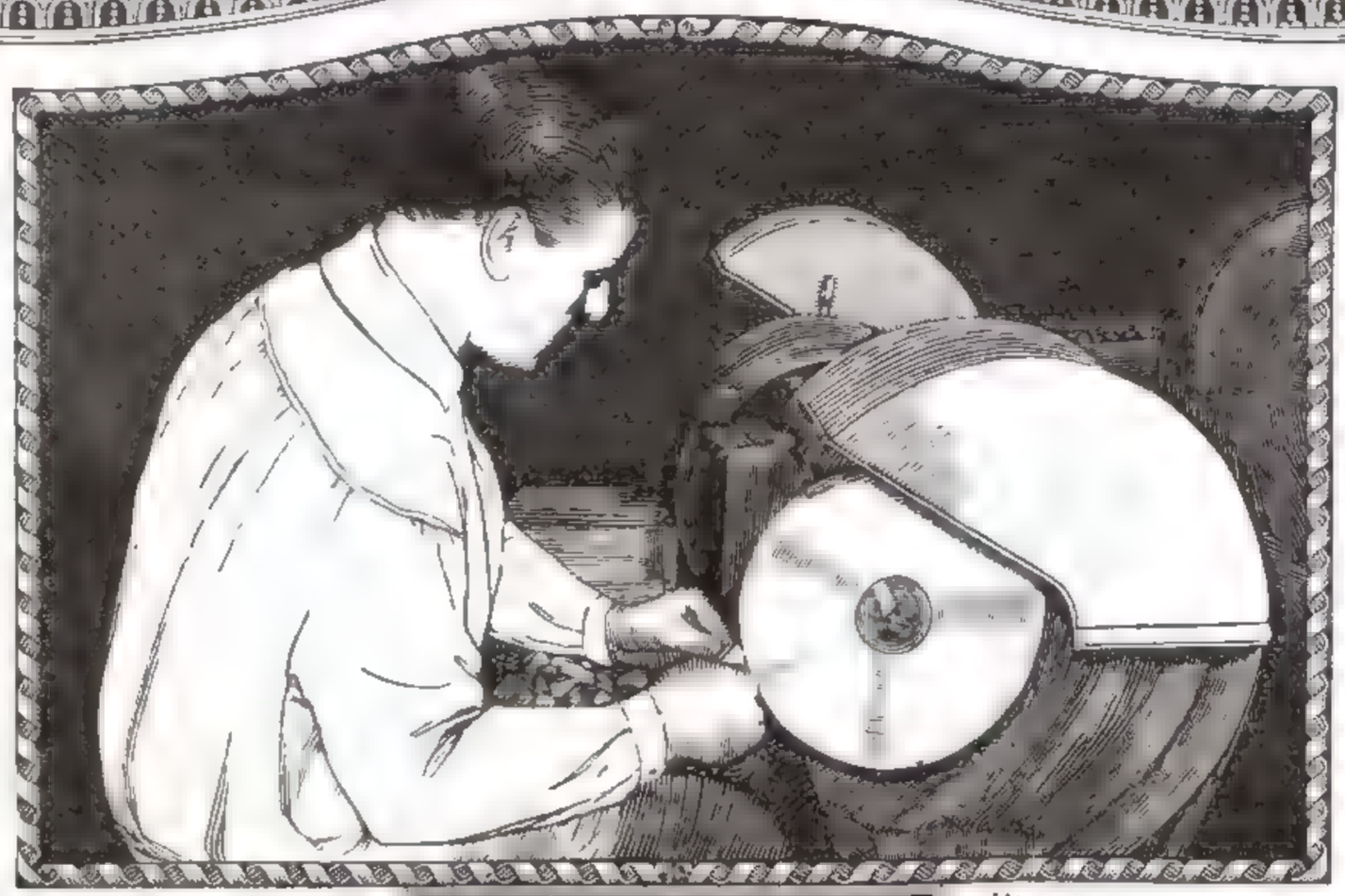
Distributors in all principal foreign countries

The Famous HICKOK Belt Makers



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HICKOK
Belts & Buckles

(Continued from Page 62)

whatever the circumstances, she could never again consider marrying Brick Minor.

Julie Corless went home by Subway, repeating her resolve never to return to Park Row. She was done with the whole sordid mess—with the cheap ethics of the Bugle, with the continual dinning impossible orders into her ears. She had about made up her mind to take a talented spinster to her bosom and open an art tea room when the train slowed up at Thirty-fourth Street. The pause gave her time to change her mind; for she had a thought of her father, who had been a fighting man. People said that Julie was more like the late Major Corless than like her mother. And Major Corless had never cried quit in all his brave adventurous life.

When the door opened Julie stepped out into the Thirty-fourth Street Station and walked over to the Merlinbilt. A sort of courageous numbness had fortified her for the ordeal she was resolved to undergo.

"The Marquis del Argo is still in the dining room," the man at the desk told her when she inquired.

Julie drew a deep breath and withdrew to a padded chair in sight of the Merlinbilt's handsome dining-room door. She had provided herself with a newspaper, round the corner of which she watched the important exit. Like a poor wretch awaiting execution she hoped it would be soon. The moments were interminable. Fat ladies, old men, thin ladies, old girls, tall gallants and blushing maids came trooping out. At last Julie could bear it no longer. Panic overcame her. Only to get away, that was her obsessing thought as she threw down her paper and bounded toward freedom.

Now, in the Merlinbilt's foyer there is a small glass-windowed writing room which stands out like a booth at a turn of a corridor. The fleeing Julie was passing this booth when she was cut off by several fat velvet chairs, occupied by an equal number of fat velvet ladies. In that instant of pause Julie chanced to glance over her shoulder into the plate-glass window.

Those eyes again!

His head and shoulder plainly revealed in the electric glare, Marquis del Argo stood gazing at her through a glassy partition, as though it were his fate always to hypnotize her through this transparent medium. Julie could have screamed, and when she tried to go she found that some invisible carpenter had nailed her shoes to the floor. During this nightmare hesitation the marquis, his somber face kindling, came bursting out of the door.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" he addressed her in French. "What an arrangement of fate that we should meet again!"

Julie knew not how she got there, but when next she began to understand she was seated primly in the writing room, the marquis beside her, his wonderful eyes playing upon her, an enchanted fountain.

"I—I've been waiting outside for you," she began foolishly enough.

"Ah! Then you also have waited! Those years have made no difference to you also, mademoiselle! I shall not call my sufferings vain after this. I have wandered out of this abominable morass to touch the Rose of Paradise."

He said all this in his remarkably pure French. Already the spell had so far overcome Julie Corless that she was quite unable to explain why she had come. How could she tell him that she had sought him out to obtain a frivolous interview for the yellowest journal in America? Instead she sat back and breathed in his words as though they had been clouds of intoxicating perfume. In a thousand years, in a thousand thousand years, Brick Minor could not make love like this!

"Through my suffering and exile, mademoiselle, I have carried your perfect picture in my heart. Not till now have I heard your voice. How sweet it is! Say that you have not forgotten me!"

"I haven't," she said, shaking herself out of her dream. "But it seems strange that you've remembered so long."

"Remembered!" His eyes seemed to be playing a melody to the obbligato of his rich voice. "The Del Argos do not forget, mademoiselle. That motto is upon our crest: 'Our swords and our hearts.' Despite the sacrifices which my love for you has caused ——"

The flow of his speech was stemmed as by some bitter thought, and Julie asked: "For me? Was there some trouble?"

His glorious orbs dimmed for an instant.

"I'm sorry I have caused you suffering," she said softly. "How could I have known? Please tell me."

He changed his position and gazed away. Julie dared study him now and comprehend how handsome he was. His face was lean and distinguished, his hair silky and black as night. He was wearing a dinner jacket, and his soft shirt, of exquisite fineness, was elaborately tucked and pleated. Round his high collar he had wound a black tie several times after the manner of an old-fashioned stock. He looked like a royal poet as he sat there brooding.

"You wish me to tell you," he said at last, his air becoming calmer. "It is a story of persecution, mademoiselle—persecution unrivaled in all the history of treason. And yet the fault was mine—the fault of a heart that loves too much."

He groaned slightly, and Julie restrained an impulse to reach out and stroke one of the slender hands. "Tell me," she insisted.

The Marquis del Argo straightened himself.

"This first: I am a swordsman of reputation. Any gentleman can tell you that. But then, it is my sword that is dishonored."

Again his lambent eyes lost their fire.

"What do I care for my sword when it is a question of the heart? I have done it, and I will do it again. Yet, in effect, he gave me a good fight. But I anticipate my story. You will recall, perhaps, how a certain postal card came to you by *pneumatique?*"

"My chaperon was furious," Julie informed him.

"And well she might have been. But I was beside myself with impatience that morning! I had waited for hours in the rain, then like a whipped dog I slunk away—but no! like a pilgrim of love, humble but glorying much. I met my automobile awaiting me at a corner, and as we made speed across the Seine my heart was afire. I felt that I should burst asunder unless I uttered what was surging through my brain."

Rising to his subject, Marquis del Argo became all animation. Every muscle in his lithe body seemed to be working at once with explanatory gestures. As the story of his emotional experience unrolled itself he stroked his forehead, his waistcoat, the back of his head.

"It was incredible then, mademoiselle, what happened to my life. I found it impossible that I should delay writing to you my sentiments. Also I had an appointment with my hairdresser."

The last statement came to Julie in the nature of an anticlimax.

"This hairdresser was an animal who kept his shop on Place Vendôme. Jacques Mordeau was his name—and why did the devil send me there? This curly-haired, bearded little fat *canaille*, smelling of pomade and full of his shopkeeper's tricks—but yes. He was a great artist of his kind.

"I had no sooner entered his shop than I called for ink and stationery. What should this perfumed little scoundrel do but bring me a postal card, with the excuse that there was nothing better in the shop! I accepted his apology, for I was distracted with the beating of my heart. The words burned from my pen; I never felt finer poetry than that I scribbled then.

"But my evil genius attended me that morning, mademoiselle, as you shall see. This oily fellow, Mordeau, full of the pretentious airs of his class, was busying himself with shampoos and pomades in the little booth I occupied. I had scarce completed the ecstasy of composition when I noticed that his goggle eyes had been following every movement of my pen. I had opened my mouth to remind the tradesman of his position in life when the devil, disguised as a manicure, opened a window, causing a sharp wind to rush across the little room. Before I could right the mischief—and I am not slow of hand—the wind had picked up the postal card made sacred by my message.

"This species of camel, Jacques Mordeau, was first to reach the card where it lay, face up, on the linoleum. As he raised it in his grubby fingers his goggle eyes, bright with curiosity, fed themselves upon the precious words, meant only for your sight. But imagine my feelings.

"'Monsieur le marquis has a gift of style,' he said, bowing very low as he returned the card.

"At those vile words the blood leaped from my heart to my head. That is to say, mademoiselle, the Del Argos are not accustomed to insolence from the *canaille*.

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What, then, could I do under the circumstances?"

"You might have waited till you got back to your hotel before you wrote that letter," suggested Julie a trifle dryly.

"The Del Argos strike rapidly—too rapidly," he explained, as though that settled something. "But ah! I was constrained to act upon my sense of honor. What could a gentleman of Spain, thus annoyed, do but kick the *canaille?* I did so with all the strength of my foot. It was a murderous blow, I will confess, for it sent this animal Mordeau head first through a glass case and sprawling over a stand of toilet articles. I thought for an instant that I had taken his unworthy life for his impudence. But no. How much better had it been so!"

The marquis buried his face behind his aristocratic hands and murmured: "The horror of what he said!"

"Tell me, please!" begged Julie, affected as much by the dramatic suspense as by the profundity of his sorrow.

"He rose, mademoiselle, and all the vengeance of the gutter was on his loutish face. 'You have assaulted me in a manner unbecoming a gentleman,' he snarled. 'I have witnesses here.'

"'I have no objections to paying damages,' I replied haughtily.

"'The damages shall be settled upon the field of honor,' he raved, tearing his hair, which was vigorous and curly. 'Marquis, I have been insulted. In the morning my seconds shall call upon you and await your pleasure.'

"I was at first thunderstruck, you can imagine. Then I filled the tawdry establishment with my ironic laughter. A hairdresser of the Place Vendôme was challenging me, Raphael del Argo, to a duel! With all the dignity at my command I informed the fellow that I was inexperienced at fighting with curling tongs or cakes of soap, as he would undoubtedly require; whereupon he shook his stubby fists under my nose and stormed: 'It will not be curling tongs, monsieur! With your permission it shall be swords.'

"'Whom have I the honor of addressing?' I asked, putting all possible sarcasm into the question.

"'Doubtless you will remember me better,' said he, 'under the professional name I bore before my retirement. Jacques Benoit, premier fencing instructor of the French Republic!'"

Marquis del Argo sat quite rigid, his splendid eyes appealing.

"Did you fight him?" whispered Julie.

"Let me tell you," he moaned. "Early next morning appeared at my hotel two ruffians, a tobacconist and a tailor, giving themselves fine airs and announcing that they were Monsieur Mordeau's seconds, anxious to confer with mine. I informed them that my valet was too decent a man to lower himself by such associations. Monsieur Mordeau, they informed me, had instructed them to say that in case I refused to fight he would follow me to the ends of the earth, issuing challenge as he went.

"I cowed the beggars with a look and bade them be gone. But their words left me with an unconquerable depression. The beautiful idyl which you had brought to my heart was to be mired by contact with the vulgar herd. A hairdresser had invited me to befoul my sword in his miserable blood. And yet I am a fighting man, mademoiselle. A growing impulse to meet and slay the loutish animal would have conquered me had I not saved myself against myself by packing and departing at once for Madrid. I paused in Biarritz but a few minutes, merely to write you my farewell and my despair.

"Once in Madrid, I went to the house of my noble father, there to forget my sorrow in the gayeties of the capital. But it was not for long. One morning two pretentiously dressed tradesmen awaited me outside and sent in a note by my valet. The note informed me that Monsieur Mordeau, stopping at one of Madrid's tawdry hotels, was anxious to finish the business begun in Paris; if I refused to fight he was determined to publish me as a coward.

"I was beside myself, mademoiselle. In my fevered imagination I could picture the rage of my father at the stain upon our family. In a panic I summoned these petty tradesmen into my presence and offered them a bribe of princely proportions. They mocked me and declared that Monsieur Mordeau, himself well-to-do, craved nothing better than satisfaction. My father's butler showed them to the back door.

"There are newspapers in Madrid, mademoiselle, which follow the worst ethics of American journalism—if you will pardon me. Here was a titbit for their polluted press! Pages of print burst forth with satiric items telling how Raphael del Argo was hiding in the house of his father in order to avoid an honorable challenge from a worthy hairdresser of Paris.

"This, indeed, was more than I could endure. Therefore I waited but a short time before I sent my valet and his cousin, a respectable gardener, to meet the seconds of Monsieur Mordeau."

Marquis del Argo fell back in his chair as though exhausted by the telling of his unhappy story.

"You didn't kill him!" gasped Julie, laying a hand on his sleeve.

For answer Del Argo pulled that sleeve up to the elbow, rolled back the cuff and showed an angry scar on the forearm.

"Santa Maria, what a wrist the fellow had! It is not right that the middle classes should be allowed to fence so well. At the first pass I knew that he was indeed Jacques Benoit, who had taught swordsmanship to the best families of France. He fenced in perfect form. Before it was well begun he had beaten my guard down and pinned me from wrist to elbow. Some disreputable physician whom he had brought along attended my wound. When the blood was stanched I resumed my sword, and looking my hairdresser in his goggling eyes I said, 'Monsieur Pomade, we will engage with the left.'

"'Indeed we shall not,' replied the artful dog. 'My left is better than my right, and I have no intention of killing you. *Bonjour, monsieur.* I have had my satisfaction!'"

He closed his eyes, and his face, robbed of its principal charm, was still handsome. His account of the dishonorable duel had roused more sympathy in Julie's breast. Under his spell she saw nothing humorous in what he had told her.

"I'm dreadfully sorry!" she murmured.

"Ah!" Instantly he unmasked those orbs of glory. "That sweet understanding is reward for all. But let me tell you how my father received the news. That monster of a hairdresser persisted in his dastardly revenge; he gave an account of his victory to the rabble newspaper, which was the enemy of our house. With all their rowdy genius they adorned the tale, relating how the hairdresser, after wounding me in the arm, curled my hair on the point of his rapier and dressed my wounds with a stick of pomade. The article was illustrated. Madrid burst into a roar of laughter. When I visited my clubs those who had called me friend snickered behind their palms. Then my father came to me like a tower of ice.

"'You are no longer a Del Argo,' he said. 'The blade of a scullion has penetrated your veins, polluting your blood. Do me the honor of going at once.'

"So you find me, mademoiselle, an exile from Spain, bearing the name of a commoner in your republic."

"And you did this all for me?" she murmured.

"It is nothing," he assured her, though his look belied his words.

"Have you been here ever since—ever since the duel?" she asked.

"Practically. When I found that I must leave Spain I thought of North America, because I knew that you were living somewhere in that strange commonwealth. I sold my jewels and personal possessions and took passage for New York under the name of C. L. Jones. How adversity matures us, mademoiselle! Unaccustomed though I was to commercial life, I yet developed business genius. With my small capital I launched forth in partnership with a young financier ——"

"In Wall Street?" cut in the romantic young lady.

"No. In bed springs. An enterprising North American wished capital to invest in the Morpheus Bed Springs Works, whose factory was situated, quite appropriately, in the village of Beyond, New Jersey. For five years I have been living there, doing well according to North American standards. C. L. Jones is now a man of property. It is only poor Raphael del Argo who wears a broken heart."

Julie, overcome by his sacrifice and devotion, was on the point of asking him a question that goaded her curiosity.

"I have never married. I am proud," said he, "and there is but one woman who has looked into my soul."

(Continued on Page 68)

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BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

(Continued from Page 66)

His eyes were looking deep, deep into her innermost being. She almost swooned in the delight, but she still had strength to say, "It's strange that you should come to New York—just now."

"It was you who brought me to New York," he told her, moving a little nearer.

"I?" She lacked strength to stir.

"I saw that curious, vulgar article in the paper. It mentioned my presence at Biarritz that fateful summer. Do you realize, *ma chère*, that you are the only living person who knew of my going to Biarritz? I was there less than an hour. Only by my letter did even you know."

"I never thought of that!" exclaimed Julie, a certain panic entering her dream.

"And when I read that mad article I said: 'Enough! She is in New York and has spoken of me. I am now a man of means. I shall go back into the world and resume my title. She shall hear of me; we shall meet again!'"

Del Argo leaned over and took her hand. She let him hold it an instant.

"I offer you again," he said in his sweet low voice, "the title of my family and the devotion of my heart. And who knows? With the wealth and ability of an American girl, could we not win back my place in court society?"

The room swam before her eyes. Her fairy story had come true! Then into the spell there crept the serpent of doubt.

"I suppose I ought to tell you," she wavered. "I'm tremendously honored, but ——"

"But what?" he taxed her almost fiercely. "There is not another?"

"No. It isn't that. But you spoke of my—my wealth helping you back into the world. I'm not rich any more, marquis."

"No?"

He looked at her curiously, and the dulling of his jewel-like eyes gave her courage to add: "I came here to-night to talk to you ——"

"Ah, yes. You have told me."

"—— to talk to you about an interview"

"An interview?" For the first time little wrinkles showed in his forehead.

"Yes. You see, I represent a newspaper ——"

If the cushions of his chair had been concealing a poison fang the Marquis del Argo could not have arisen more quickly.

"I am giving no interviews for the newspapers," he said with all the frozen dignity of his class; and without so much as a bow he strode out of the room.

VI

THE managing editor of the Bugle took Miss Corless' sudden resignation far more seriously than one would have expected. She was a weak spoke in the wheel; that he admitted; but it is always embarrassing to have a spoke fall out in the course of a race. Mr. Trask, who had conceived the idea of putting pep and yet more pep into the society page during Miss Ragnell's invalidism, now cursed himself for having been so severe with Julie Corless as to have sent her home and to bed. After all she was better than nothing.

Early one evening about a week after Julie's desertion Mr. Trask sat in his swivel chair chewing a cigar and glaring morosely at Brick Minor, who was chewing another cigar.

"Do you think she's ill or only playing possum?" asked Mr. Trask savagely.

"She isn't the sort that plays possum," replied Brick, his rough skin reddening.

"H'm." Mr. Trask studied his coworker, then barked: "Did you see her?"

"No. She isn't seeing anybody. Her mother ——"

"Ah!" The trace of a crafty smile stole over the Napoleonic countenance, indicating that he knew how things stood with Brick Minor. Then Mr. Trask brought his fist down and spluttered: "What's the matter with those society hustlers, anyhow? You'd think they were war correspondents the way they get shell shock. I've turned the department over to Riley, which means that the page is dead until Cissy comes back. Ho, hum!"

The telephone rang again. Mr. Trask put his ear to the receiver.

"Minor will know him. I'll send him right over," he muttered, and hung up

"Here's a new chapter on that Del Argo story," he snapped as Brick rose to go. He said not a word, but his eyes sparkled through his glasses.

"Burgstaller, of the Merlinbilt, is sending us an S O S."

"You don't mean the marquis ——"

"That's it!" supplied Mr. Trask with a new cheerfulness. "He's been blowing himself like a Roman candle—on credit. Burgstaller got suspicious and put the house detective on the case. It must have been easy, for the h. d. to have found anything."

"Well, what did he find?" grunted Brick Minor, sensing a fear that Julie might be dragged into the case.

"Del Argo's a counterfeit, that's all. Sworn statement of his divorced wife and a lot of other dope. Now Burgstaller's got the marquis locked up in his office; doesn't want to make any publicity if he can help it. But he's anxious to have Miss Corless come and tell what she knows."

"Impossible," declared Brick. "She was running a temperature all week."

"Well, see here," begged Mr. Trask, his voice taking on a wheedling tone, "I don't think there's any story in this for us—the Merlinbilt company's solid with our office, you know. But we'd like to do a favor for Burgstaller."

"I'll know Del Argo," Minor volunteered. "I saw him fence at Stockholm."

"So you told me," admitted the managing editor. "Go round and identify him, will you? If Burgstaller turns the man over to the police grab the story while it's hot. If he turns him loose do what you can for Burgstaller. It's just a favor between friends—understand?"

Minor hastened uptown to the Merlinbilt. He cared less than three straws for Burgstaller, Trask or Del Argo. Julie alone concerned him. A news gatherer by instinct, he had pieced together sufficient evidence to assure himself that there was more to Julie's strange behavior than a mere maidenly shrinking from the requirements of yellow journalism. What was Del Argo's hold on Julie Corless?

The scene which Minor encountered in the sanctum of Mr. Burgstaller, of the Merlinbilt, was no more painful than that presented by the average directors' meeting. The room was full of Havana's incense. Burgstaller, the house detective and the splendid cavalier who called himself Del Argo were all smoking very good cigars. In a far corner an overblown beauty with a gorgeously plumed hat and a sulky mouth sat staring inimically.

"I'm Mr. Minor, of the Bugle," announced Brick.

"Here's just the story for you," beamed Mr. Burgstaller, shaking hands. Then he

(Continued on Page 70)

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Gilbert Clocks

(Continued from Page 68)

added in a low whisper: "Not for publication unless I say so—see?"

"I understand," replied Brick, and was introduced to the company.

"Mr. Alviso," announced Burgstaller, indicating the handsome foreigner. "And Mrs. Alviso; and our house detective, Mr. Alsace."

Brick bowed and sat down.

"Now, Mrs. Alviso," drawled the detective, casting fishy eyes toward the overblown beauty, "will you please repeat for the gentleman what you have just told me?"

"Certain-lee," replied the lady, glaring hatred toward him whom they now called Alviso. "Henry and me first met at Coney—that was in summer, 1914. It was a sort of hot night and ——"

"Just stick to the bare facts, if you will," suggested Mr. Burgstaller kindly.

"Well, there wasn't nothing between him and I until fall, when he said that waiting on table wasn't no place for a lady like me. He wrote the sweetest letters—now, don't try to interrupt, Henry!" This last was directed toward the dark gentleman, who affected an amused smile.

"He gushed a lot about love and said he'd keep my picture next to his heart—that's been his weakness—keepin' pictures next to his heart."

"Would you mind showing Mr. Minor the—documentary evidence?" asked Mr. Burgstaller.

"You mean them photos and all that?" she shrilled; answering her own question she delved into a shabby handbag and brought out a scrappy collection.

"He was always crazy 'bout rich women," she buzzed on. But Brick Minor was too much concerned in what he saw to attend further lamentations.

He was holding a half dozen photographs in fan formation under his nose. There was a variety of portraits, all of ladies—a jeweled dowager, a dashing horsewoman, a simpering miss. Some of them were inscribed with sweetish sentiments to the Marquis del Argo. But that which caused Brick Minor's heart to turn over and his cheeks to blaze hotly was a portrait he would have given all he owned not to have recognized.

Julie Corless, slimmer and less mature than the Julie he knew, beamed with a look of girlish purity out of a cabinet photograph with the name of a Parisian atelier stamped on its margin.

"There's a letter goes with that," said Mr. Burgstaller coolly.

Brick Minor could scarcely see the half-formed scrawl on a bluish sheet which he held under his unhappy eyes. Then he struggled with the shockingly bad French:

Mon cher Marquis: Les circonstances de ma vie rendent difficile l'introduction qui vous desire. Ma chaperone est une femme severe et je n'ai point de la liberte ——

He could read no more.

"It was them letters and photos and the way he carried on with ladies everywhere we got a job that fed me up with Henry," snapped Mrs. Alviso from her corner.

"Where did you get these?" asked Brick frostily, turning to the Spaniard.

Alviso shrugged his graceful shoulders, but his ex-wife cut in sharply:

"He kept 'em locked in his trunk. I found 'em one day when I thought he was holdin' some money back on me and ——"

"I see," interrupted Brick Minor.

Mr. Burgstaller took up the cross-examination, facing the unworthy Alviso, who sat languidly blowing smoke rings.

"Mr. Alviso," said the manager politely, "you have registered at my hotel with a dozen empty trunks. You have been here ten days, and, so far as I can see, you have no intention of paying your bill. This afternoon you tried to leave the hotel without settling. There is a serious penalty attached to jumping a hotel bill."

"So I am informed," replied the accused in the tone which one gentleman employs with other gentlemen.

"There is also evidence that you are not what you pretend to be. If you are not Marquis del Argo, as you say you are ——"

"That can be quite easily settled," cooed Alviso with just the trace of a foreign accent. "I am not Del Argo."

"I see," agreed Mr. Burgstaller, apparently moved by the dramatic announcement. "Then I suppose you know that you are facing another serious charge?"

"I suppose so." Alviso smiled and undulated his shoulder blades.

"Gentlemen," he went on pleasantly before the prosecution could resume, "I have no intention of annoying you further. I have no money. If you wish to send me to jail I offer you my services, as I have very little defense."

What game was this adroit fellow playing now? The slightly foreign accent was explaining smoothly: "The Marquis del Argo is with me an assumed name. I have only seen the gentleman twice, when he came to the shop of the hairdresser who employed me in Paris. I am an ambitious man. I always had a desire to be somebody in the great world. Possibly that had much to do with my interesting career.

"In the profession of hairdressing one meets many distinguished men, you can understand. Quite frequently I impersonated these celebrities—there was little but excitement to be gained by the adventure. One time, for instance, I gained temporary control of the Duc de Bourbon's automobile—that is another amusing story. I cut quite a figure with it for an entire day and no questions asked—for reasons known to the duke and myself."

Alviso smiled in pleasant recollection.

"Shortly before that adventure I had burnt my forearm severely with an electric curling iron. Would you care to see the scar?" Deftly Alviso rolled back his sleeve to exhibit an angry disfigurement. "That was useful a little later when I decided to impersonate the Marquis del Argo.

"The marquis, perhaps you remember, became famous throughout the Continent because of a duel which he was forced to fight with Jacques Mordeau, a hairdresser. Mordeau had once been my employer, and at his shop I had seen the marquis and knew how much we resembled each other. I am a man of very poor character. But I have imagination. My scar and my resemblance to the marquis was, for me, too tempting a combination to resist.

"I did very well, at brief intervals, relating my duel with the hairdresser to select audiences. This required discretion. However, I managed to profit by the story and borrow from time to time in watering places where Americans abound."

Alviso was looking Brick Minor straight in the eyes when he said this callous thing. A murderous impulse filled the veins of the sporting editor. Poor Julie had been one of those Americans with whom watering places abounded.

"How came you in Beyond, New Jersey?" asked Mr. Burgstaller.

"I have been there for a year," announced the accused. "I could not pursue my trade in this country because my record is known among hairdressers all over the world. I have worked as timekeeper in the Morpheus Bed Springs Works. I have saved—well, saved enough for clothing and a few trunks. It has been like strong drink, gentlemen, this passion for impersonating a nobleman."

Silence fell over the room at the end of the strangely frank confession.

Finally the manager of the Merlinbilt turned to Brick Minor and asked point-blank, "Is this man the Marquis del Argo?"

"He looks a great deal like him," said Brick, staring boldly into the face of the adventurer.

"Have you ever seen the marquis?"

"I saw him fence at the Olympiad in Stockholm."

"Then you would recognize him. Is this man Del Argo?"

Alviso's beautiful eyes and Minor's keen ones encountered each other just a second.

"No," said the sporting editor. "It is only a resemblance."

"And now," smiled the impostor, helping himself to another cigar out of Mr. Burgstaller's stock, "it seems to me there is nothing to do but to call in the police."

"And serves you good and right!" came the chiding tones of his divorced wife.

"Mr. Alsace," commanded the manager of his lanky house detective, "you'd better ring up headquarters ——"

Mr. Alsace had just risen to obey when Minor blockaded the door.

"I don't think you'll gain anything by this, Mr. Burgstaller," he objected.

"Who's running this business?" asked the manager, reddening.

"You are," announced Brick Minor. "And I don't think you're keeping a hotel to lose money."

"I don't intend to be beaten out of it," replied Mr. Burgstaller hotly.

"That's my point. If you'll bring me the bill ——"

(Continued on Page 73)

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The Sealy mattress

(Continued from Page 70)

"Who's going to pay it?"

The manager was now facing Brick with a look which threatened personal injury.

"I am, if you don't mind."

Mr. Burgstaller put his hands in his pockets. The house detective sat down again. Mrs. Alviso half rose. The man over whom this battle raged was the calmest person in the room.

"You're really most considerate," he lisped in his rich accent.

"Don't thank me!" requested Brick Minor. "And now—if you'll bring me the bill and a check book."

When the bill came in Brick glanced at the total: $1327.55. Without a moment's hesitation he filled out the blank line and handed the check over to the manager.

"I think that's all," he said, slipping the photographs and letters into a side pocket.

"Hold on!" Mrs. Alviso, from her corner, was getting in her word. "You ain't going away with them photos."

"To be sure," responded Brick. "They're your property, aren't they? Mr. Burgstaller, would you mind loaning me your check book again? And now, Mrs. Alviso, what do you ask for the evidence?"

"Well," said she, "I been to a lot of trouble hangin' onto them photos. Lord knows I've had enough sorrow and tears in my poor life. I think they ought to be worth twenty-five dollars, seein' as how ——"

Minor obliterated her protests with another flourish of the pen across a check.

As he was going out the Spanish impostor rose with all the dignity of Castile and Aragon. He was holding out his hand.

"Mr. Minor," he asked smoothly, "you have done me a great service; would you mind shaking hands with me?"

"I would," said Brick.

"Naturally," agreed Alviso. "I quite understand."

Mr. Burgstaller, frankly puzzled, followed the sporting editor out into the lobby.

"Mr. Minor," he said, "I'm much obliged. Alviso ought to thank you, too, and that's a fact. But what I'd like to know is, what's your idea?"

"Who's running this business?" smiled Brick Minor, and fled into the night.

VII

MINOR walked miserably up Madison Avenue, his pocket burning with the evidence he had wrested from the Spanish scoundrel. The encounter had left him irresolute and sick at heart, for in that bad quarter of an hour he had linked up the evidence against Julie Corless. He walked shufflingly along, considering what to do; his dragging feet, a mite more forceful than his will, were advancing him step by step toward Mrs. Corless' apartment.

He paused at last in front of the familiar house. Gazing up at the rows of wide-paned windows he saw lights shining on the third floor. Acting upon impulse, for Brick had passed the reasoning stage, he went up to the little vestibule and rang the Corless bell.

Presently the door began that mysterious click-click peculiar to the elevatorless apartment house. Minor turned the knob and bounded up to the second landing, there to find the Corless door ajar and Julie, looking white as a swan, in a filmy house gown, standing in a patch of light.

"Brick!" she cried in a faint little voice.

"I just thought I'd come up," he began.

He had taken her hand, which seemed far more fragile than the one he had clasped before. She led him into the small drawing-room, which, with its few pieces of handsome Chippendale, its English engravings, its carved marble mantelpiece and Dresden ornaments, always gave him a feeling of being at home with people he understood.

Seated beside her on the chintz-covered couch, he found breath to say, "I'm mighty glad to see you're around again."

"Oh, I'm ever so much better to-day," she answered with a pale smile. "I've been up since noon. I bullied mother into going to the theater. I hope you're all right, Brick. You look tired."

"Julie," he launched forth, for the Alviso woman's bale of evidence was burning in his pocket, "I've been up to the Merlinbilt on a story. It seems to concern you."

"Me!"

He was sorry for his words when he saw the look in her face, yet a demon prompted him to say on: "The Marquis del Argo."

She looked away for just an instant, then said in a perfectly natural voice: "I'm glad you did the interview, Brick. You can handle it so much better than I ever could."

"I'm not sure of that," he grunted. "It wasn't the interview we expected, Julie."

"What did he say?" The look of fear had come again into her eyes.

"Burgstaller called the office and said that Del Argo was being held for jumping his hotel bill. Because I had seen Del Argo fence at Stockholm they sent me on the detail. The man confessed everything ——"

"Everything?" she asked in a still, small voice.

"To Burgstaller's satisfaction. He said that his name was Alviso and that he was a hairdresser by trade ——"

"Brick, my dear!"

She folded her thin hands and looked so pitiful that he was loath to go on until she insisted: "You must tell me, Brick."

"He said that he had taken Del Argo's name in order to make a fine appearance in the world. It seems he's had a bad habit of collecting photographs and letters ——"

He brought a faded blue envelope and a girlish portrait out of his pocket and thrust them into her hands. She made no attempt to read the letter, which she knew by heart, but she held up the photograph just an instant before she closed her eyes.

"Where did you get these?" she whispered.

Brick was ready to tell her about the overblown beauty. Then a sense of pity sealed his lips.

"Oh, the detective shook these out of his clothes," he said easily. "I knew you wouldn't want them hanging round. And—I thought maybe you'd let me keep the picture."

"It's spoiled for any decent man," she said bitterly, and with a strength which belied the slimness of her hands she tore portrait and letter in twain.

"What a little fool I was!" she cried. "What a snob and what a romancer! Brick, you're going to write it up, aren't you? It's your duty, you see."

Her eyes had become wild with resentment and despair, but Brick Minor's words came soothingly:

"There won't be anything written up, my dear. Alviso's hotel bill has been paid and the Merlinbilt has sent him on his way."

It was a full minute before she comprehended his words, then she asked: "Brick Minor, did you pay that impostor's bill?"

"Why, yes," he replied sheepishly. "There wasn't anybody else round to."

Then Brick Minor found himself straining her slender body against his breast and expressing his ecstasy in supplications that she mustn't cry and that she mustn't go on like that.

"Let me tell you! Let me ——" he heard a smothered voice saying into his lapel.

"Tell me just one thing, Julie," he conceded.

"Yes, I'll marry you," she agreed, jumping accurately to the conclusion. "If you'll have me, Brick."

Brick Minor made no verbal reply, but his subsequent behavior indicated that she had been accepted without reservations. After a half hour of beautiful nonsense wherein Brick had described a real-estate bargain he had seen at Greenwich and they had quarreled loverlike over the spot—either in the reception hall or the dining room—where his largest Flemish tapestry should be hung, Julie had a lucid interval and said severely: "Brick Minor, you've been evasive about one thing. Now that's no way to begin, is it?"

"I am an open book," he grinned, but he had an inner dread lest she question him about poor Alviso's matrimonial past.

"Why in the world did you pay that Spanish impostor's hotel bill and let him go without punishment?"

Brick Minor cleared his throat.

"You know, I suppose, that I saw Del Argo fence at Stockholm when I reported the Olympiad?"

"Yes—you've told me that."

"I met him on that occasion and had lunch with his party. I ought to know him, don't you think?"

"You ought to," she replied, puzzled.

"Well, this Spanish impostor, as you call him, is the Marquis del Argo himself."

Julie Corless sat quite still, her chin resting in the cup of her hands.

"I think I see," she said dreamily. "But I can't understand why he should be passing himself off as a hairdresser."

"Family pride is a curious thing," replied Brick Minor as he rose to go back to the office and tender his final resignation.

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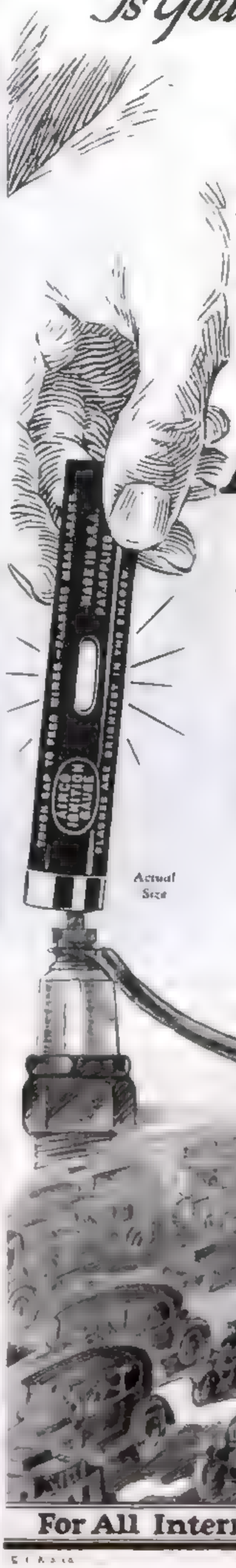

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THE GOLDEN EGGS

(Continued from Page 25)

golden days of spring in which poets are born, and pessimists have to struggle hard for existence. The blue of the sky looked as though it had been washed by some celestial laundress and put out in the sun to dry. There was a balmy wine in the air—much stronger than any paltry half of one per cent. You sniffed it, breathed it, drank it, and after the first few draughts you began to feel at one with lilac blossoms on the south side of a stone wall, and wild violets in a sheltered dell, and curled-up hickory leaves beginning to burst their buds, and blue-eyed calves frolicking over the meadow with their tails aloft, and orioles tuning their songs in the topmost branches of the maples and making civilization seem shabby, and man a wingless cuckoo in a weeping willow tree.

One of Paul's last duties that day was to visit a steamship office on State Street, and as he walked through Battery Park even he began to feel the magic of the day—insensibly at first but gradually with a perceptible lifting of his tragic mood.

"There are other places in the world besides Weatherby's," he thought to himself at last. "I don't have to stick there as long as I live. All I have to do is to look around and get into something good—something with a future to it, this time—and make up for the years I've lost."

The sun still warming him, half-forgotten schemes arose to his mind. There was Stapleson, for instance, who had once been a bookkeeper for the firm. He started with a lucky deal in Bethlehem Steel, and now had an apartment on Riverside Drive and a summer cottage on the shore. Ever since then Paul, too, had followed the market—in his mind—and more than once he had made an imaginary fortune in the rise of stocks. Wrought Iron Common, for instance, was about due for one of its periodical climbs. The only thing needed was a little capital.

Yes, and there was money in real estate, leasing old buildings for a long term of years, fixing up the fronts a little and renting them out again at a profit. Or a man might start a chain of garages through the country, the same as a chain of grocery stores; or invent something like an automobile bumper that would automatically stop the car if it touched anything; or plays could be written like Checkers or The Old Homestead—surely he'd hit on something. Surely everything profitable in the world hadn't been gobbled up yet.

In short, by the time he went home that evening a feeling of promotion had taken possession of him, a sense of adventure—as though something important and satisfactory was about to happen; perhaps the same feeling that comes to the lilac bud when the sun has warmed it, or to the blue-eyed calf when it lowers its head and gallops over the pasture.

"I ought to get a new suit and a pair of new shoes before I leave Weatherby's, though," he told himself. "Now let's see—if I go slow—and save four dollars a week ——"

He was still at this, and not very fond of the answer which was threatening, when he reached his boarding house and climbed the steps. In the vestibule a girl was trying to unlock the inner door and was evidently having trouble with the key.

"What's the matter?" asked Paul. "Won't it fit?"

"No," she said; "and I hate to ring. Landladies never like it. She gave me the key this morning, but I think it needs filing or something."

He noticed then for the first time the two suitcases which she had been carrying.

"New boarder?" he asked.

"Yes," she nodded. "Just moving in."

Paul unlocked the door and picked up the suitcases—and even as the couplings of a freight train creak when the locomotive first picks up the load, so Paul's wrists felt the strain the moment he lifted those suitcases off the floor.

"I'll carry them in for you," he said. "Where's your room?"

"Third floor front."

"We're neighbors then. I'm third floor rear." He paused and then rather awkwardly added, "Paul Sohmer's my name."

"Mine's—Edna Benson," said she.

He gave her a smile which she received with that caution which daughters of the city have learned to throw around such offerings; and she followed him up the stairs, both busy with their own thoughts, and between them one of those screens of silence behind which human beings have learned to hide the things that are in their minds.

"Some class, all right," thought Paul. "Down on her luck, I wouldn't be surprised, and had to find a cheaper boarding house. Suitcases look like the real thing, too, but aren't they heavy! I'll bet she didn't carry them far." Aloud he asked, "Come in a taxi with these?"

"No," she said. "On the El."

"And carried these suitcases all the way from the station?"

Her answer had a touch of spirit in it. "You wouldn't expect me to leave them behind, would you?"

Paul whistled to himself, his arms and wrists already beginning to ache, but he had climbed another flight before the solution came to him.

"I know," he suddenly told himself. "She didn't take a surface car from the station because she wanted to save the nickel. Probably had to pay a week's board in advance, and it just took every cent she had."

They had reached the third floor by that time, and the girl opened the door of the front hall room. Paul had another chance to look at her then; but if he had been expecting to see any signs of poverty he was certainly disappointed. On her head was a brave little hat of dark red velvet; her suit had a freshness and a fit to it that would have done credit to many a dummy in a Fifth Avenue window; and her shoes and stockings had that indefinable trimness which had been included in Paul's first impression—"Some class, all right." And yet, if he had disregarded the accessories and had looked at the girl herself, he might have noticed that her face was peaked a little more than Nature demanded, and that her eyes, as she thanked him, were brighter than they should have been, and had vague shadows beneath them too.

"Dinner's at half past six," he said. "Did Mrs. Seeger tell you?"

"Yes, thank you," she said.

"'Yes, thank you,'" repeated Paul to himself in his own room a minute later. "Some queen, all right." He looked at the dancing girl on his wall, her skirt standing out from her waist like an opalescent ring of fluff, poised on the point of her toe and looking enraptured.

"She's prettier than you," said he, and still looking at the picture he thoughtfully added, "I wonder if you would have carried those two trunks six blocks to save a nickel."

The smiling face looked back at him, inscrutably ecstatic. "Guess!" it seemed to say.

"I'll say you wouldn't," said Paul, and turning to the portrait of his mother he added more thoughtfully still: "I never thought of that before. It's bad enough for a man to be down on his luck, but God help a girl in the city when she finds she can't get on."

"Pardon Me," He Said. "This Young Lady Was Here the First. You Take Your Place in the Line"

V

MANY old saws have a rusty sound and grate upon the reason. "Still waters run deep," perhaps—but so do those who haven't the wit to talk. "The night brings counsel"—yes, but it brings cold feet as well. "Nothing is impossible to a willing heart"—yet probably Mr. Hohenzollern couldn't tell you so. But there is one old saw which cuts as truly as on the day when it was first sharpened—"Misery likes company," and every time Paul started to think of his interview with old S. J. somehow he ended by thinking of Miss Benson and her half-guessed troubles. After dinner was over he was standing on the front steps, building those vague plans of grandeur which are the heritage of disappointed youth, when the door behind him opened and the girl in the third floor front came out.

"Oh, it's you," she said, and after a moment's thought she added, "Perhaps you can tell me—I want to find a newspaper office where they take advertisements."

"I know where there's two," said Paul, "and I was just going out for a walk. If you wouldn't mind—coming with me?"

They went down the steps together, Edna walking quietly by his side. "You're sure I'm not putting you out?" she asked.

"Indeed, you're not," he said. "It's " He had started to say "It's a pleasure," but it didn't sound quite right—savoring of that freshness which he had always shunned like the plague. "It's—a beautiful evening, isn't it?" he concluded lamely enough, and frowned at himself for not having been born with the gift of gab.

"Yes," she said. "I think spring's come."

They walked along in silence for a time, and when they came to a street lamp Paul stole a glance at her. She was slighter, he told himself, than he had thought, reminding him of the bisque statuette of a little shepherdess that had stood for years on his mother's mantelshelf—a dainty figure of the Watteau age that had to be handled carefully when it was dusted for fear it might be broken.

"Yes, and she's prettier than that, too," he thought.

Slender, diminutive and pretty, but there was something else as well. Night has a trick to cast romantic spells, hiding the details and letting the fancy play, and as Paul glanced down at his companion under the light of the lamp she was no longer a young woman out of a boarding house on her way to an advertising office; she was a mysterious figure of grace and beauty, her eyes deep as though with the sadness of impending drama—a helpless maiden threatened by a dragon and arousing in Paul's mind a growing feeling of chivalry—an ambition to shield her, mind her, hold her—to swing his foot like a mule aroused, and kick the dragon into the middle of next week.

In the brighter lights of Broadway his mood attained even higher proportions. Young Apollos, slightly sallow of face and engaged in the immemorial pastime of looking them over, glanced at Edna with unconcealed admiration—glances through which she walked without the least concern. Paul noticed them, though, and as soon as he had assured himself that they were rolling off the girl by his side like raindrops off a rosebud he felt the spirit of pride.

"Yes, you can look," he seemed to say, "but this young lady's walking with me, and I know how to take care of her—remember that!" At the crossings he guided her with his hand cupped under her elbow, but when he reached the advertising office he opened the swinging portal with so much strength that the door slammed back against the wall, and the people inside turned around to see what Hercules was entering, and whether or not it would be safe for them to stay.

Along one side of the office was a desk, equipped with blanks and pencils chained to the wall. Paul followed Edna to a vacant space and when she started to fill out one of the blanks he happened to see the opening words:

"Situation Wanted—Female."

"Out of a job. I thought it was something like that," he nodded to himself, and under the glare of the lights above the desk he noticed for the first time the suspicion of shadows beneath her eyes. At that his spirit of chivalry grew and was in wellnigh perfect flower when Edna went to her place in the line that had formed in front of the clerk's cage, and was almost immediately jostled aside by a prosperous-looking man who was evidently in one of those prosperous hurries which a Situation Wanting Female could hardly be expected to understand.

Paul was on him like a flash.

"Pardon me," he said. "This young lady was here the first. You take your place in the line."

Continued on Page 78

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Get the power you pay for

Gas, leaking past worn or improperly designed piston rings, is power and money lost. Oil, leaking past the other way, fouls your spark plugs and increases carbon troubles.

That is why it pays to renew your piston rings. This is why thousands of motorists insist on piston rings of McQuay-Norris make—perfect fitting—seated right—exact in design. The Leak-Proof Ring is famous—proved through 12 years of experience. The Supercyl—the most effective oil ring. Then there's the lower-priced, quick-seating "Jiffy-Grip," and a high-grade snap ring in complete size range.

McQUAY-NORRIS
WAINWRIGHT
PISTONS & PINS

On any size or over-size you may need, your repairman can give you quick service—promptly through his supply house, if he hasn't the right rings in stock.

Complete McQuay-Norris-made piston equipment may be had for your car by securing McQuay-Norris Wainwright Pistons and Piston Pins—recently added to the McQuay-Norris piston ring line.

Booklet Sent FREE. Relation of piston rings to gas engine power and economy is fully explained in our booklet, "To Have and to Hold Power." Mailed postpaid on request. Address Dept. B.

McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.
McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

Leak-Proof—an exclusive two-piece design, preventing loss of gas and compression. Gives equal pressure at all points on cylinder walls. For all piston grooves except top, which should have Supercyl. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.25

In Canada, $1.50

Supercyl—Keeps lubricating oil out of combustion chamber. Collects excess oil on each down stroke of piston and empties on each up stroke, which ordinary grooved rings cannot do. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.00

In Canada, $1.25

JIFFY-GRIP—a one-piece ring. Non-butting joint, which can be fitted closer than ordinary step cut—velvet finish—quick seating. "Seats in a jiffy." To keep them clean and free from rust, each ring is packed in an individual glassine envelope. Price per ring—

50c

In Canada, 50c

Snap Rings—of the highest grade. Raised above the average by McQuay-Norris manufacturing methods. Their use insures all the satisfaction possible for you to get from a plain snap ring. They are packed twelve rings to the carton and rolled in waxed paper.

And Snap Rings of the highest grade

A RING FOR EVERY PRICE AND PURPOSE
MADE OF ELECTRIC IRON

WRIGLE

After Every M

Use it regularly and g beneficial effects.

It aids digestion, k mouth and teeth c and sweet.

Delicious, l lasting, hea refreshn har

After Every Meal—Get Benefit

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form.

The Flavor Lasts

Wrapped in

Good for valuable premiums

C-19

Pleasure in Generous Measure

KROEHLER
Daven~O

An Added Room—Subtracted Rent

With a Kroehler Daven-O in your home, you can have all the comfort of a handsomely furnished living room, the convenience that an extra sleeping room affords, and economy of reduced rental. The Kroehler Daven-O takes the place of an additional room and subtracts from the family budget the rental which that room would cost.

By day it is a handsomely upholstered, luxurious piece of living room furniture, just like any other fine davenport in appearance, with bedding completely concealed. There is ample room, when folded, for thick, removable mattress and bedding.

At night it is converted, with one simple motion, into a full-sized, comfortable bed, with patented, sagless, folding metal bed frame and springs.

Made in overstuffed styles and Colonial and Period designs, with any wood finish; upholstery of plush, tapestry, velour, genuine leather or leather substitute. Made to harmonize with any decorative scheme. Handsome styles, at prices to meet any requirement. Sold by leading furniture dealers everywhere, for cash or easy payments. Ask for demonstration. Look for Kroehler trade mark. Send for free booklet.

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Chicago

Factories at Kankakee, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Binghamton, N. Y.

Canadian Factory, Stratford, Ontario

The Invisible Bed Room

Long Daven-O No. 830

(93)

(Continued from Page 74)

There was a clash of eyes, but perhaps the prosperous man had risen to affluence because he had the gift of knowing when best to advance and when best to beat a retreat.

"Sorry, I'm sure," said he, making a place for Edna in front of him. "I had no idea ——"

"That's all right," said Paul, breathing hard and looking stern; and when they left the office a few minutes later there was a touch of color on Edna's cheeks, and one of her hands rested lightly on his arm.

"Listen," she whispered. "Suppose—suppose he hadn't stepped back when you told him to—that man in there?"

"Somebody would have had to carry him back," said Paul shortly.

They walked along without speaking for a few minutes, her eyes deeper than they had been, and a proud little strut to her walk. Every woman sooner or later meets the man who will fight for her, and she never exactly hates him for it.

"That's the best of being a man," she said. And in a lower voice: "I often wish I was one."

"Why? What would you do?"

"I'd get on—somehow," she said. "Make money—somehow. You know—a lot of it. And then I'd travel. I've always wanted to go to Europe—Switzerland, France, places like that."

He told her about the Vosges then—of the village where he had been stationed while in the service of Mars.

"It must be nice there," she breathed once, drinking in every word; and again, "Oh, I'd love that!"

Soon after she seemed to grow tired.

"I guess we'd better start back," she said. "I—I was in the hospital quite a while this winter—and I'm not very strong yet."

Paul sat in his room a long time that night—staring out at the towels and dishcloths that were dimly waving in the darkness like ghostly vestments; and with every breath he drew he grew more and more determined.

He, too, would get along! There must be some way. He, too, would get his hands on a bunch of money—the same as the rest of them did!

"I've been a fool long enough," was his good-night thought, after he had set his alarm clock as though he were turning an engine of fate. "I'm going to try the other thing now, and see what I get from that."

VI

FOR the next month Paul's thoughts beat against the limitations of his mind like waves against a rock. Surely there was some way—some opening for a bright young man without capital intent upon a quick success; but when the week was over, all that he had for his pains was a growing doubt of his own abilities.

"Perhaps that's the reason I haven't got on," he told himself one evening. "Perhaps I haven't got it in me. Maybe there's some little thing that's missing—something that I shall never have." Which wasn't very cheerful thinking.

"Funny, too," he thought, "the way old S. J.'s been acting lately. Told me to-day that he wanted Gus to know how to make out ocean bills of lading. I wonder if he's thinking of firing me and giving Gus my job."

Which also wasn't a particularly cheerful thought, especially at a time when office clerks were a drug on the market and the strongest firms were trimming down their forces to the bone.

"If I only had some money to start with," he told himself with a hungry look. "Wrought Iron Common is going up again."

After dinner that evening he went with Edna to the advertising office, but there was nothing there for her.

She was quiet for a minute or two, and then with an air of serenity she said, "Well, I guess I can stand it for a month."

She spent her days, he had learned, answering ads in the papers, and applying in person to those who gave names and addresses. She was a stenographer, and from bits she had dropped Paul had guessed that she wasn't a very good one.

"A sort of misfit, maybe, like me," he had thought, and felt himself drawn more closely to her because of that.

They walked together to Riverside Park and stood for nearly five minutes on the edge of the Drive, waiting for an opening in the procession of cars that were rolling up and down by the side of the river. Stately limousines and sporty runabouts, family sedans and knowing-looking taxis, automobiles of every size and make went slipping past them in a double line that seemed to have no end—until, if you had been there, you might have been pardoned for thinking that all the cars in the world were on parade, taking advantage of one of those divine spring evenings when it seems a sin to be lonely and a crime to stay indoors.

"You know what they remind me of?" said Edna. "The Egyptians in their chariots." And voicing a very old thought she added, "Wouldn't you wonder where they all came from?"

"Beats me," said Paul, watching them with another of his hungry looks. "I used to think that I'd have one—long before this."

"Isn't it funny," she said, "how some people are lucky—and some aren't?"

Seeing a break in the traffic they ran across to the opposite side of the Drive, and then he noticed that the hand on his arm was trembling.

"I'll have to sit down," she said.

They found a bench by the side of the parapet, and when they sat down Paul saw that she was trembling still. With an instinct as old as the human race he placed his arm around her for a rest. "Lean on me," he gently told her. "You'll be better soon. Don't be afraid. Just think my arm's a rock."

He felt her little body trembling against his shoulder, and so for a time they sat there, watching perhaps the lights on the battleships below, and listening to the procession of the Egyptians behind them. Gradually she grew quiet again.

"I'm all right now," she said at last, and gently moved his arm.

"You ought to see a doctor," Paul told her. "It isn't right for you to be like this. A doctor ought to be able to give you something to make you strong again in no time."

"They say I need a change and a long rest," she said, and turning to him with a smile that had a touch of tragedy in it she continued: "Isn't that funny? A change—and a long rest. Can you imagine that?"

Paul groaned to himself.

"Lord, if I only had some money!" he mourned, half despairing and half in prayer.

"Why, what would you do with it?"

"What would I do? Well, now, I'll tell you." And gently putting his arm around her again he continued, "First I'd make a lot more money—and then I'd take you to France—or Switzerland—somewhere far away—and you'd have all the rest you wanted, and grow strong and well again."

"Wouldn't that be nice!" she sighed contentedly, and after leaning her head on his shoulder for a few moments she added, more to herself than to him, "I'm afraid there's not much chance, though."

"Not much chance?" he repeated, one of the moods of Hercules falling on him again. "I'm going to get some money soon if I have to take New York by the neck and shake it!"

But the opportunity came more easily than that. The next week old S. J. called him in and gave him an order from South Africa to be placed with the Hedman Manufacturing Company, a Cleveland concern. The order was accompanied by a letter of credit for sixty-two thousand dollars made out in favor of the Hedman company—the money to be paid them in exchange for the ocean shipping documents.

"Get this through as quickly as you can," said old S. J. in his testy manner. "They're in a hurry for the stuff down there."

Delivery, Paul noted as he returned to his desk, was to be within three months, and from his previous experience with the Hedman company he guessed that they would probably be a month or two late.

"Sixty-two thousand dollars," he thought. "If I could only get the use of that—till the Hedman people are ready to make their shipment!"

VII

BIT by bit that day Paul worked upon the details—doing it impersonally, one might say, the same as he would have solved a puzzle in the Sunday paper.

"Anybody could easily make out the ocean bills of lading—and sign them," he told himself. "There's a bunch of blanks in my bottom drawer."

He drew one out, and in imagination he filled in the dotted lines, adding the shipping marks in the margin and the sprawling signature under the agent's name.

(Continued on Page 80)

LINCOLN

MOTOR CARS

Beauty

LINCOLN MOTOR CARS are supremely beautiful to look upon.

Their beauty does not lose its charm, because it is the full embodiment of rare good taste and true refinement.

The charm does not grow less, because the beauty of the coachwork is not merely an embellishment for a mediocre mechanism.

Even were they outwardly less elegant, LINCOLN MOTOR CARS would still, in truth, be beautiful because of the infinite fineness of their mechanical structure.

But the fineness of the mechanism is not for beauty's sake. It is for the sake of how that fineness expresses itself in superlative performance, and in unremitting constancy.

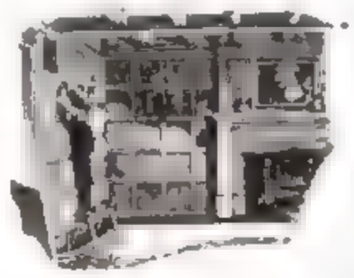
TWELVE BODY TYPES

The beauty which delights the eye and the beauty of the mechanism so unite and blend that the LINCOLN owner luxuriates in a mode of travel in which none but LINCOLN owners are privileged to participate.

And this superior mode of travel is persisting, in the LINCOLN, long beyond what motordom has been accustomed to experience.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LELAND-BUILT



Murphy Varnish -for over fifty years an invisible preserver of beautiful surfaces

2,000,000 New Cars Came Out of a Can!

Just as for fifty years, master painters have preferred Murphy Varnishes for fine surfaces, so have motor car owners come to appreciate the time-tested skill and artistry in varnish making which has produced Da-cote—the motor car enamel which has renewed the showroom glory of over 2,000,000 cars.

Da-cote is Murphy Varnish colored with finest pigments and ground to the smoothness of cream.

Anyone can use Da-cote and get fine results—brush marks melt like magic into one even satiny surface—overnight it dries, leaving a finish hard and radiant as glass. Costs about two dollars.

Try it some afternoon and next day have a new car. Or use it to renew porch furniture, or to preserve metal surfaces from rust. Da-cote comes black and white and in ten popular colors.

Murphy Univernish

Will Brighten Your Home

The floors and stairs in your house—have they lost that lustrous newness of the day you took possession? Murphy Univernish will make them smile once more, for this wonderful "universal" varnish leaves a beautiful, professional finish wherever applied. Of course, it won't turn white. Not affected by soap, boiling water, alkali, nor even ammonia. Comes clear and in six wood colors.

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canadian Associate

(Continued from Page 78)

"The insurance certificates would be easier yet," he thought. "All that anybody would have to do would be to make out an application and take it around to the insurance company, and they'd have the certificates in half an hour."

The only other documents necessary would be the invoices and the draft.

"Anybody could easily get some billheads printed, with the Hedman company's name on them," he nodded. "There's a printing shop near Seventy-second Street, and they wouldn't know whether your name was Hedman or what it was. And then a rubber stamp for the draft, 'Hedman Mfg. Co., ... Treasurer.'"

With these papers and the letter of credit in his hand he saw himself in imagination going to the bank and pushing them through the window marked "Foreign Exchange"—even as he had pushed other sets of papers for the last eight years. There would be a brief glance at the documents—by this time they had learned that Paul could be relied upon to have them in order—and a few minutes later the foreign-exchange clerk would silently give him one of the bank's checks for the amount of the invoice, plus freight and insurance.

"About sixty-four thousand dollars altogether," thought Paul, and felt his breath coming faster as he turned and stared out of the window. At first the size of this imaginary check unconsciously disturbed him, but it wasn't long before he saw the error of his fears.

"It's only the little fellows who are caught," he repeated to himself, drawing from some of those wise modern sayings aforesaid; "the big ones get away. The little fish who grabs a hundred dollars goes to Sing Sing, but the big fish who gets away with a million goes to Palm Beach." Besides, it wasn't as though he were going to take it for good. He was only going to use it till it was really needed, and then when the Hedman shipment came through he would pay their bill with a cashier's draft, and nobody would be out a cent.

"Sixty-four thousand dollars," he thought again. "Suppose I had put that on Wrought Iron Common last month when it was down to 44." If he had bought on a ten-point margin he could have swung sixty-four hundred shares, and Wrought Iron Common was now selling at 56. "Twelve dollars a share profit," he morosely nodded. "I'd have made over seventy-five thousand dollars in less than a month." And the stock had only just begun to move. Half a dozen times in its history it had sold at 100 and more. "And it's on its way up to par again," thought Paul, frowning at the opportunities which he had lost in the past. "Any fool can see that."

For the rest of the day he did his work in a sort of mechanical trance, his mind skimming around in dangerous circles; and it wasn't till late in the afternoon that he saw a detail which he hadn't noticed before.

"I hadn't thought of that," he reflected. "The bank would give me a check, all right, but it would be drawn to the order of the Hedman Manufacturing Company. And what good would that do me?"

Vaguely at first, and then more definitely, the solution took form in his mind.

"That's right," he nodded; "I'd go to one of the big banks and introduce myself as Mr. Hedman, and say that I was starting a company and wanted to make a first deposit. Then a day or two later I could draw most of it out. I wouldn't need cash; I'd only have to draw a check to some good firm of brokers."

By that time, as you will see, he was no longer working out the details impersonally. He didn't say, "Anybody could go to one of the big banks," but "I'd go." So easy at times, alas—so easy is the descent to Avernus. But although the plan was now nearly fully fledged in his mind, old habits have an inertia which is hard to overcome; and planning is one thing, but doing is another.

"I don't know," sighed Paul as the afternoon drew to a close. "Anyhow, I'll send Hedman the order and tell them a credit has been opened. And then, to-morrow or next day, I can still mail them the letter of credit—if I want to."

Meanwhile he hid it among the papers in one of his pigeonholes and went uptown. Wrought Iron Common, he noticed in his paper, had gone up two more points.

"On six thousand shares," he told himself, "that would be twelve thousand dollars profit. At that rate I could make seventy thousand dollars in a week and still have the money to pay Hedman."

Disturbing snatches of old dreams began to trouble him, but with a variation that added to their disturbance—and their charm. Before, he had always seen himself as the central figure who had found the golden eggs, but now by the side of the Merchant Prince was a Princess—a serene little queen with class in every line of her, whose eyes were constantly raised to his in mingled love and admiration.

It was nearly half past five when he reached his boarding house, and in contrast with the splendor of his visions it had never seemed so common, its windows so shabby, or the smell of cooking in its hall so stale.

"Mean—cheap," he thought as he made his way up the stairs; "and if I stay here much longer I'll be just the same."

He reached the third floor with a feeling of helplessness, and was about to turn toward his room when he noticed that Edna's door was open, and that she was sitting at the window, staring out at the street below. There was something in her attitude which quickly drew him toward her.

"What's the matter, Edna?" he asked.

"I'm mad," she said in a low voice.

"Mad? Why?"

She wouldn't tell him at first, and when it finally did come out Paul had to guess a lot. That afternoon she had answered an advertisement, and after the man had engaged her —— She showed him the mark which his hand had made on her wrist.

"Who was he?" demanded Paul in a rage. "Where's his office?"

She wouldn't tell him, though, and as she sat there, listless and tired, Paul caught glimpses of a brave little spirit which could no longer perk up a whistle—of a tired little body which had grown weary of stating qualifications and salary expected—or of climbing to Room 302 and asking for Mr. Bull.

"I telephoned the newspaper where he advertised, so that no other girls would go there," she said, "and they said they'd attend to him."

"Oh, damn it all!" cried Paul, suddenly moved to mutiny against the constantly recurring craziness of life; and making it comprehensive he went on, "Damn everybody! Damn everything!"

"No, Paul, don't say that," she quickly protested.

It was the first time she had called him Paul, and with a queer fullness in his heart he leaned over and kissed her. The memory of her thin little arms around his neck was still strong within him ten minutes later when he hurried into the printing shop near Seventy-second Street.

"How long will it take you," he asked, "to get me out five hundred billheads?"

"You can have 'em to-morrow noon," said the proprietor. "Got your copy?"

In a world that had strangely grown silent Paul drew a sheet of paper toward him.

"Hedman Manufacturing Company," he wrote. "Cleveland, Ohio ——"

VIII

OLD Gooseberry himself might well have taken a hand in the matter—oiling the bearings and turning down the grease cups—so swiftly moved the adventure along the road which Paul had planned. At the bank the foreign-exchange clerk accepted the substituted papers without a raise of his eyebrows, and presently pushed through the wicket a check for $64,110.40 drawn to the order of the Hedman Manufacturing Company.

Paul walked out of the bank with his heart playing the anvil chorus against his ribs, and a fine warm sweat breaking out along his spinal column. Once in the street the orchestration grew fainter, and a feeling of confidence that wasn't far from recklessness gradually took possession of him.

"There'll be a great old row when the Congo Prince gets to Delagoa Bay and they find that the shipment isn't on board," he thought. "But I should worry! It won't get there for two months yet, and by that time I'll have money enough to take care of myself."

He had already sketched out a plan of campaign to take care of the situation when his substituted papers would be discovered. He would retain a lawyer—one of the old-fashioned bullyragging school such as achieve temporary fame in prominent criminal cases—Paul had the names of two such men in his mind—and when it was time for the storm to break he would

(Continued on Page 83)

Come in and See it Work

More Heat
Less Care

Note how the heat reaches up and is directed close up under the cooking by the powerful 12-inch burner

FLORENCE
National Demonstration Week
April 17-22

YOU are invited to be present at a practical cooking demonstration to be given by us in our stores from

Monday, April the Seventeenth

to

Saturday, April the Twenty-Second

during

Florence National Demonstration Week

Tempting dishes will be prepared and cooked before your eyes, on a Florence Oil Cook Stove, by practical cooks.

You will have the opportunity of seeing how such good things can be simply and conveniently prepared on this stove.

While you are eating you will see that a match touched to an asbestos ring quickly starts the intense heat from the powerful 12-inch burners.

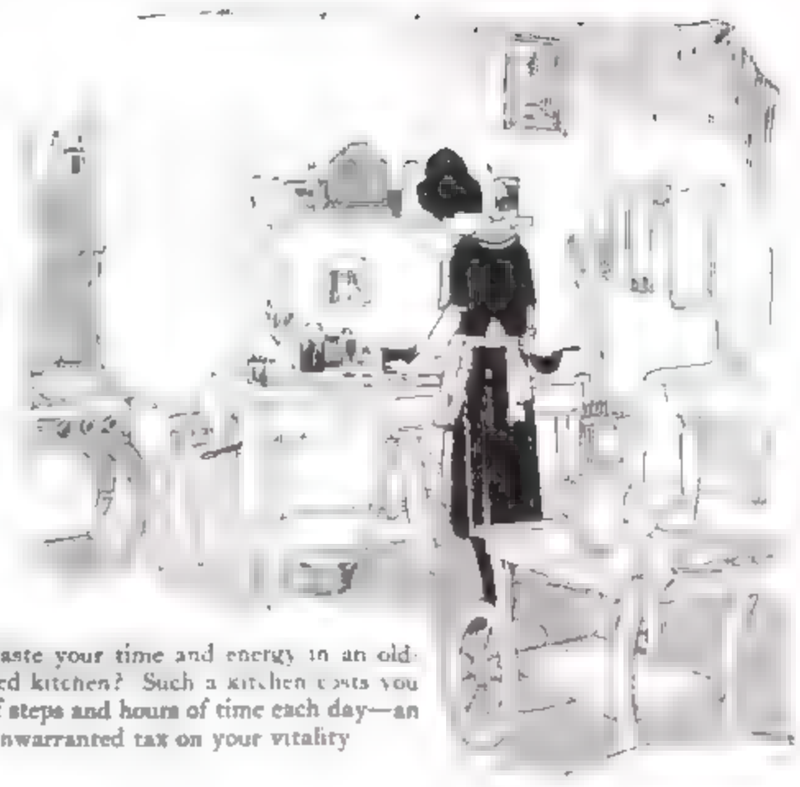
You will see how the heat is easily regulated. A lever handle gives the right heat for any cooking—hot, medium, simmering.

You will be convinced that the Florence Oil Cook Stove is easy to keep clean. Also that it is economical because it burns the cheapest fuel, which is used only when needed.

Watch for our announcements. Come in and let the Florence prove that it can live up to your ideal of a stove.

(SIGNED) Seventeen Thousand Merchants

FLORENCE
OIL COOK STOVES

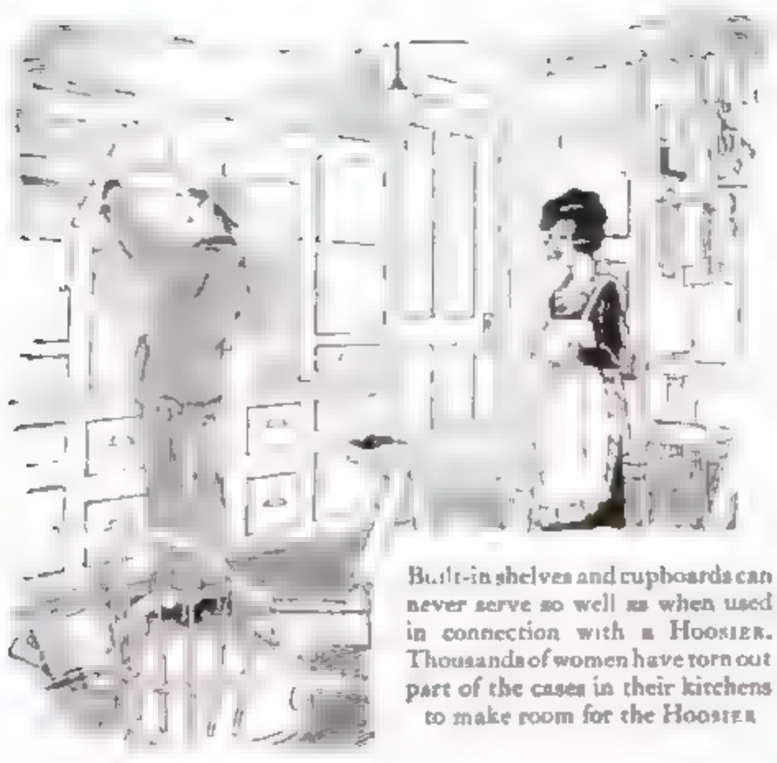


Why waste your time and energy in an old-fashioned kitchen? Such a kitchen costs you miles of steps and hours of time each day—an unwarranted tax on your vitality

Don't Let Monotonous Kitchen Work Wear You Out

THOUSANDS of women who, like yourself, thought they had "easy" kitchens, tell us that no woman realizes the amount of drudgery in the average home until the HOOSIER gives her a modern work-reducing kitchen of her own.

Then the contrast is most noticeable. How much better you feel at night! For the first time it dawns on you that you have been wasting more time and energy than you had thought it possible for any woman to squander.



Built-in shelves and cupboards can never serve so well as when used in connection with a HOOSIER. Thousands of women have torn out part of the cases in their kitchens to make room for the HOOSIER

There is No Substitute for the HOOSIER

At an expense of $300, the wife of the president of a large hardware company had an elaborate arrangement of shelves and cupboards built into her new kitchen. Within twelve months she had carpenters tear out enough of these built-in cases to make room for the HOOSIER. She could have saved money in the first place by using the HOOSIER.

Extra shelf room is essential, but is never so effective as when used in connection with the HOOSIER. Such a combination provides maximum convenience at minimum cost.

Why HOOSIER Excels

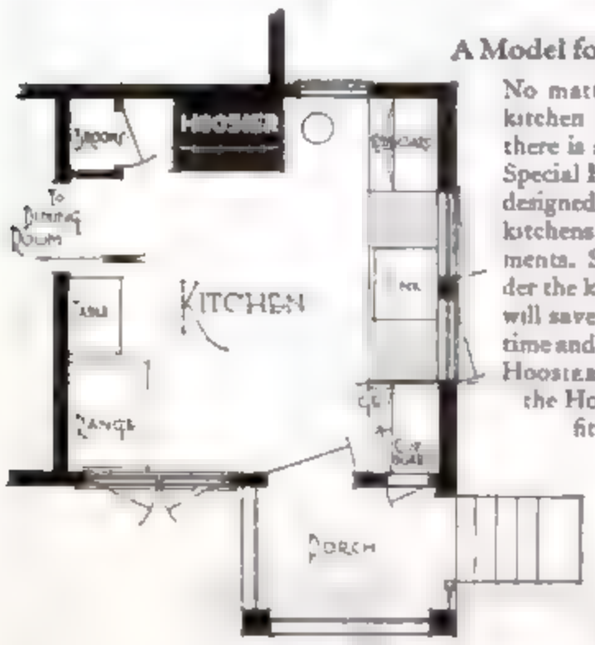
The reason the HOOSIER excels is because HOOSIER'S scientific arrangement gives you in one compact spot every help you need to get up a meal and clear away after it.

In the HOOSIER, that spot is equipped with the greatest labor-saving inventions to make kitchen work easy—many of them patented, and not to be duplicated.

In the 23 years during which these inventions and their scientific arrangement in the HOOSIER have been developed, every suggested improvement for a kitchen convenience has been tried out. The best have been accepted—the rest rejected. Today the HOOSIER is the cabinet of proved improvements. Without it you waste miles of steps and hours of time each day.

Liberal Terms Make it Easy to Afford the HOOSIER

There is no reason why any woman need be a kitchen slave. You can afford the HOOSIER *now*. No big outlay is needed. Two million women have already taken advantage of this offer and not one would part with her HOOSIER if she could not replace it. Write for folder. Let us tell you where to get the HOOSIER on such liberal terms that you will never miss the money.



A Model for Every Kitchen

No matter what kind of a kitchen you may have—there is a HOOSIER to fit it. Special HOOSIERS have been designed for the smallest kitchens of the cosiest apartments. Some even fit in under the kitchen window. All will save work and worry—time and energy. Go to your HOOSIER dealer and select the HOOSIER which best fits your needs

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

MAIN OFFICE: 422 Maple Street, Newcastle, Indiana

BRANCHES: Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco; 368 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada

Saves Steps HOOSIER

(Continued from Page 80)

send this lawyer around to old S. J., bearing in one hand an olive branch, and in the other a sword. If Mr. Weatherby would agree to make no complaint the money would be returned in full, every penny of it; but if Paul was molested even for a single second, even by a single word, not a cent would be given up and in addition to that, information would promptly be given to the Federal authorities about S. J.'s evasion of duties, undervaluations, and other questionable tricks which were whispered about in the office.

"It won't take him long to make his choice!" thought Paul. "But I'll have to send a lawyer. If I went myself he'd have me arrested, if he only did it for pure cussedness; and they'd put me through the third degree till they found out where the money was, and maybe I'd get another ten years for attempted blackmail. No; I'll have to send a lawyer, but that's all right. I'll be able to afford it with the money I make out of Wrought Iron Common."

His confidence growing, he entered a bank which had lately been advertising for new depositors—and here again Old Gooseberry might have been with him, for a few minutes later a charming young assistant manager was making out a pass book and Paul was indorsing the check.

"You are incorporated, Mr. Hedman?" asked the assistant manager, looking up. "Or is it a trade name? Or what?"

"Trade name," said Paul, and seeing that he was expected to say something more he seized upon inspiration and added, "I shall incorporate later when I have a hundred thousand dollars in hand."

"Splendid!" said the assistant manager with one of his charming smiles. "Now if you'll sign this card, please—for a specimen signature."

"P. S. Hedman," signed Paul—the name which he had adopted for his intensive search for the golden eggs. It was all over in five minutes—so quickly, alas, so quickly can Avernus be plumbed—and he returned to the office by way of Broad Street, stopping for a moment to look up at the façade of the Stock Exchange, as though he saw a nest up there.

"I'll wait till to-morrow," he thought. "It wouldn't look right if I drew out the money the same day that I put it in."

On his way home that night, opening his paper to the financial page as soon as he reached the Subway Station, he saw that the advance in Wrought Iron Common had been checked in the last hour of trading—the stock closing a point lower than it had opened in the morning.

"Good thing I didn't get started yesterday," he told himself, "or I'd have lost money to-day instead of making it. Still—it's only a temporary decline, of course. Some of the weak ones have probably been taking their profits, but I'll bet the strong ones are holding on all right."

Edna was in her happiest mood that night. She had been engaged, on trial, in a real-estate office at fifteen dollars a week, and she showed Paul a side of her nature which he hadn't seen before. As they started for Riverside Drive she walked by his side with a gay young air of ownership, sometimes striding along in an attempt to keep step with him, quoting grandiloquent lines from a play in which she had taken part at school—"A beautiful day for the hunt, my lord." "Aye, aye, Sir Jaques, and the gallant steeds are ready"—humming snatches of old songs, blowing her nose like a little trombone and laughing at the sound—in short, playing some of those adorable tricks which seem to come natural to every girl when she knows that she loves—and is loved.

"The Egyptians are looking prosperous to-night," she reported as they stood on the edge of the Drive, waiting for a break in the double row. "I'll tell you what would be fun—just to do it once, you know. Some night when you've struck it rich—good and rich, I mean—we'll take a taxi and ride to Grant's Tomb and back. And we'll both sit in the cab with our noses up in the air like this—looking down on the pedestrian clahss, my dear."

"That's all right," said Paul after they had dodged across the asphalt. "I may be striking it rich before you know it, and we'll buy a taxi then, if you'd like one."

"Honestly?"

"You bet you!"

"But how are you going to strike it rich? Are you going into business for yourself—or something?"

"That's it," he solemnly nodded, "and we may have to go and live in France if the business prospers—or Switzerland, even. What do you think of that?"

She gave him that tender look which mothers reserve for their firstborn sons when first they speak of setting the world afire.

"I love you, Paul," she whispered.

They found their bench and he sat for a while staring out over the water, half afraid of the secret which he was nursing, uneasy because he must never share it with her. Edna's head was on his shoulder, her fingers twined in his.

Behind them sounded the roar of the Egyptians, hurrying along in their chariots as though they would never stop. Below them swung the men-of-war—those meek ones who have been promised the inheritance of the earth—making signals to each other by lights that winked in dots and dashes.

Paul watched—and listened—the events of the day for a background in his thoughts—the pass book in his pocket—Edna's head upon his shoulder—and more than ever he felt disturbed by the craziness of life, felt himself slipping into a current which would never let him rest again.

"You're cold," said Edna, suddenly sitting up and looking at him.

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are; you shivered. You ought to have a nice lightweight overcoat, and when I get rich in the real-estate business I'm going to buy you one."

"I'll get one soon," he promised her.

"When we go to live in France—or Switzerland?" she quizzed.

"That's right," he nodded.

"You!" she gently scoffed. After a quick glance around she kissed him, and then her head found its place on his shoulder once more.

"I love you, Paul," she whispered again.

■

WROUGHT IRON COMMON had a bad month of it—emulating the frog in the well and slipping back each session a little more than it climbed.

"I'll wait till the flurry's over," thought Paul from day to day. "There's no hurry. The Congo Prince won't get to Delagoa Bay for a long while yet. There's plenty of time."

But though his search for the golden eggs might wait, events moved faster with Edna. One night at the dinner table he noticed how pale she looked, and when they went for their evening stroll she walked like a sad little figure in a tragedy, her merry tricks forgotten.

"I know what's the matter with you," said Paul. "You've been working too hard. You ought to let the other girls at the office do some of it."

"No," she said, drooping more than ever as she walked by his side. "It isn't that. They—they told me to-day that I wouldn't do—said I needn't come again."

"Never mind," said Paul. "I'll be rich enough for both of us soon."

But she didn't enthuse—this girl who wouldn't do looking instead as though her faith in fairies had gone for good.

"I'm a failure," she sighed.

"You are not!" he quickly assured her. "You're the nicest, sweetest girl that God ever made." And as a new thought came to him he as quickly added: "You wait till to-morrow night, and I'll show you whether or not you're a failure!"

"How?" she asked.

He wouldn't tell her, but the next morning he went to the bank and drew out a thousand dollars, and that night he took Edna to a jazz palace on Broadway and they dined in an artificial arbor among trellises of Dorothy Perkins roses that were made of dusty pink paper, and under electric lights that were fashioned like bunches of grapes.

"Now!" said Paul, beaming at her when the dessert was over. "I've got a surprise for you."

"Another?" she breathlessly asked, her eyes bright with interest.

For reply he fished down into his waistcoat pocket and came up with a small leather case. And, oh, how her eyes were on it! He pressed a spring and the lid flew back, disclosing a solitaire which fairly seemed to throb with fire as it sat in its velvet nest and seemed to say, "Behold! At last! You meet me face to face!"

"Oh, Paul!" she breathed. "What have you got?"

Continued on Page 85

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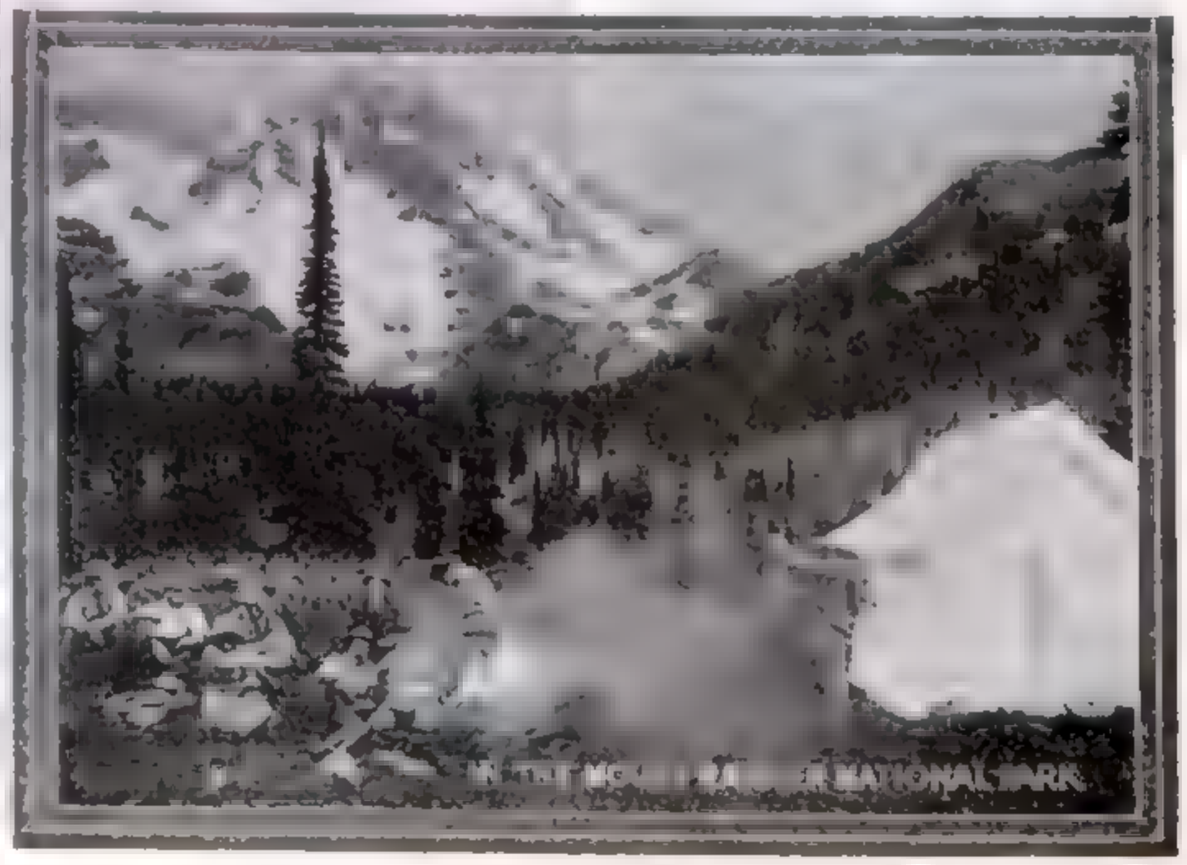

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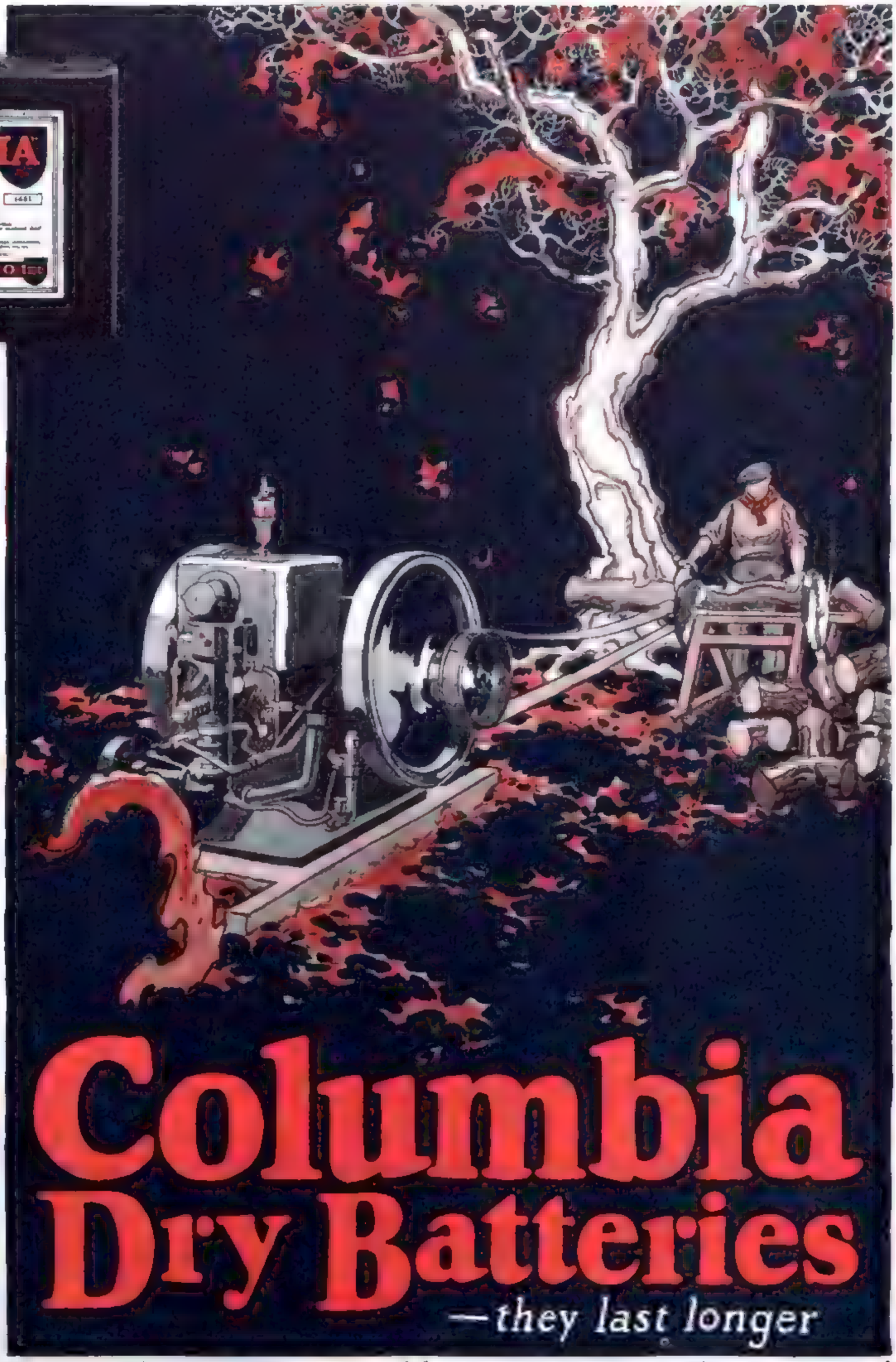

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(Continued from Page 83)

"Something for you," he said. "If it doesn't fit they'll change it. Let's try it on and see."

With eyes that were rounded in wonder she held out her finger and the ring slipped into place. His arms, stretched over the table, disclosed a pair of frayed cuffs and the linings of his sleeves were faded with age. Her eyes, blinded a little, perhaps, by the ring, rested for a moment upon those linings, and on those cuffs—shifted to his collar, which she had already noticed was slightly cracked at the fold—took in the shiny surfaces of his blue serge suit. And then her glance, moving as quickly as a moonbeam on a troubled sea, returned to the ring upon her finger.

"Where—where did you get it, Paul?" she asked.

"That's all right," he said with a large gesture that was almost worthy of the bon vivant who sat at the next table. "I told you that things were going to be different, didn't I?"

She quietly looked at him, and though he tried to smile back with assurance he muffed it. As quietly then, Edna looked around the room and it may be that suddenly she felt disenchanted with scarlet mouths and bon vivants—with purple grapes and dusty rosebuds and stuttering saxophone music from a pop-eyed orchestra of perspiring Senegambians.

"Let's go for a walk; shall we?" she said. "The air's getting bad in here."

It was a simple thing to say, but there was something in her manner which gave Paul a premonition of what was coming. He followed her out with feet that were none too willing, and a moment later they stood in the glare of a lighted city intent upon its pleasure. Electric figures danced and postured—electric lightning flickered and struck—electric tigers spun electric wheels; blue lights, red lights, white lights, yellow lights—cast their hues upon the crowds below. Titles of plays and movies appeared letter by letter, and then went out in disconcerting concert: Lust—Blaa! Blaa! -The Lovers of Madame—Lulu's Leg—the latter showing a feminine calf in active service. And through the center of this illumination rolled the chariots of the Egyptians, swarming here like locusts and blotting out the road.

"Let's go over to Riverside—shall we?" said Edna. "It seems—oh, I don't know—it seems nicer there."

As they turned the corner Lulu's Leg gave a farewell kick, and Blaa! Blaa! went out with a plop. Along the darkened side street came a breeze from the river like a message from moonlit spaces and woodlands sweet and cool.

x

THEY were on their bench overlooking the river when he finally told her. At first he had thought to give her a story of a lucky deal in stocks—of a ten-dollar planting miraculously flowering into a thousand-dollar harvest—but when she turned her head on his shoulder and whispered, "Paul, dear; tell me," it seemed clumsy—and somehow useless—to lie. For one thing, something told him that she had already partly guessed. If she had shown displeasure or distrust it would, of course, have been different; but ever since they had left the restaurant he had known by every tone of her voice, by every glance of her eye, that her love for him had never been stronger, broader, deeper or more to be relied upon.

"Well, I don't know—there isn't much to tell," he began awkwardly enough. "I've joined the Egyptians, I guess—that's all. Got my hands on some money for a while, so I can swing a big deal. That's the one thing you've got to have nowadays—capital—and everybody's got to get it as best they can."

Her head still lay upon his shoulder.

"And you did it for me."

He wouldn't say that.

"You did, though," she breathed. "Oh, Paul, Paul!" A dry little sob began to shake her, but her arms stayed around him as tightly as ever, and although she had turned her face to hide it her head still kept its place upon his shoulder.

"She's blaming herself," thought Paul. "She's blaming herself—not me," and a sense of unworthiness came over him.

By degrees her sobs grew weaker, and taking his hand she pressed it against her cheek. And after they had sat in silence thus for a time, looking over the river at the moving lights on the water and the shadowy shore beyond, she turned and lifted her face to his.

They kissed.

"You must put it back, Paul," she said.

"But I can't!"

"You mean you've spent some of it?"

"Only for the ring."

"They'll take that back. Oh, I'm sure they will. I'll go with you."

"But that isn't all, either," he objected, again disturbed by the apparent craziness of life. "I—I signed some papers, and when the ship gets to Delagoa Bay I'll be in trouble, anyhow. That's the reason I've got to make something. That's the reason I've got to use the money; don't you see?"

"No, dear," she said; "you must put it back."

"But I tell you I can't put it back without everybody knowing. What's the use of getting arrested just for fun?"

Her arms still around him she closed her eyes and he knew that she was praying. The recollection of it came to him more than once that night as he tossed and turned on his balancing cot and imagined scenes with old S. J.

"He'd have me in jail inside of twenty minutes," he told himself, and it didn't require much effort to imagine the scene. The room seeming stuffy, he thought he might sleep if he let a current of air through, and it was then that he saw the line of light beneath Edna's door at the other end of the hall.

"Nearly one o'clock," he thought, striking a match and looking at his watch. "I wonder if she's sick."

He put on the old army overcoat that served him for dressing gown, and tiptoed along the hall like an O. D. ghost on a tour of inspection. At first when he reached her door he thought that she was talking to herself, but it wasn't long before he realized that she was pleading with One who is always among those present.

"Please, God! Please!" he heard.

Moving with caution Paul went back to his room, and after he had gently shut the door he shook his head and sighed with resignation.

"I guess I'm going to put it back, all right," thought he.

xi

PAUL was on his way to the office next morning when he caught a headline in one of the early editions of an afternoon newspaper which human ingenuity places on the market at eight A.M.

"Steamer Congo Prince Sinking. Strikes Old Mine Near Cape Verde."

At the next station he left the train and bought one of those evening papers for himself. Yes; there it was, with a picture of the steamer, and a map of the ocean showing the course which the mine was supposed to have followed in its three-year cruise of the Atlantic, starting in the North Sea, and ending at the spot marked with a cross where it came to grief against the bows of the Congo Prince.

"The crew has been taken off," the story concluded, "and the ship is slowly sinking. At four o'clock this morning she was expected to make her downward plunge at any moment."

If Paul had been older—or perhaps if he had been wiser—he would have called it a coincidence. Instead, a thrill passed over him, and he said to himself, "I know why that mine was there, all right. They don't have to draw any dotted lines for me."

There were, he perceived upon reflection, still a number of loose ends to be gathered together. He would have to tell the insurance company that the goods had failed to catch that particular steamer—would have to get his money back for the ring—and then when the Hedman shipment finally arrived he would be able to pay for it, and if luck still favored him no one but Edna and himself would ever know into what perilous paths his search for the golden eggs had betrayed him

"Lord, what a mess!" he groaned, utterly sick of the web of deceit which he had spun. "If I can once get clear of this—it's 'Never again!' for me!"

xii

A MONTH passed, and for the last time Paul and Edna took their evening walk to Riverside. The Egyptians were out in force that night, their chariots rolling up and down the avenue as though they would never stop; but Paul hardly noticed them. Somewhere down in the harbor below, the Hedman shipment was snugly stored in the hold of a South African steamer, and somewhere in the evening mails three banker's drafts were going forward—one to pay for the invoice, one for the insurance and one for the freight.

"I'm so glad," said Edna. "You know, if anything had happened I should never have forgiven myself, because it was all my fault."

"Your fault!" gently repeated Paul, looking at her with love—yes, and a touch of awe. "Why, honey, you didn't have any more to do with it than—than that star up there. I had just grown to believe that everybody and everything was crooked—and I thought I'd try it myself."

"I know!" she as gently protested.

Their bench was occupied, and as they started in search of another he noticed that she walked more slowly.

"Tired?" he asked.

"Well ——" she hesitated.

"Lean on the old rock," he said. "It may rest you a little."

"I got a letter from home last week," she said, her hand upon his arm. "I didn't want to tell you before, till you'd got things straightened out."

She paused and then she continued: "I'm going home Monday. The city—well, it doesn't seem to agree with me. I'd have gone home before, only I felt ashamed. They used to tell me that I'd be glad to go back, but I was so sure that I could get along here, by myself."

"Going home?" said Paul, stopping to look at her as though he couldn't believe his ears. "You mean to say you're going home—and leave me here?"

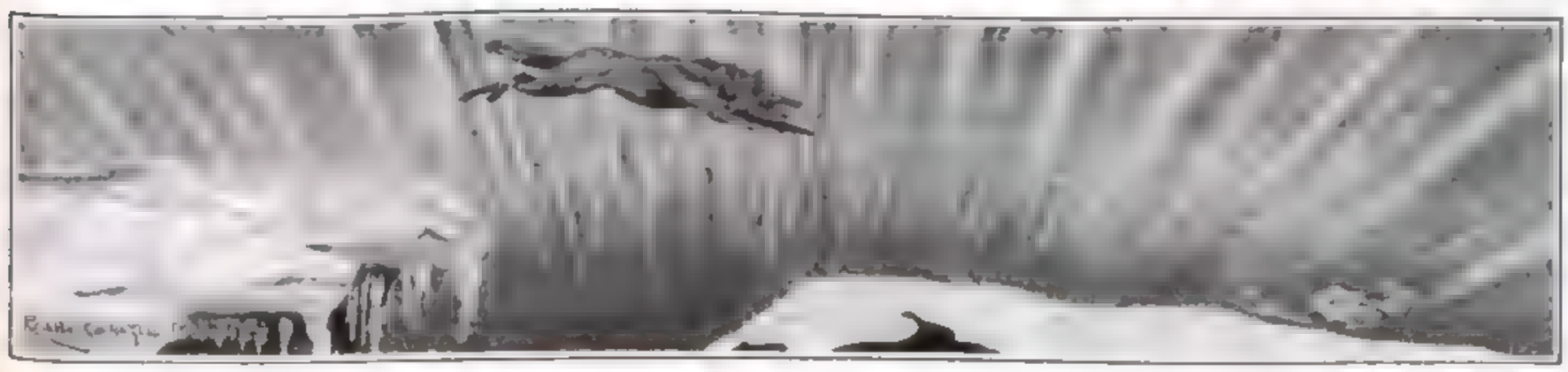
"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," she said. "I don't see why you can't come too. Of course it's only a little place, but there's always something to do, and people get along there too. You'd be surprised. 'Most everybody has a car, and things like that. I wrote Uncle Will about you, and he said he could find you a job easily enough. And then—don't you see?—if—if you had a girl you could call on her Wednesdays and Sundays—and take her out to parties and sociables and things. And later—maybe—when you'd got along, you know ——"

"I know," said Paul in a low voice. "I could get along. Don't worry."

"You'll come then?"

"Come?" he repeated, looking at her with a glance that was part humility. "Do you think I want to stay here alone?"

They stopped by the side of the parapet. She was still leaning lightly on his arm, but if you had been there, blessed with the gift of divining invisible things, you would have seen that it was Paul who was doing the leaning—his search for the golden eggs forgotten, and a happier quest begun.



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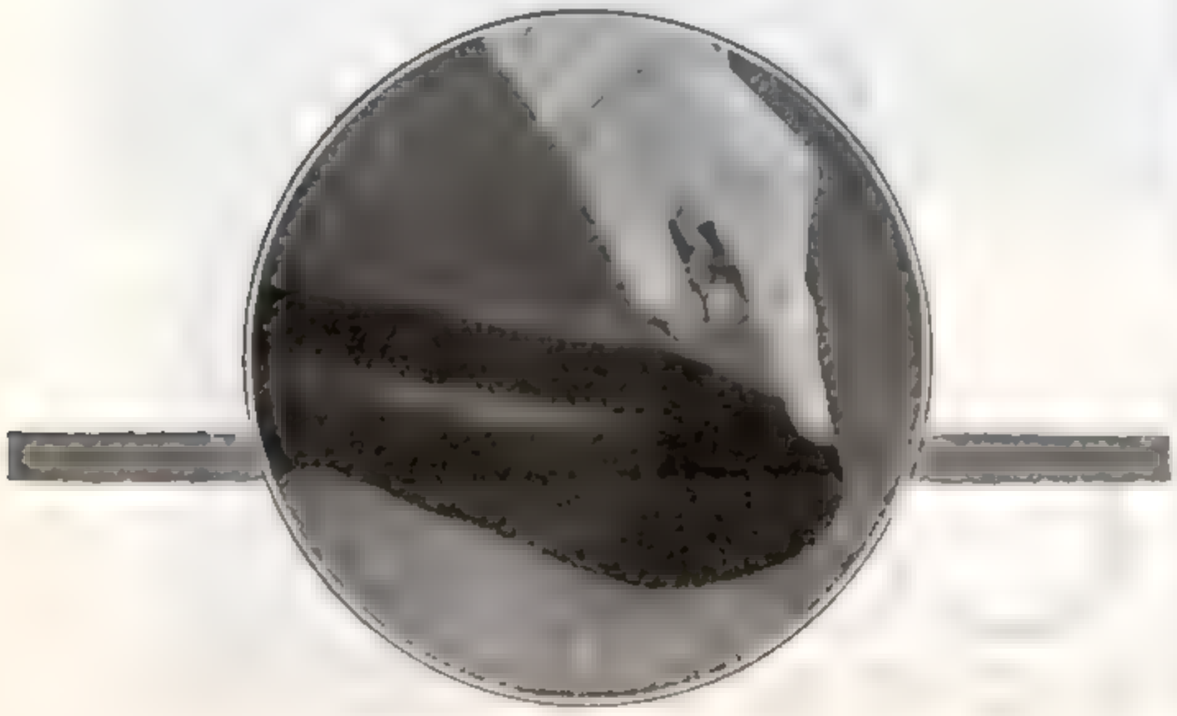


RITA COVENTRY

(Continued from Page 5)

but once, and the excursion had proved depressing—a drive of eleven miles through a sea of mud called by courtesy a road, and at the end the spectacle of a house falling to pieces, surrounded by broken fences, neglected box trees, and undernourished cattle grazing amongst weeds where gardens used to bloom.

Year after year he told himself that something must be done about Blenkinswood, but the mental whisper grew fainter and fainter with time. He knew that the farmer and his family were a shiftless if not dishonest lot who ought to be turned out; yet so unpleasant was the thought of going there again, of seeing the cheap oak furniture in the old paneled drawing-room and the horrid little ornaments on the porphyry mantelpiece which Lafayette had sent from France as a gift to that several-times-great-grandfather of his who had built Blenkinswood, of smelling cabbage cooking and hearing the man's maundering excuses for the years of failure, that he continued to postpone the duty.

Alice had become interested in Blenkinswood soon after becoming interested in him. She had developed what he regarded as a mania about the place, and for a time had spoken to him of what he ought to do about it in a voice which was like the insistent voice of conscience.

"You ought to take care of it," she would say. "You ought to be proud of it. Not everybody has an ancestral home. Not everybody comes from an aristocratic old family. You don't appreciate what it means. Take me, for instance. My father built the house where I was born, in Cleveland. My grandfather came out there from Connecticut when he was a young man. His father was just a plain farmer."

"That's all the Blenkinses were," he would reply. "Planters and farmers are the same thing."

Then he would tell her lightly that ancestry was largely a question of bookkeeping: that everyone had the same number of grandfathers; and that whereas his aristocratic forbears had handed down to him a plantation covered with weeds and mortgages, her father, who had been a manufacturer, had left her and her sister well provided for. He would tell her tales of his ancestors; stories of bouts of drinking over cards, duels and scandals.

"They raised tobacco and slaves and Democrats and hell," he would say. "Down in that part of the county they still think and talk so much about family that they have no time left to weed the garden. They're lovable people, but I thank the Lord I had sense enough to get out and come to New York when I was a youngster. I'm prouder of my seat on the exchange than I should be of twenty Blenkinswoods."

At first Alice had urged him only to put Blenkinswood in repair and get a capable farmer to run it, but presently she began to want to see the old plantation herself. This also had become a fixed idea with her; nor had he been able to shake it with his descriptions of the wretched roads and the dilapidation.

"Isn't it natural that I should be interested in your family?" she would demand. "I'll never get over wanting to see the place where they lived."

That, in effect, was her declaration now, uttered with a curious gentle tenacity.

"But you have seen all of it that's worth seeing," he told her. "You've seen the best of the portraits and furniture from Blenkinswood in my apartment. You'd be awfully disappointed in the place itself."

She shook her head.

"And I've told you a dozen times why I can't take you there. It would make talk."

"It wouldn't if I were your sister or your cousin."

"But you aren't."

"Who'd know that?"

His laugh was impatient.

"The whole county would know it inside of six hours. If a man comes from Virginia the people down there know more about his family than he knows himself. If I were to take you down there it would make a scandal."

"It would be my risk, wouldn't it?"

He gazed at her, amazed.

"Upon my word," he said, "you fairly paralyze me when you say a thing like that! It's so unlike you."

"If a woman has a clear conscience ——"

He interrupted.

"In this world a clear conscience isn't sufficient. You've got to think how things look."

"Well, at the worst, how would they look? They'd look as if I loved you. Don't I? I'm proud of loving you. I'm proud of the kind of love it is. I have nothing to conceal. Don't you suppose a good many people who know us are able to see that I love you? Clara knows. I've told her."

"What did you do that for?"

"She's the best girl friend I have in New York," Alice answered. "She knew it anyhow, and I wanted her to see how it was."

"What did she say?"

"That I was heading for unhappiness."

"Well," he said defensively, "I never tried to conceal that possibility, did I?"

"That's what I told her. I wanted her to see the beauty of an absolutely honest friendship like ours. I've never been so happy in my life. You know that. It's worth any risk. I wanted her to see how fine it was—my never demanding anything of you; wanting only as much as you are glad to give; our complete independence; your having promised to tell me frankly if you ever found yourself losing interest in me."

"What did Clara say to all that?"

"She said you might promise, but that you wouldn't tell me when it came to the point."

"Why did she think I wouldn't?" he asked, surprised.

"She says men don't do things that way. Poor Clara! It's not unnatural that she should be cynical about men after her experience."

"Just what was her experience, do you know?"

"Her husband was absolutely good for nothing."

"But how do you know?"

"She's told me all about it."

"Oh!" He smiled faintly.

"That's another reason I wanted to tell her about you. She has her life to make over again, and it's not good for her to be so cynical. She mustn't go so much by that one bitter experience, judging all men by one. She must learn that some men aren't that way."

He gave a grim little chuckle.

"I guess you didn't make much headway with her, holding me up as an example."

"What makes you think that?"

"Clara doesn't approve of me."

"I don't see why you say that."

"It's all right," he said. "I'm not complaining."

III

IT WAS an old though not a hard-fought difference between them, this difference over Clara. He did not care to fight it hard, first because Clara was a woman, and second because so long as he was not obliged to see much of her he had no great objections to Alice's friendship with her.

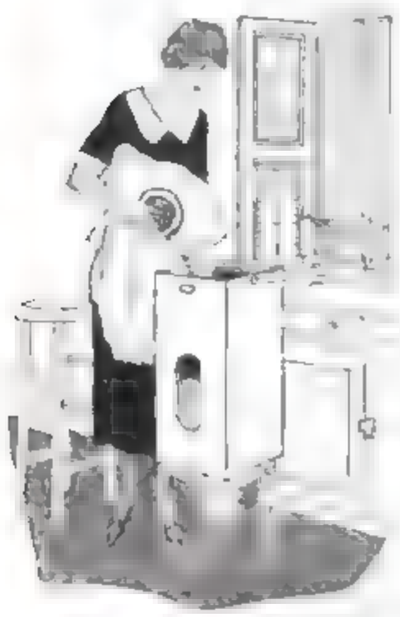
It was a friendship antedating his own friendship with Alice. The two girls, who were of about the same age, had met during the war, in a Cleveland hospital where they were in training as nurses' aids. Before they had completed their courses the war had come to an end. All this Parrish knew by hearsay. As for him, the close of the war had found him doing relief work in Poland, and it was not until some months after his return that he met Alice, who was paying a visit in New York.

He had first seen her at a Sunday-evening party given by some people neither of them knew well—one of those large, vague parties the object of which seems to be to assemble and feed flocks of people who have never met before; and who, having eaten and participated in the vocal din, depart upon their various ways, never perhaps to meet again.

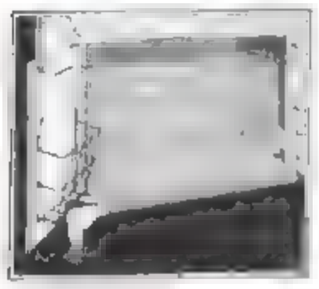
Sometimes, however, they do meet again. Parrish had asked to be presented to Alice, had driven her home after the party, and before leaving her at her door had arranged to have her as his guest for dinner and the theater a few nights later. Though her beauty had been the first thing to attract him he had found himself charmed, as they fell into talk, by her genuineness. Moreover, there was something fascinating about the expression of her mouth. At first you kept thinking she was just about to smile, but you presently discovered that this illusion resulted from the sweet aspect of the lips in repose.

(Continued on Page 91)

SELLERS 30TH ANNIVERSARY

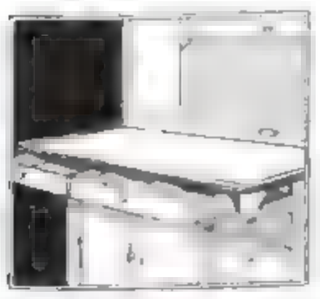


The Only Automatic Lowering Flour Bin. Comes down level with the work table. Filled with ease. Saves heavy lifting and dangerous climbing.



Automatic Double Base Shelf Extender now brings BOTH base shelves, and their contents, forward. You can reach the pot or pan you need from where you sit at the cabinet.

Silverware Drawer. This is just above the roll front. Plush lined and a convenient place for knives, forks and spoons in frequent use



Extending Table Drawer Section —A feature every woman has wished for and which is perfected only on the Sellers—makes it possible to get into the big table drawer even when the work table is extended and covered with work things.

The Cabinet That Makes Kitchen Work Easy

WHY thousands and thousands of women have their hearts set upon owning a Sellers is explained with a single word—"Convenience."

Saving steps is important—but what counts most in your kitchen work is how things are arranged in the cabinet—how it anticipates your wants—how easy it makes your work while you are at the cabinet—how simple it is to care for. These are the things that make a kitchen cabinet a real help and a joy. And in these things the Sellers has no rival.

The new Extension Table Drawer Section, for example, makes it possible to get into the big table drawer, even when the work table is covered with utensils and other things. This is a convenience found on no other cabinet. Then there are the famous Automatic Lowering Flour Bin, the Double Base Shelf Extender, the Dust-Proof Base Top, the Ant-Proof Casters, the Buffet Silverware Drawer, and many others.

In all there are "15 Famous Features" that make the Sellers a real delight to work with, in addition to saving steps.

And what makes the Sellers even more desirable today, in the eyes of most women, is the fact that this superior cabinet costs no more than any good cabinet. Most dealers will place one in your kitchen upon receipt of a small payment down, and make terms for the balance to suit your income.

Building a cabinet in the kitchen costs practically double the price of a beautiful Sellers and can have none of the wonderful features that we have developed in our 30 years' progress. The Sellers requires only the space occupied by a kitchen table.

At present reduced prices, a Sellers is the best value in our history. See your dealer for a demonstration. In the meantime, write for a free copy of our new Sellers Blue Book which pictures and describes the wonderful new features of the Sellers. (127)

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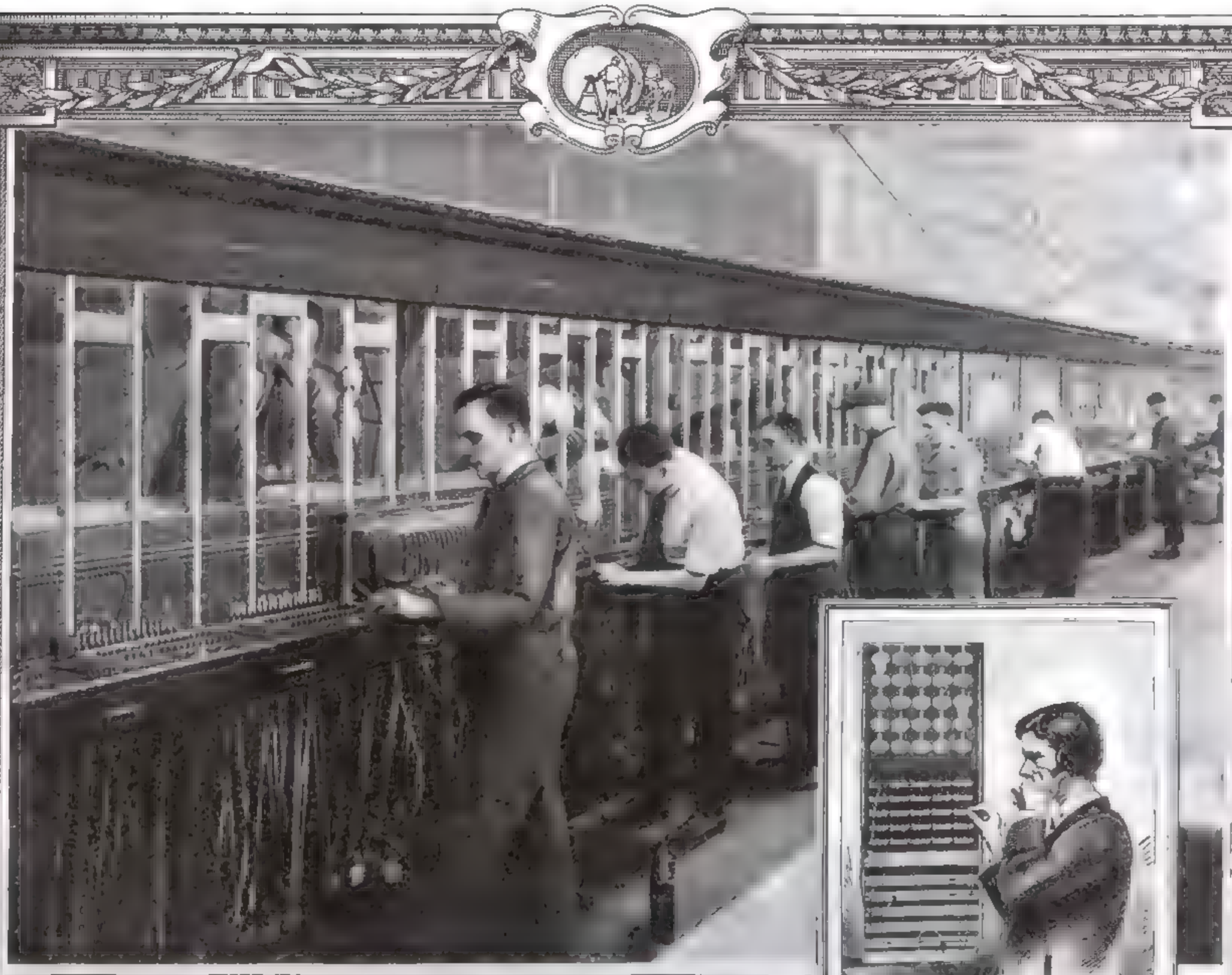


A 1922 switchboard, built of millions of finely adjusted parts. To plan, make and install such a board sometimes takes two years.

The switchboard of 1878

Setting the stage where a whole town gets together

That busy meeting-place of voices, your telephone switchboard, has a manufacturing story not often considered.

Some idea of the problem can be had from the very size of the boards pictured above—the one of today connecting five thousand subscribers for every dozen served by the crude affair of forty-odd years ago.

And greater size brought greater complexity. The modern switchboard houses a network of wires measured by the mile and is made up of parts measured to the thousandth of an inch for accuracy.

That the switchboard can meet the demands of your service is largely because the Western Electric Company, which makes it, began building boards in 1878, and since has led the way in every important development in the art.

Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

Continued from Page 88

In the next few weeks he had seen her often. The time came when according to her original plan she should return to Cleveland, where she lived with her married sister; but she did not go. By then he had not wanted her to go and, albeit with a certain air of playful camaraderie, had told her so. An orphan, financially independent, she was able to do as she pleased, and now it pleased her most to do as he pleased. She put off her departure first from day to day, then from week to week, moving from the house where she had visited to a hotel and later to this pleasant little apartment, which she had rented furnished for a few months.

Before those months were ended a frankly affectionate relationship had been established between them. When her first short lease on the apartment was expiring she renewed it, this time for a year, and now another year was half gone.

It was shortly after Alice had first taken the apartment that Clara put in an appearance in New York. She came at once to Alice's, with the understanding that she was to remain for a few days while seeking a boarding place. The apartment had but two bedrooms, one of which was occupied by Otillia, and with these facts to work from Parrish had no difficulty in deducing that from the time of Clara's advent the living-room couch must needs be pressed into service as a bed.

Because of Alice's enthusiasm for her friend he had been disposed at first to like her and had tried during the first week of her stay to make things pleasant for her. When she had been there two weeks, showing no sign of preparation to leave, he began to wonder just how long it ought to take to find a boarding place, and just how long a comfort-loving girl like Clara would be content to spend her nights upon a couch. Then he had discovered through a chance remark dropped by Clara herself that it was not she but Alice who was sleeping on the couch, which meant of course that Clara was in possession of the bedroom and the bed. It was then that he first began to notice in Clara's pink prettiness, particularly about the nose and eyes, the hint of an expression slightly porcine.

Thenceforward, when he took Alice out, he had ceased to include her visitor, but of course Alice sometimes felt she should not go, and urged him to come instead to her apartment. Now, however, Clara's friends were generally to be found there in the evenings—a heterogeneous collection, ranging from sleek young men intent on taking the two girls out to jazz restaurants where they could dance, to Sam Burke—a broker of a type Parrish did not approve—and Georgina, his effulgent, jewel-incrusted, paradise-plume-sprouting wife.

After a few evenings with Clara's friends Parrish had begun to stay away from the apartment, a fact that seemed to disturb Alice far more than it had disturbed her to sleep upon the couch; and thereafter the situation did not long endure. Precisely how it came to be terminated he was never sure. He only knew that after the third week of her visit Clara had moved to a boarding house round the corner.

There she had since resided, and though she continued to be with Alice a great deal, lunching with her either at home or at a restaurant several times a week, spending many of her daytime hours at the apartment, and even coming there to do her dressmaking, she now avoided, as though by tacit understanding, the hours at which he was likely to come in.

Clara's chief source of revenue, he had been given to understand, was a small alimony, though something was said also of her writing a weekly New York fashion letter to several Middle Western newspapers. It was to these fashion letters that Clara referred when, as often happened, she spoke of "my work." He had been curious to know what sort of writing she could do, and had several times asked Alice to get him copies of some of her friend's journalistic efforts; but these had never been produced. Alice herself had never been permitted to see them, she told him.

"Dick," said Alice presently, "Clara is wrong about that, isn't she? You would tell me, wouldn't you, if you found yourself losing interest in me? You promised, remember."

Why, he wondered, were her thoughts running on that theme to-day?

"Did I ever break a promise to you?"

"No; but ——"

"Well, then, what's the use in discussing such a thing?"

"You understand I wouldn't blame you if you did lose interest. We can't control those things. They just happen. All I ask is to be told. It would be so humiliating to feel that you were ——"

"What on earth is all this about?" he demanded impatiently.

"Nothing. But men do tire of women—we all know that. You tired of Josephine. You told me so yourself."

"Josephine!" he exclaimed almost angrily, placing one hand on the arm of the chair as if about to rise. "What has Josephine got to do with it?"

"You were tremendously interested in her at first; but you ——"

This time he did rise.

"Look here!" he said. "I wish you'd be so good as to drop that subject. Josephine wasn't —— Well, I prefer not to talk about it."

"All right, dear, so long as you understand that you're absolutely free. There are no strings to you. You know that, don't you, Dick?"

She spoke with intensity, gazing into his face, and this eager gravity of hers surprised him. It always surprised him. He had a theory that blondes were never intense.

"Free?" he repeated. "Why of course! We're both free. That's understood."

He tried to make his tone convincing, and if he failed she did not appear to notice it. It was their established creed, and no one notices the tone in which an established creed is pattered off; yet now he was scrutinizing this creed. How free was he? At the moment he felt painfully like a husband, for had he been actually her husband his sense of responsibility to her could not have been much greater. She depended upon him so.

Strange how that sense of responsibility had grown upon him almost unnoticed. It was the very thing he had intended to avoid. From the time when he and Alice had begun to be a great deal with each other he had been careful to make clear to her his attitude toward life.

He had told her definitely, although in a manner meant to suggest casualness, that he intended always to remain a bachelor, and so, possessed of this knowledge, she was in position to order matters as she might see fit.

But he had not stopped with that. Now and then, after their relationship had become affectionate, he had harked back to the topic, pointing out to her with an air of impersonality which in the circumstances he considered somewhat creditable that she was young and beautiful, with domestic tastes, including a great love for children, and that she ought to marry and have a home and family of her own; and he had even intimated that, delightful though the relationship was to him, he thought it unfair to her, since it could lead to nothing, and since other men, knowing of her interest in him, or sensing it, would drift away.

"What do I care!" she said.

Since then his prophecy had been fulfilled. Other men she had known had drifted away; they did not come to see her now. Once, more recently, he had spoken of that, finding his opportunity in the disappearance from her living room of all masculine photographs.

"What's the use in keeping their pictures around?" she had returned with a little laugh. "They'll never know the difference."

"You don't see any of them any more?"

"No—thank goodness!" Then as though by way of explanation she had come and kissed him, saying "I love you."

Poor Alice! She did love him. He had ample proof of that. Now he found himself wishing that she did not love him quite so much. It was less his love for her than hers for him that bound him to her.

"What are you going to do with yourself this evening?" he asked when, at seven, he got up to go.

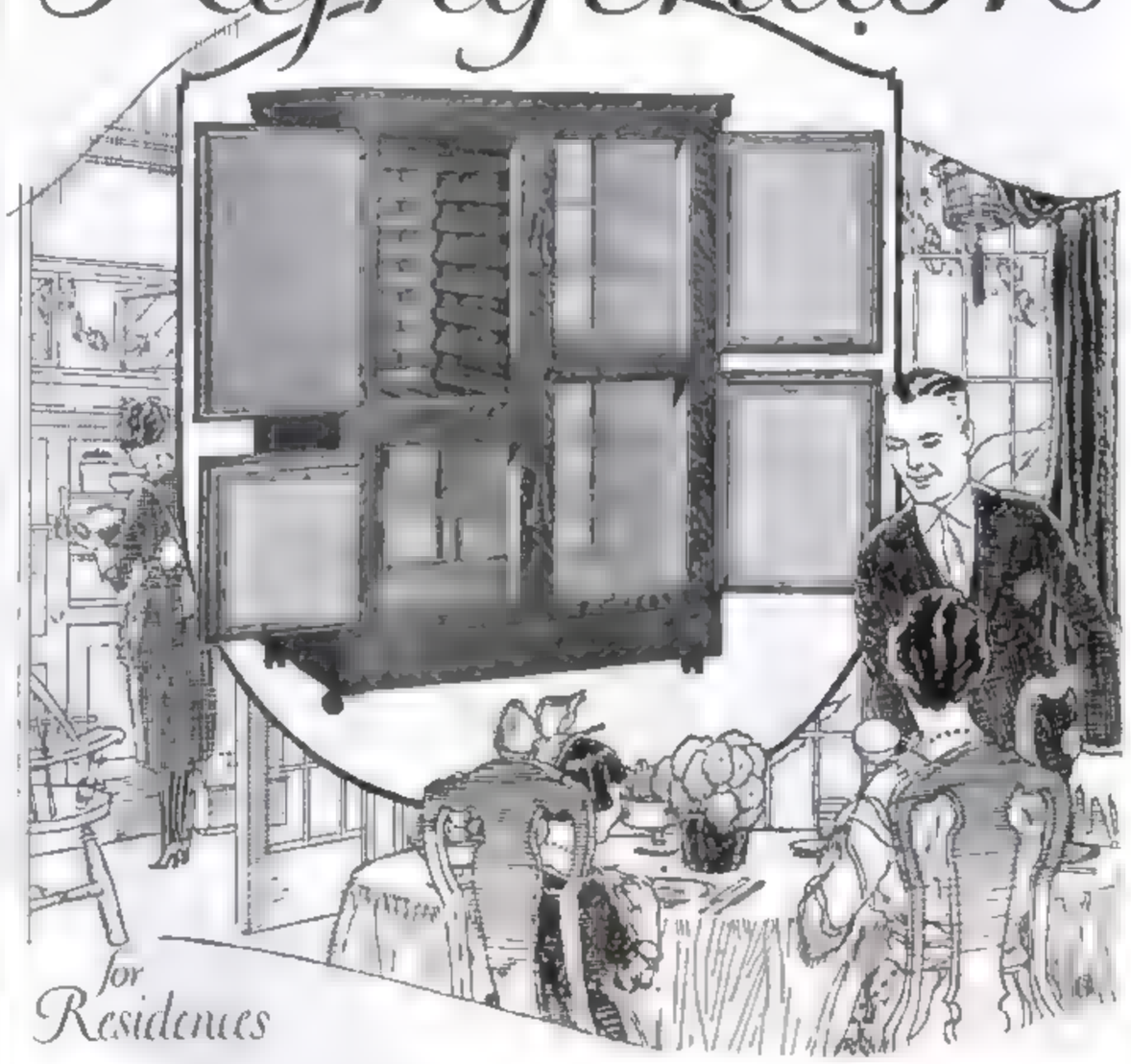
"I think I'll telephone to Clara and see if she can't come over. We might go to a movie or something." She followed him toward the hall door. "Have a good time, dear, won't you, and forgive me for having been silly?"

"Nonsense! There's nothing to forgive."

"Yes," she insisted, "I can't always hide my feelings as I ought to. It's because I love you so."

"You're a dear girl."

McCRAY Refrigerators



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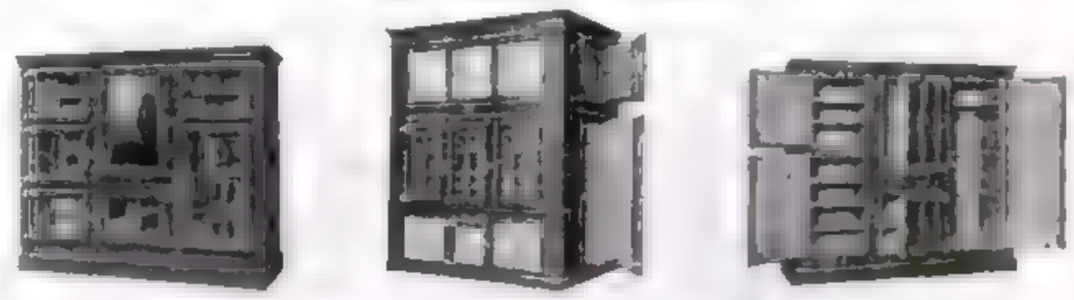

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"Are you going to think of me after you go?"

"Of course I am."

And it was true. He did think of her. He thought of her as he descended in the elevator, and as he drove home, and as he dressed, and as he went to Rita Coventry's. He thought how good she was, how unselfish, how honest, how devoted, and the thought of her merits weighed upon him. If only she were not so fine and so adoring, things might be easier just now!

Women! A good woman is such a lovely, delicate, lofty-minded thing; but when she falls in love she falls headlong, and doesn't count costs. With a man it is different. He may be in love, but even so he can't think constantly of love and nothing else. He has other interests—and he does like variety. No matter how sincerely he may care for a woman, he doesn't want her draped lovingly around his neck *all* the time. That sort of devotion wears a man out. That is the trouble with women. Once in love they can think of nothing else. They have no outside interests. Love is their whole life.

Thus he thought as his car carried him toward Rita Coventry's house.

IV

HAVING closed the door behind Dick, Alice stood there with her hand upon the knob until she heard the elevator come up to the hall outside and descend again. It was as if she had half expected him to return for something.

With the departure of the elevator she moved back to the living room, crossed to the desk on which reposed the telephone and called up Clara Proctor.

"Have you started dinner yet?" she asked her friend.

"No, I was just going in."

"Come on over here instead. It's Otillia's night out, but we can pick up something for ourselves."

"I thought you were going out?" Clara put in quickly.

"I had expected to, but Dick has to go somewhere."

"All right, dear, I'll be around in a few minutes."

Alice, wearing a checked gingham apron, let her in when she arrived.

"I have soup on," she explained, and hastened back toward the kitchen.

In leisurely fashion Clara removed her coat and hat, and passing into the living room paused before a mirror, giving a touch to her blond hair. Then crossing to the table she took up a fashion magazine and stood for a time looking at it. Noises coming through the open pantry door presently reminded her that supper was being made ready. Without putting down the magazine she moved to the dining-room door, where she stopped and called to Alice.

"Anything I can do, dear?"

"No, don't bother. I'll have everything ready in no time."

Clara returned slowly to the table, finished her cursory inspection of the magazine, replaced it, glanced about the room and wandered slowly to the writing desk. There, after surveying her friend's engagement pad, she took up a letter, scrutinized the handwriting and postmark, put it down again, and went into the bedroom, where she paused near the dressing table, upon the glass top of which a number of silver toilet articles were neatly arranged. Also, on the dressing table stood a large photograph of Parrish in a silver frame.

Clara pushed the photograph an inch or two nearer the edge, took up a pair of manicure scissors and snipped a piece of cuticle at the corner of one of her thumb nails. After feeling the thumb to see that it was smooth she put down the scissors and scrutinized her face in the mirror, turning her head critically from side to side. What she saw apparently satisfied her, for she now gave her attention instead to one of the dressing-table drawers, opening it and reviewing its contents. After examining some handkerchiefs which she removed from a silk case she took up a pair of new white gloves and looked them over as a critical purchaser might have done. Then she drew forth a black net veil, and with eyes again turned toward the mirror held it outstretched before her face. Having replaced the veil she closed the drawer and opened the other, finding in the front of it a small bottle of perfume in a satin-lined box. She removed the glass stopple and sniffed the perfume appreciatively, half closing her eyes, then put the bottle back, closed the drawer and returned to the living room just as Alice appeared from the kitchen with a small platter of cold chicken and ham garnished with lettuce leaves.

"Can't I help bring things in?" suggested Clara, stopping as she spoke.

"No, everything's ready. You sit down. I'll bring the soup directly." And Alice disappeared again through the pantry door.

Clara moved languidly to the dining room and seated herself, and almost simultaneously Alice reappeared with two steaming cups of tomato bouillon, one of which she placed before her friend.

"Um!" Clara exclaimed, sniffing, as Alice stood near her. "Isn't that a new scent you're using?"

"Yes. Do you like it? I just put on a tiny touch."

"I love it. What is it?"

"Fleur de Fée."

"Awfully expensive?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, a present?"

Alice, seating herself, nodded across the table.

"Look out," she warned, "the soup's hot."

"Dick?" asked the other.

"No; Margaret."

Margaret was her married sister in Cleveland.

"Oh!" said Clara. Then she asked, "What do you hear from Margaret?"

Alice sighed.

"I'm worried about her," she said. "She hasn't been awfully well. George's business keeps him tied up, and she won't go away without him. What she needs is a change and a rest. I've been trying to get her to come on and visit me, but she always has some reason why she can't. It's not only George and the housekeeping—it makes her nervous to leave the children."

"She's like you," Clara said. "That's the kind of wife and mother you'd be too."

"If I could be as good a wife and mother as Margaret," Alice returned, "it would make me mighty happy."

Clara smiled.

"Have no fear," said she, "you would. You'd never consider yourself any more than Margaret does; and married you'd be that much worse."

"Worse?" repeated Alice, smiling.

"Yes, worse. It doesn't pay for a woman to be unselfish with a man. Men don't appreciate it. They'll accept all a woman will give them, and take it for granted."

"You wouldn't say George didn't appreciate Margaret, surely?"

"Of course I never saw them very much when I was in Cleveland," Clara answered, "but I should say he accepted her devotion pretty—well, pretty calmly. Not so calmly as Dick accepts yours, though."

"Dick is mighty sweet to me," Alice defended. "No man could be more thoughtful and kind. You simply don't understand Dick, my dear."

"I understand one thing," Clara retorted, "and that is, if he's so darn thoughtful and kind I should think he'd be saying something about marrying you."

"He has," Alice returned calmly, rising and taking up her empty soup cup.

"He has?"

Alice, coming around the table to get the other cup, nodded.

"I've told you that before. Dick has been perfectly square. In the beginning, when we were first interested in each other, he told me frankly he was going to be a bachelor always."

"Oh, that!" Clara's tone was disappointed and a little bit contemptuous. And as her friend moved toward the pantry she added, "That's when you should have dropped him like a hot cake too!"

Alice did not reply. When she returned from the kitchen bearing plates and a bowl of lettuce-and-tomato salad Clara continued as though there had been no interruption.

"You'll be twenty-eight pretty soon," she said. "You've got to think of your future. You ought to have been married ages ago—a girl like you, with your money and your looks. It isn't right for him to be driving other men away and—and doing nothing about it himself."

"But I keep telling you," Alice returned as she served the salad from the bowl on the sideboard, "that he made his position perfectly clear in the beginning."

"But what about your position?"

"That's understood too. We're absolutely free—both of us."

(Continued on Page 95)

Which is the Father?

It's hard to tell, for both have the clear, glowing complexion of youth. Some men know how to keep their faces young. They start the day right by using Pompeian Massage Cream. It keeps the skin clear and fit by giving it regular exercise. Pompeian Massage Cream makes you look as young as you feel.

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PATENTED

(Continued from Page 92)

"Yes," said the other with an ironical nod. "He's free, as he wants to be, and you're free whether you want to be or not—and you don't want to be!"

"Yes, I do."

Having served the salad, she had taken the plates to the table, where she was now engaged in placing a slice of chicken and a slice of ham on each.

"That is to say," pursued her friend, "you wouldn't want to marry him?"

There was a dry little smile upon her lips as she gazed at the unhappy Alice, awaiting a reply.

"Not if he didn't want me," Alice insisted stoutly.

"He'd have wanted you if you'd made him."

Fork in hand, Alice paused and looked quickly at her friend.

"How?" she asked.

"By chucking all this highfalutin stuff and playing the game."

"There's nothing of a game about my friendship with Dick."

She made the reply with a little show of dignity. But Clara was not to be deterred.

"That's just what's the matter," she retorted. "Between a man and a woman it is a game. A woman has to use the weapons the Lord gave her. Otherwise the man has all the advantage. He can come to see her when he wants to or stay away when he wants to, but it's up to her to keep him from knowing that. Her job is to keep him on the anxious seat. That's what makes men propose. They always want what they're afraid they can't have. The trouble with you, my dear, is that you're too square with him."

"He's square with me."

"Maybe."

"Have you any reason to suppose he isn't?" demanded Alice, passing Clara's plate.

"Not except that he's a man. I wouldn't trust any man."

Alice took her own plate and sat down.

"You're so awfully cynical," she said. "I can't seem to make you see that my friendship with Dick is ——"

Clara, who had begun to eat, could not wait even to masticate her salad before replying. "I understand this much," she put in thickly: "You'd marry Dick tomorrow if he'd ask you."

"Yes. But I ——"

"Wait!" said Clara, holding up her fork. "You wouldn't raise a finger to get him. Isn't that what you were going to say?"

Alice, looking none too happy, nodded assent.

"I knew it," said her friend, shaking her head hopelessly. "And that's just where you lose out."

"All right then," Alice returned in a tone gentle but determined, "I'll lose out."

She looked at her plate for a moment, touched a lettuce leaf with her fork, then rose and hurried to the kitchen.

"What is it, dear?" Clara called after her.

"Nothing. I just forgot the cocoa."

She was a long time getting it, but her eyes were dry when she returned.

After that Clara permitted her to change the subject.

"There's just a chance," the guest announced as they were finishing supper, "that I'll go to Atlantic City next week sometime. Georgina Burke phoned this afternoon and invited me. That is, if they decide to go. Sam has a cold. It depends on that. If his cold gets better between now and Monday the trip's off." She laughed. "I like Sam Burke. I know he's a trifle loud, but he's all right, and he's strong for me. I amuse him, and he's awfully generous. Of course they'd pay all my expenses. Well, I'd like to get in a few miles on the Boardwalk just about now. Much as I like Sam I'm rooting for his cold to hang on a few days more."

"Why, Clara!" Alice was shocked but amused.

"Oh," said the other lightly, "I make no secret of it. I told Georgina the same thing and asked her to tell Sam. He likes that kind of talk—rough stuff." Then as Alice began to clear the table she, too, arose, and moving some of the dishes to the sideboard asked, "Shall we wash the dishes now?"

"No, don't you bother. I'll just set them in the pantry and do them later."

The proposal was not protested.

Later in the evening when she was about to go Clara spoke again of the new scent her friend was using.

"Um!" she exclaimed. "You always have such nice perfumes."

"Do you like this so much?"

"It's wonderful. It has lure, my dear."

"Lure?"

"Yes. You know—like expensive ladies in elevators at the Ritz."

Alice went to the bedroom and from the dressing-table drawer produced the little bottle in its pretty box and handed it to Clara, who drew out the stopple and inhaled ecstatically.

"Um!" she exclaimed again. "De-lish!"

She corked the bottle, put it back, closed the box and held it out to Alice. But Alice did not take it.

"No," she said, "I want you to have it."

"Oh, Alice! You dear! But I mustn't rob you!"

"Nonsense!" Alice gently pushed away the hand containing the box. "I don't think I like it as well as the kind I used before." And with a little laugh she added, "I guess lure isn't exactly my style anyway—worse luck!"

▼

ALIGHTING from his car in front of Rita Coventry's house Parrish told his chauffeur to return at half past eleven.

"And wait," he added.

The house, one of a block of English-basement residences of red brick and white stone, stood in a side street a few doors from Central Park West. Through the evening dimness he saw that the windows of the floor above, now glowing with soft light from within, were equipped with boxes in which low shrubs grew. The front door, two steps up, was of wrought iron backed by plate glass and curtains of light silk, through which sifted a pleasant amber glow.

His ring was answered promptly by a blond young butler, evidently a Frenchman or a Swiss, who, after taking his hat, coat and cane, led him as far as the stair landing, from which point he indicated with a polite gesture the drawing-room at the front of the house on the floor above, whence came a buzz of conversation.

In his first glimpse of the room from the doorway Parrish perceived that it was spacious and that the walls and ceiling were of gray and cream color, with low-relief moldings and embellishments in the Adam style. Furnished in the period, it would have been a chamber dignified and chaste. But it was not so furnished. In its heterogeneous contents he seemed to read the journal of a world traveler, a cosmopolitan with an ample, careless pocketbook, a quick, acquisitive feeling for beautiful things and a striking disregard for the conventions—at least for those having to do with the furnishing and decoration of a house. In a single glance he saw an ancient Spanish desk, tall and bulky, studded with nails and strapped with ornamental ironwork; a Chinese cabinet of red lacquer; and another cabinet of buhl. A semicircular Hepplewhite table stood against the wall between the French windows, and in the next wall space a Korean chest of dark polished wood, heavily bound with brass. The massive table backed against the blue velvet couch at the center of the room was an old Italian piece, and upon it were two lamps made from Chinese jars; but the several tall standing lamps of carved and gilded wood were Florentine. He noted also a light Sheraton sofa, French and American chairs of several different eras, and a stiff Italian throne and footstool covered with old velvet and embroidered with the arms of the Borghese.

Inside the door he paused briefly. Rita, across the room, was half surrounded by a group of guests. Her famous back, which was toward him, was uncovered save for two ropes of pearl beads which passed over her shoulders and connected with her gown at the waistline.

Standing thus, she appeared to be dressed only in these beads and a scant satin skirt, black and lustrous like her hair. The skirt was festooned with strings of beads, some of them pearl, some of an emerald shade matching the large fan of ostrich plumes that dangled from a loop of velvet ribbon on her arm. She was talking and gesturing, using her hands and shoulders as he had seen her use them long ago in Paris at Larue's.

As Larry Merrick, standing near her, caught sight of Parrish and nodded a greeting Rita turned with a rattling of beads, and extending her hand gave him a smile that made him feel as if more lights had been turned on in the room.

He advanced and took her hand. It seemed to him that he had never seen a human being so full of brilliant contrast—white teeth contrasted with red lips, red lips against a creamy skin, and a creamy skin set off in turn by dark eyes and the jet black of her gown and hair.

Except Rita and Larry Merrick, Hermann, Krauss, the banker and patron of music, was the only one of the group he knew. The others proved to be Schoen the pianist, his pretty American wife, and Mrs. Fernis, the novelist, who gushed and continually spoke to Rita and of Rita by her first name in a way that made Parrish feel that she was vain of the intimacy.

Hardly had he been introduced when three more guests arrived—Bickford, the steel millionaire, with his girlishly dressed wife of fifty-five or sixty, and Luigi Busini, the great conductor of the opera, a man tall and dark, with a beautiful profile and the look of one whose hat has been blown away and whose hair and mustache have been set on end by the same high wind.

Parrish, who had of course heard the gossip about Rita and Busini, watched them now with interest. Busini kissed her hand and looked at her ardently; but as he did the same with each of the other ladies one could hardly deduce anything from that.

The butler and a maid now appeared with trays of cocktails and appetizing little sandwiches of caviar and pâté de foie gras, after which the company moved in helter-skelter order to the dining room at the rear of the house on the same floor. It was an unusual dining room, resembling rather a conservatory, with its many plants, its large windows facing the south, and its walls of imitation stone, stripped with green lattice through which vines climbed from marble pots on the floor.

Parrish was pleasantly surprised to find himself placed at Rita's right, and it amused him to notice that both Krauss and Busini, seeking their seats at table, looked first at his place card, as though each expected to find his own name there.

"No, Luigi—at the other end," said Rita, indicating to Busini his seat far down the board.

The conductor was at no pains to conceal his disappointment. He gave a little shrug as he turned away.

"He is not pleased," remarked Krauss as he seated himself at Rita's left. His eyes twinkled as they followed Busini. "He looked as if he wanted to slip a stiletto under your fifth rib, Mr. Parrish."

"I have spoiled Luigi," said Rita. "See—he won't look at me. He's cross as a bear." And she explained to Parrish, "He sulks that way if there's anything he doesn't like."

"I understand his disappointment," Parrish said. "You were very kind to place me here."

"No—selfish," she said lightly. "I want to know you. Luigi has sat here often enough. His performance reminds me of something that happened at a dinner in Paris years ago, just after my début. It was Vasquez's first season there. He was a sensation. They were calling him the greatest barytone who had ever lived. The Russian ambassador was at this dinner, but he was placed at the left of the hostess and Vasquez on her right. I sat by the ambassador. He was very charming, but he was annoyed all the same. As he was leaving the house he kissed the hostess' hand, and then, so that she could hear, said to Vasquez, 'Good night, monsieur. His Majesty, my august sovereign, will be much flattered when I tell him that this evening it was you who represented him.'"

Rita's was the sort of dinner at which people talk about dinners and dining. The cuisine, that is to say, was perfectly Parisian and the wines, from sherry to champagne, delicious.

Schoen told of the chef of an Italian prince who refused to prepare a meal for more than twelve. When his employer gave large dinners the chef would cook only for the dozen most prominent guests, the repasts of the remainder being prepared by his assistant, who sometimes made out a separate menu. The chef maintained that twelve was the greatest number for whom one man could cook, and that a smaller number was even better. He had a saying, "*Pas moins que les Grâces, et pas plus que les Grâces et les Muses.*" At last he left because his employer, who was entertaining an Archduke of Austria at luncheon, demanded that he cook for fourteen.

This, in turn, reminded Rita of a story about Brambleton, the London critic. Besides his caustic criticisms, Brambleton

(Continued on Page 98)

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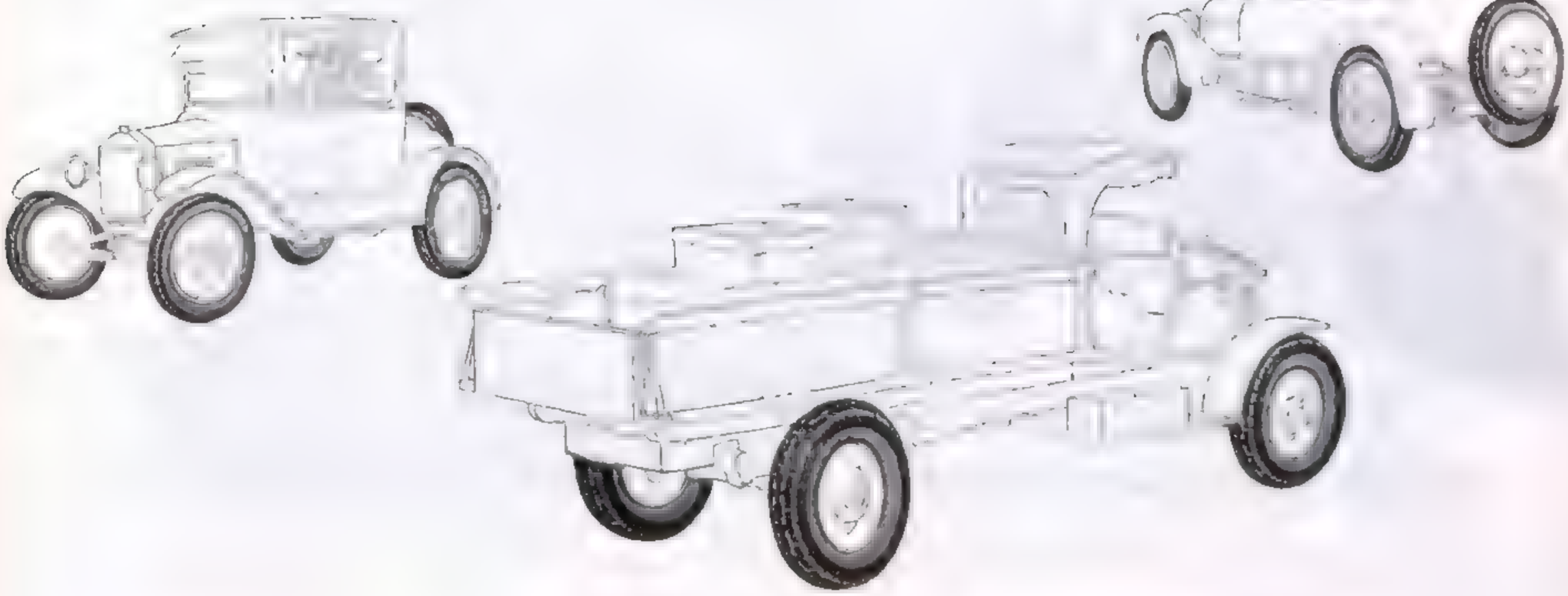

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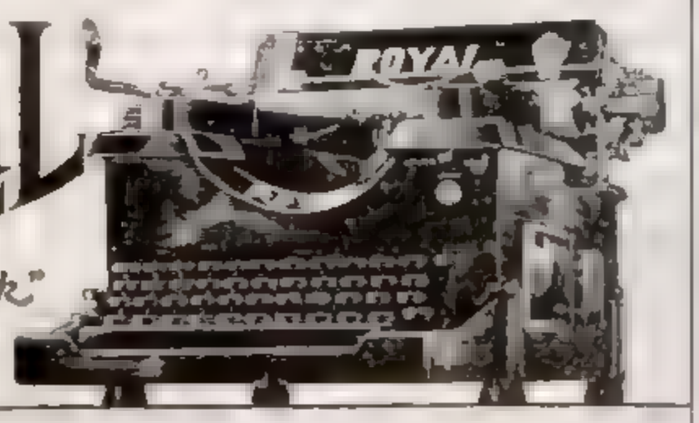

"Compare the Work"

LIGHT-RUNNING
QUIET-RUNNING

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was famous for two things—his love of food and of solitude and silence. He avoided people, or if he could not avoid them refused to be drawn into conversations. One day a fellow critic who more than once had crossed swords with him in print saw him alone in a restaurant. He spoke to Brambleton, but the latter did not answer. Just then the waiter put a dozen oysters on the table before him.

"Look here, Brambleton," said his confrere, "don't you think you had better invite me to lunch with you to-day?"

Brambleton shook his head and glared.

"Because it is unlucky to do what you are doing," the other persisted. "You're thirteen at table."

The dinner was all but over before Parrish realized that his neglect of Mrs. Fernis, at his own right, had verged upon rudeness. In the last few moments he turned and talked with her, trying to make up for the earlier delinquency. And yet he felt that here, much more than at the average dinner party, there was an excuse for what he had done. It was not only he whose attention had been centered on Rita. Mrs. Fernis and all the others had looked to her rather than to those beside them. Eyes drawn to Rita in the first instance by her beauty were held not only by that beauty but by some strange adductive power almost entirely apart from it; a kind of vividness which Parrish, watching her, explained to himself as being like the vital force of two or three persons combined in one. She bubbled with spirits. Her mind and tongue were quick. She was amusing. Yet there was that about her which, even when the things she said were of no consequence, made people pause and listen. Call it personality, individuality, magnetism, charm, allurement, what you will, she had that gift, indefinable and priceless, that super something which is granted to a few rare beings in this world, and which causes those who have it to stand out from the mass of mankind like searchlights in the night.

VI

AS THE party left the dining room he managed to keep his place at her side.

"I'm to see those prints?" he reminded her.

"Yes, later—if you don't mind waiting after the others go."

"Oh, thanks!" Then he asked a question about something he had wondered over: "How have you found time to interest yourself in prints—a woman as busy as you are?"

"Ah," she replied, looking at him over her white shoulder and giving him the smile, "I can say to that what Mario said, 'I have had all the follies—all.' But I'll tell you more about it later."

"About the follies?" he suggested, smiling.

"No, the prints. I don't talk of my follies. It's enough to commit them. I leave the talk to the world, and to judge from the reports I hear of myself the world is quite able to take care of it."

When, in the drawing-room, coffee and cigarettes were passed Rita took both. As she lighted her cigarette from the silver spirit-lamp, Busini came over to her.

"I thought you were not smoking any more?" he said in Italian.

"Then, *caro mio*," she retorted gayly, "I have not altogether lost the power to surprise you." She blew smoke at him.

"Your lower register!" he said with grim significance, and turned away.

"Beast!" she called after him. But she was not disturbed. She winked at Parrish, explaining, "He is trying to be as awful as he can to-night. It makes him furious when he cannot annoy me. As a matter of fact my lower register is better than it ever was." She appealed to the others: "Isn't my lower register better than ever?"

"Indeed it is, Rita darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Fernis. "It never was so rich!"

"Isn't it, Hermann?"

"Absolutely!" declared Krauss. "Like your figure, my dear, it continues to improve. When you are sixty I shall no longer be able to resist you. We shall go to Venice."

"Your voice is superb—superb!" put in Schoen without waiting to be asked. "But for saying so I want an orange."

"Great goose!" she said, slapping at him with the green-plumed fan.

"I do want an orange," he insisted.

"Really? What for, insatiable monster? Haven't you had enough to eat?"

"I do not want it to eat. I want an orange and a hairbrush. I will do tricks for you."

"Very well, child, you shall have them. Ring."

She indicated a push button near the door. Schoen rang and gave his peculiar order to the butler, who went away and soon returned with the orange and the hairbrush.

"Come and see this, Rita. Come everybody!" cried the pianist, going over to the instrument and sitting down upon the bench before it.

They gathered about him. Taking the orange in his right hand he began to roll it quickly back and forth over the black keys, at the same time playing an accompaniment with his left, producing a charming little air.

"Something of your own?" asked Krauss as he finished.

"His own?" echoed Busini with a snort. "Chopin's own! The Black Key Study."

"The orange is my part," said Schoen amiably.

"Do it again! Do it again!"

The artist, who was like a large, jovial boy, did it again, evidently enjoying his trick greatly.

"Let me do!" cried Busini, crowding his way up to the piano.

"Wait," said Rita. "What's the hairbrush for?"

She held it up, a lovely thing of gold and enamel with little wreaths of roses on the back on a field of blue.

"Ah!" said Schoen, assuming the mysterious air of a magician as he put down the orange and took the brush from her hand. "Now you shall see! This is perhaps my chef-d'œuvre."

Again his large left hand ran over the bass keys, while with the brush, held in his right, he played the Ride of the Valkyries, pressing down upon the keys with the bristles. His auditors were filled with enthusiasm.

"Wonderful!" laughed Krauss, applauding. "You must stop giving recitals at Carnegie Hall, where your art is not perhaps fully appreciated, and go into vaudeville—three or four thousand dollars a week!"

Even Busini was lost in admiration, forgetting for a time to sulk.

"Now let me do!" he cried, seizing the orange and elbowing Schoen to the end of the piano bench.

His first effort was not entirely successful.

"No, no!" cried the originator of the trick. "Not that way! You hold it too tight. Let it roll in your palm."

He tried to take the orange from Busini in order to illustrate, but the latter clung to it as a child clings to a toy.

"*Aspetto!* Let me have my chance. I want to do!" And he began again. "There!" he exclaimed, delighted, as after some practice he began to get it. "Now I do better! This is more like!"

"The bass! The bass!" admonished Schoen, eager to help. "It isn't only the orange, Luigi. You must get the bass too!"

"I don't know the bass. I play it by ear—hearing you."

"Look—like this!" Schoen showed him the chords.

Busini attempted it again, still without perfect success.

"Amateur!" said Rita.

"But this is the first time I try!" protested the conductor, and made a grimace at her. Then putting down the orange he said, "Now give me the hairbrush."

"It's just what you need!" Rita said with a laugh.

The other did not grasp the jest at once.

"Oh," he retorted, passing his hand over his upstanding locks, "it is my beautiful hair you do not admire this evening, *carissima*. And you used to admire so greatly." He shrugged.

"You misunderstand, Luigi," she said with mock ardor. "To me your hair will always be beautiful. It will be a beautiful memory even after it is gone. For you, my dear, it is the back of the brush."

As the others laughed the face of the Italian lighted with sudden comprehension. He clapped his hands.

"Ah, *je comprends! C'est ça!* That is very droll. Oh, very droll, Rita!" And to the others, who had understood from the first, he began to explain: "You see what she mean? She mean I am naughty boy; I ought to have the *bastone*—the spank!" He illustrated, hitting the palm of his hand

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 98)

with the back of the brush. Then, to Rita, admiringly: "No wonder everybody fall in love with you, *chérie*. You are beautiful. So are other women. But you have *esprit*. That is what ——"

Rita interrupted him, singing:

"Pourquoi serais-je belle
Si ce n'est pour être aimée?"

"Yes, from Louise," said Busini, "but a half tone low." He struck a key several times with one finger, then a chord.

"He has absolute pitch, you know," Mrs. Fernis told Parrish in an awed tone.

"Absolute pitch?"

"Yes." She turned to Rita, saying, "Get him to show Mr. Parrish, Rita dear."

Busini was quite willing to exhibit his strange gift. Going to the other end of the room and turning his back he named one after another the notes making up each of many chords struck on the piano by Schoen. As he sat down afterwards, amid exclamations and applause, he seemed to be in better humor than at any time during the evening.

VII

THE two bars from Louise made Parrish eager to hear more.

"Aren't you going to sing to us?" he asked Rita.

He had not meant the request to be overheard by the others, but the sudden silence which ensued about them, and the eyes turned to her, showed him that he was not alone in awaiting her answer.

"Yes," she said after an instant's hesitation, "I'll sing." The beads on her gown rattled pleasantly as she rose and moved to the piano.

"Rita must like you very much," Mrs. Fernis said to him in an undertone. "She almost never sings for her guests."

"But no one has asked her to," he returned. "I've been waiting, thinking someone else would do it; someone who knows her better than I do."

"We don't ask her."

"I ought not to have done it, you mean?"

"You didn't know the unwritten law."

"She could easily have said no."

"Not to you, evidently," said the lady with a certain air of coy intimation.

She had made him uncomfortable, but he forgot that a moment later when, after striking a chord, Rita let her golden voice fill the room:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ——"

Her head was thrown back slightly, and her gaze rested, while she sang, upon the upper part of the tapestry across the room. But when at the end of the song she allowed her eyes to fall he found them meeting his. It was only a swift glance she gave him, but it thrilled him. She had looked first at him! Then, as their eyes parted, he rebuked himself. "Idiot!" he thought. "She looked at you only because it happened to be you who asked her to sing."

Before the applause had stopped he was at her side. She had risen and closed the cover over the keyboard.

"It was the loveliest thing I ever heard!" he said, glowing with sincerity. "But I am afraid I did wrong to ask you."

"Admirable!" came Busini's voice across the room. "But why? Why not sing something good?"

"That is a good song," she replied indifferently. Then, to Parrish, "I felt like singing to-night. This sort of day makes me feel like it."

"Spring!" he answered with a sigh. "So it does me!"

"And you don't sing?"

"Not a note."

"Perhaps you have some other mode of expression for the springtime?" she suggested with a little smile.

"Auctions," said he. "I buy all sorts of curios I don't want."

"Why not the thing they call interpretative dancing? Have you tried that? Judging from pictures in the magazines, spring is the season in which to wrap a necktie around the brow and prance barefoot through the park with a tablecloth."

"One must get up at dawn for that," he objected, echoing in his tone the mock gravity of hers.

"Or stay up all night," she amended.

Mr. and Mrs. Bickford, who had sat through the evening like people entertained and a little mystified, came up in time to catch the last words Rita spoke.

"That's what we mustn't do," said the lady. "Alex is at his desk every morning at 9:30. Example, you know." Whereupon she and her husband said good night.

"Is anybody going our way?" Bickford said, pausing at the door.

It was unnecessary for him to say which way theirs was. The Bickford house, on a Fifth Avenue corner, across the park, was celebrated throughout the city for its curious tower, its arches, balconies and strange protuberances, resembling gigantic goiters carved in stone. This invitation resulted in the departure of the Schoens and Mrs. Fernis, who were soon followed by Krauss. "Perhaps I can drop you, Mr. Parrish?" he suggested.

But before he could answer, Rita replied: "I've asked Mr. Parrish to stay behind. I want him to see my print collection."

"You, Merrick?" invited the banker. "You, Busini?"

Merrick accepted, but Busini shook his head.

"Thank you, no," he replied. "I also will stay and look at those print."

Parrish heard this with a feeling of disappointment, which, however, Rita almost instantly dispelled.

"No, you won't!" she said to the Italian; and though she said it with a smile her tone was definite enough. "You would never look at my prints before. Now you can go home, my dear!"

"Home, Sweet Home," Busini answered, giving her a slanting smile. "That is another song, silly like the one you sang. Home is not always attractive." His shrug expressed a certain resignation. "Good night, beautiful Rita." He kissed her hand. Then, bowing formally to Parrish, he said: "Good night, sir. I believe you will enjoy those print. I am inform that the collection of mademoiselle is large. Some examples, I believe, have merit. Perhaps others not so good. But that might be due, sometimes, to a selection too sudden." He looked at Rita as he finished: "Mademoiselle's temperament is like that. For deciding she is very quick."

Parrish was vaguely annoyed, for, although he was not certain of Busini's meaning, he sensed an indirection of some kind. He bowed formally and Busini walked toward the door.

"There is this about my collection, Luigi," said Rita as he moved away: "When I find in it something not so good as I had believed it to be I quickly get rid of it. Good night, *mon ami*."

Moving to the doorway she pressed a push-button. A bell sounded faintly from a distant part of the house.

"Come," she said, turning to Parrish, "the prints are in the sitting room on the floor above."

As she led him up the stairway they heard the soft, metallic sound of the front door as it closed behind Busini.

Rita paused and leaning over the balustrade called: "Pierre!"

"Mademoiselle?" He came running up.

"Laissez la lumière là bas."

"Bien, mademoiselle. Merci." He turned and descended toward the lower hall.

VIII

RITA'S sitting room bore no resemblance to the other rooms that he had seen. It was smaller, and there was about it a modernity that was aggressive and startling. The carpet was of solid black; the panel moldings on the deep-ivory walls were picked out in lines of black and nasturtium color, and the same striking combination appeared again in the mantelpiece and in the hangings at the doors and windows. Two deep, comfortable couches standing at either side of the fireplace were upholstered in black velvet, and might have given a too somber note but for the brilliant pillows of taffeta in solid colors with which they were equipped.

"How do you like it?" she asked, observing that he looked about.

"It is very striking."

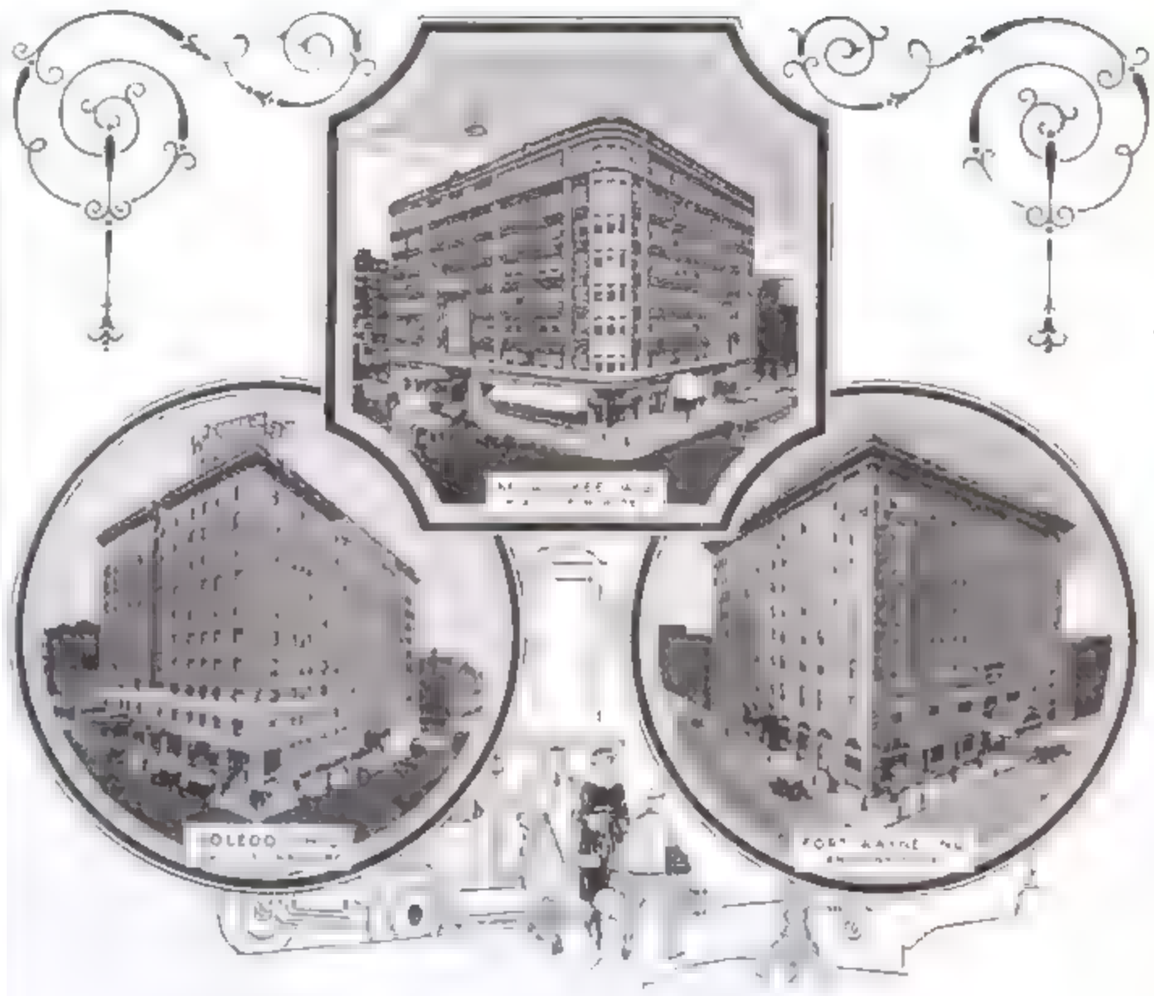
"Be frank. I've just had it done. I'm not sure I like it myself. I fell into the clutches of a decorator, a very clever and persuasive woman, who wants to do the whole house."

"Don't let her."

"I don't intend to. This sort of thing seems to me abnormal—like Strawinsky's music. I'm having a frightful time, though, keeping her out of my bedroom. She wants to give me black-and-gold walls—originality, you know. She says my bedroom isn't original, but I tell her sleep isn't original either."

Parrish smiled.

(Continued on Page 104)



Do You Ever Go To Milwaukee, Toledo or Ft. Wayne?

AN UNUSUAL treat awaits your arrival in each of these cities. It will be found in the form of an excellent hotel service by an organization trained to give the greatest service possible and with the utmost courtesy.

One Keenan custom is that the clerk calls your room immediately upon your arrival so that we may be sure of doing everything possible to make you comfortable. Our guests must have every service that it is within our ability to extend.

This spirit is reflected by all who attend you while you are with us. It is, of course, only one of many things which make people return to our hotels year after year.

Reservations Wired Free

We gladly wire reservations from one Keenan Hotel to another, so that you may be assured of excellent accommodations. In dining rooms of the Keenan Hotels you receive appetizing food with excellent service. Café and room rates are reasonable.

Notice the names carefully and when you are in any of these cities, go to one of the following hotels. You may feel sure of satisfaction.

THE PLANKINTON
Milwaukee

THE WALDORF
Toledo

THE ANTHONY
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Acknowledged Leaders

KEENAN
Hotel
SYSTEM

"Heart-Break House"

A true story of a home that came back

"WE discovered it when we came out into the country to rest three years ago—a pathetic little house with its weather-beaten sides, sagging porch and broken eaves.

"Almost daily that summer we passed it in its nest of weeds and brambles. By and by we began to call it 'Heart-Break House.'

"One day we stood before it in the twilight and John said, 'That house haunts me; I believe it has a soul. What a wonderful place if some one would fix it up.'

"'Let's,' we said simultaneously and 'Heart-Break House' was ours! Ours to fix up! Ours to heal of its 'Heart-Break.'

"What joy we had in the work! We repaired the neglected porch, the sagging eaves, the tumbled-down fence. We painted inside and out; cut down the weeds and planted flowers.

"If you could see our little home today you would believe in modern miracles. The white painted fence stands up with dignity; the gravel path leads to a neat, well painted self-respecting house that proclaims home and love in its every line. Inside, white woodwork, varnished floors and 'grandmother' rugs; a kitchen whose shelves and shining crockery speak of care and taste and common sense.

"Something has made us healthy and contented. Maybe it is God's sunshine, and work, and dear companionship in our own home; maybe, who knows, the magic was wrought by that blessed paint brush."

Is *Your* House Worth Saving?

EVERY time you are tempted to put off painting ask yourself that question. Is your house worth saving? If it is, do not neglect it. Delayed painting means loss—there are thousands of "Heart-Break Houses" to prove it. Save the surface and you save the house. Paint! ***But be sure the paint you use is the kind that saves.***

There is a Sherwin-Williams paint, varnish, stain or enamel for every surface that needs protection. Each is the right finish for its purpose. Each has proved its dependability over a period of half a century.

There is a Sherwin-Williams dealer near you.

Send 50c. (65c. in Canada) for *The Home Painting Manual*, the most complete work on painting ever compiled. 170 pages of text; 27 color plate pages. Address 601 Canal Rd., Cleveland, O., Dept. B435.

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SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PRODUCTS
PAINTS AND VARNISHES

It won't be harmed —it's Brenlin

The window shade of lasting beauty

Through all the constant strains of everyday usage Brenlin *wears* two or three times as long as an ordinary window shade.

It sturdily withstands the attacks of sucking and snapping winds. Its rich colors resist fading and will not show water spots.

That is because the material from which Brenlin is made is finer and more closely woven—like strong linen in texture.

Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN has no filling.

And because this fabric contains none of the chalk or clay "filling" that crumbles and falls out, causing cracks and pinholes in ordinary window shades.

Also—because the rich colors are of the highest grade, and are applied *by hand* by experts.

Every step in Brenlin-making is a step for longer wear.

And rich and beautiful in a wide range of colorings is Brenlin. It is supple, not stiff, yet always hangs straight and smooth. Its endurance will surprise you.

See Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

Look for the name Brenlin perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade material, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

"How to shade and decorate your windows correctly" —free

We have your copy of this very readable and instructive booklet on how to increase the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Send for it. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way.

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN COMPANY, INC., CINCINNATI, OHIO
"The oldest window shade house in America"

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Dallas, Texas, and Portland, Ore. Owner of the good will and trade-marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.

HAND MADE Brenlin
the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

(Continued from Page 101)

"How is it done now?" he asked. "Rose color, I suppose."

"French blue and gray."

"That sounds nice."

"Would you care to see it? It's just back there." She indicated the door.

"Yes, I should like to."

"Come, then."

He noticed again the rattling of the beads as they passed down the hall. It was a sound, disturbing but agreeable. The bedroom was spacious. The French blue of the velvet carpet ran up into the window hangings, the portières and the canopy and covering of the bed, all of which were of taffeta. The bed was large and much carved, with panels of basketwork let in at head and foot. All the furniture was of a cold gray tone a trifle lighter than that of the walls, and the only color in the room other than blue and gray was in the gold of picture frames and small articles on the dressing-table, in the pink roses filling a bowl upon a table and the small design of rose wreaths with which the silken draperies were bordered.

On a table conspicuously placed, Parrish noticed a large photograph of Busini. That, however, would have seemed to him more significant had not this room, like the sitting room and the drawing-room downstairs, contained so many other framed photographs. Whatever truth there might or might not be in the gossip about Rita and Busini, she was evidently not in the least sensitive about it; nor about that story of her affair with a monarch, either, for the picture of that potentate with a friendly inscription in his handwriting stood on the table in the sitting room.

"Oh, don't let the decorator-lady touch this room!" he exclaimed after a brief survey.

"You like it?"

"It's exquisite. Let the decorator do her own bedroom in her own way. This room expresses you."

Indeed, it seemed to fit her as a jewel case fits its gem. Into his mind there came a vision of her as she must look in that bed when the maid brought her breakfast in the morning. He was sure she had her breakfast there, and that, doing so, she made a picture to delight the eye of an old-time French engraver. She would be propped against a mountain of soft pillows, and would wear a boudoir cap trimmed with blue ribbons and little knots of roses, from beneath which locks of that dark wavy hair would escape to nestle on her shoulder. She was not the sort of woman who would look tired in the morning. Far from it! She would be pink and lovely like a baby just awake. From the moment her eyes opened there would be that brightness in their depths. She would see the sun streaming through the curtains and would smile.

He turned to the door again.

"You were going to tell me how you became interested in prints," said he as they moved through the hall in the direction of the sitting room.

"It was the summer before I first sang Butterfly. I wanted a rest and change, and I thought a trip to Japan would give me atmosphere for the part. Well, it gave me a taste for lacquer and jade and prints, at all events."

They were in the sitting room now, beside a table on which were several large portfolios bound in Japanese silk and fastened with little pegs of ivory.

Rita opened the cover of the uppermost portfolio and began to turn the cardboard sheets on which the prints were mounted.

"This light is poor," she said, pausing after they had looked at two or three of the pictures. "Let's put them on the floor under the tall lamp."

As Parrish carried the bulky volume over and laid it on the rug in the lamplight Rita took a cushion from the couch, tossed it to the floor and dropped down upon it.

"I'll turn for you," she said. "You can stand. That ought to give you about the right distance."

The first prints were primitives—a Gonshiro, several Moronobus and early Harunobus, interesting as examples of the art in its beginnings; but presently she came to works by later masters—Utamaro, Yeishi, Toyokuni; superb compositions splashed with rich soft colors like those of old brocades.

Rita knew about prints. The selection was generally good; where there were imperfections she recognized them, pointing out that this one was weak in color, that one a late impression made after the wooden blocks had been trimmed at the edges, or that another had been creased, or torn and mended.

But though his interest in this art was genuine enough, and though many of these prints were worth seeing, Parrish found it increasingly difficult to give them his attention. How may a man yield his eyes to minor constellations when in the sky is Venus, brightest and most beautiful of stars?

Continually his glances wandered from the printed images to the lovely living image bending over them. In the soft glow of the lamp the beads on her gown shone like the jewels of some fabled princess of the East; her flesh was luminous and rosy; fascinating lights and shadows played through the soft waves of her hair.

By the time the first portfolio had been run through he was aware of strain. Carrying the portfolio back to its place upon the table, and bringing the second, he congratulated himself on having so far been coherent. But there were four portfolios! Too many!

Now she was showing him Hokusais—the Thirty-six Views of Fuji.

Muttering something about Hokusai's detail, he flung a cushion to the floor and dropped down beside her. Yet here, without looking at her directly, he continued to be disturbed. Every time she turned a page he was aware of the white loveliness of her arm and shoulder near him.

Presently he began to feel something like an electric current. It seemed to emanate from her arm and jump across to his. Did she feel it too? Apparently not, for she continued calmly to turn the prints, commenting upon them as she went along.

"Let's stop!" he heard himself exclaim.

He had no sooner spoken than the critical part of his mind came into play, telling him that kind of talk would not do at all. Suppose she were now to ask him why he wished to stop looking at the prints—what would he say to that? If he had good sense he would say he had a headache—and go home. But would he do that? Or would he blurt out recklessly some further wildness?

But Rita did not ask him. She did not speak. She reached out and closed the portfolio. She had turned her head and was looking at him. She did feel that current! Her eyes told him so! He gazed into them with straining eagerness like that of one who seeks to penetrate the depths of some unfathomable sea.

"Why—they're blue!" he murmured.

The shadow of a smile showed in them. He leaned a little more. Now he could see nothing but her eyes. The rest of the world was nebulous. He was shipwrecked on those sweet blue seas.

Rita descended with him to the lower hall as he was leaving. On a carved Italian chest reposed his coat, hat and cane. As he started to slip into the coat she stepped behind him, and taking hold of the collar helped him on with it. Then she gave a touch to either shoulder—a touch of adjustment given as if she loved to give it.

He turned quickly, and as they stood there silent for a moment he felt her fingers working softly at the edge of his lapel. How sweet to have her doing that! There was a fragrance in her hair against his cheek.

"My beautiful!" he whispered. "Oh, my beautiful!"

She raised her eyes to his, and in a voice low and lovely sang again in French the passage from Louise ——

"Why should I be beautiful
If it is not to be loved?"

"Rita," he murmured, "I love you so!"

"It's spring," she answered, smiling.

"No, it's you! I'm mad about you!"

"You think so."

"I know! Tell me, do you care for me as I do for you?"

She patted his cheek.

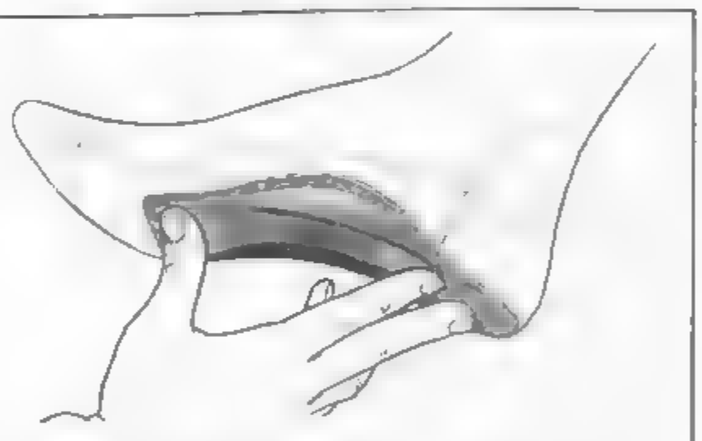
"Rita, you do care, don't you?"

"Don't you know?"

(Continued on Page 107)

"There is no excuse today for foot trouble in any form" —*Dr. Wm. M. Scholl*

Modern science offers immediate and permanent relief for all foot ailments



Positive relief for tired, aching feet, weak arches, weak ankles

Dr. Scholl's Foot Eazer gives you immediate and permanent relief from tired, aching feet and limbs, weak ankles, cramped toes and the weariness induced by weakened and falling arches. Scientifically designed to remove the excessive strain upon the feet and to rebalance the body's weight. Eases feet, body and nerves. Comfortably worn inside any shoe

Corns or callouses there? Dr. Scholl's Anterior Metatarsal Arch Support corrects callouses, tenderness or cramps caused by weakening of the arch across the ball of the foot

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—special sizes for corns, callouses, enlarged or tender joints. Put one on, the pain is gone. Antiseptic, healing, waterproof, give quick and lasting relief. Sold by shoe dealers and druggists 35c per box

Don't let your heels run over. Dr. Scholl's Walk-Straten, worn inside the shoes, distribute the body's weight so that the heels wear evenly and regularly. 40c per pair

HAVE you been enduring painful foot trouble because you have believed there is no escape from it?

Have you tried "cures" of one form or another and found them wanting? Have you, in other words, lost hope of ever being rid of foot ailments—are you accepting them as a matter of course?

No matter what form of foot trouble you have—whether it is tired, aching or tender feet, irritating corns, enlarged joints, callouses on the bottom of your feet, cramped toes, weak arches or an extreme case of flat foot—there is available to you a scientific remedy or appliance that will bring you certain, positive relief.

Today seven persons out of ten have something wrong with their feet.

Science is overcoming these handicaps

In earlier days foot troubles were practically unknown. Today they have attained so much importance, as regards the health and comfort of the average individual, that scientific men are giving them serious attention and study.

Among the first to recognize this tendency was Dr. Wm. M. Scholl. During the last twelve years he has specialized almost entirely on foot troubles and their correction.

From the beginning Dr. Scholl has based his research on a study of the underlying causes of foot ailments. Thousands of cases have been examined and treated. And out of this experience have developed appliances and remedies which go to the fundamental causes of, and relieve and correct, every known form of foot trouble and foot discomfort.

Of greater importance to the public, perhaps, is the nation-wide organization which Dr. Scholl has built up whereby these remedies and appliances are made available to foot sufferers everywhere.

In thousands of shoe and department stores the country over are men—trained Practipedists—who have been carefully instructed in Dr. Scholl's methods. In these stores Dr. Scholl's appliances and remedies are selected, fitted and supplied with an intelligent understanding of the specific foot trouble to be corrected.

Sure relief from foot troubles

No matter what your foot trouble may be, Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service offers you immediate and certain relief.

For every form of foot ailment—tired, aching feet, weak or fallen arches, tender heels, corns, bunions, callouses—Dr. Scholl has devised a scientific appliance or remedy.

If you are one who has despaired of finding relief from foot suffering, take new hope in Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort appliances and remedies.

You CAN have relief. Today foot suffering is wholly needless. Go to the shoe or department store in your town that is headquarters for Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service and ask to see the man in charge. Tell him of your foot trouble and let him demonstrate to you free—how you can have relief.

NOTE: If you cannot locate the Dr. Scholl store in your city, send us the coupon below and we will send you the name of the nearest store

SEND COUPON BELOW

The Scholl Mfg. Co.
Dept. 1004

Send coupon to nearest office: { 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago / 62 W. 14th St., New York City / 112 Adelaide St., E., Toronto

Send me free booklet, "The Feet and Their Care."

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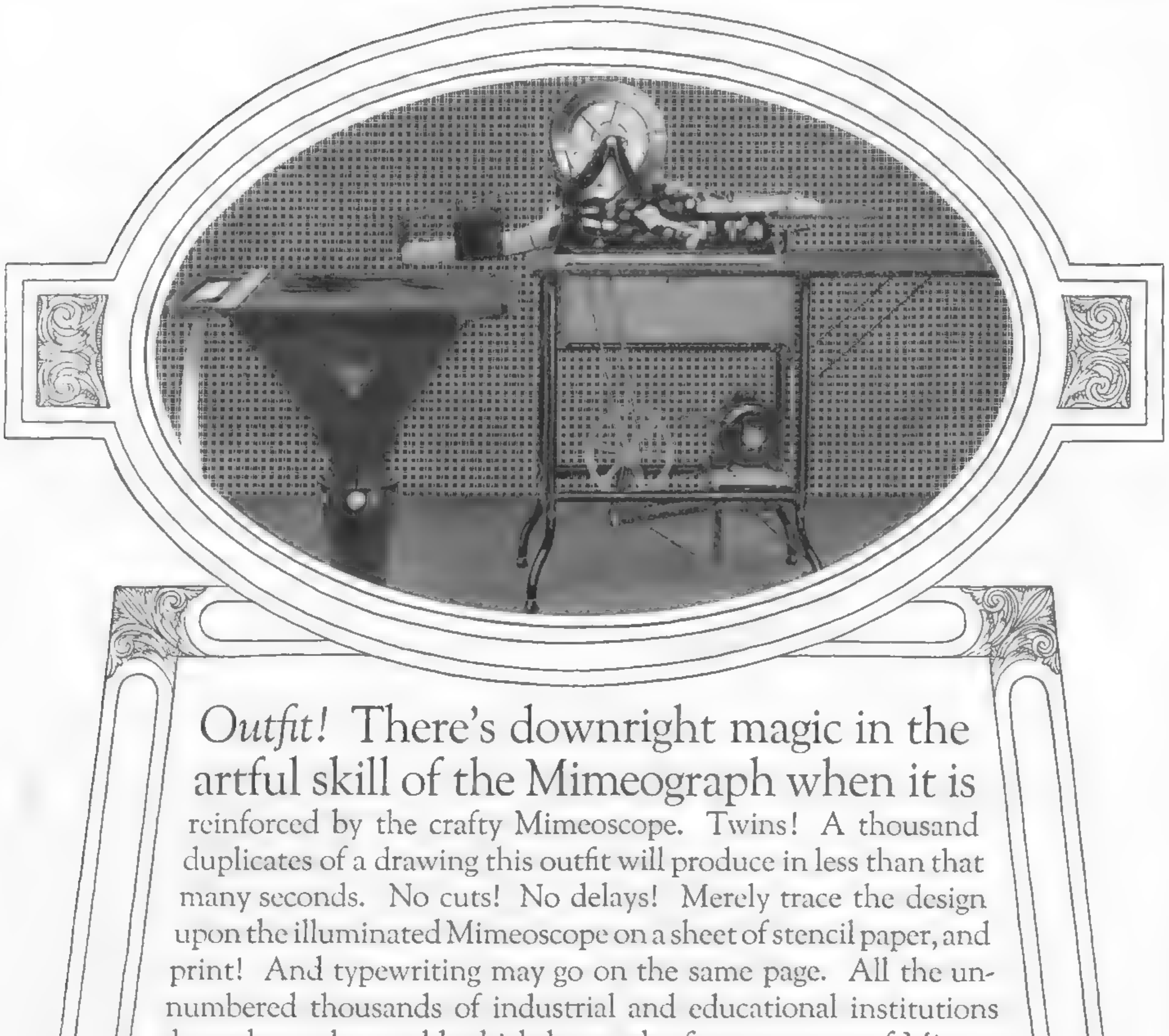
Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances

There's a Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy for every foot trouble. At shoe and department stores everywhere



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MIMEOGRAPH EDISON-DICK

(Continued from Page 104)

That did not satisfy him.

"How much?" he demanded.

She raised her lips. Ah, that was better!

"When am I to see you again?" he asked. "Can you dine with me to-morrow night?"

"To-morrow night I sing."

"Supper, then, afterwards?"

"I'm sorry—I've promised to go to Frémecourt's birthday party."

"When, then?"

She thought for a moment.

"I'll telephone," she said.

He wrote on a visiting card his address and his telephone numbers uptown and down.

"When will you telephone?"

"To-morrow."

"Of course. But what time?"

"Before I go to the opera."

"That would be around six?"

She nodded.

"Oh, my dear," he said in a low eager voice, "I'll be waiting all day for that call!"

He opened the door, but paused reluctant on the threshold.

She gave him a gay little wave of dismissal, saying "Good night."

"I love you!" he said, and closed the heavy door behind him.

In the vestibule he paused until the amber lights within were extinguished. Then he walked toward his limousine, which was standing at the curb.

IX

AS HE journeyed homeward thoughts of Rita sang through his mind. Yesterday morning he had called life monotonous. Yesterday morning! He had not even met her then! He had come to her house a few hours since, all but a stranger. Of those who were there he had known her least. How long ago that seemed!

Life monotonous? Life's little periods of dullness were nothing but a background, like the gray wall of a gallery against which splendid pictures show more splendid still. In the gallery of his life there hung but one picture now. Rita! Rita of the golden voice! Rita, young, brilliant, famous, beautiful, all that was desirable! Rita, who in one splendid blinding flash had let him know she cared for him! For him!

He tried to conjure up her likeness, to visualize her face. But the features at which he had so lately gazed in adoration would not come into focus for him now. In his mind he could see her strong little hands, her tapering arms, her shoulders; and he could see the color of her; the pallor of her skin, the red of her lips, the glistening white of her even little teeth, the shimmering black of her hair, the deep blue of her eyes. But try as he would, he could not harmonize these elements and make them blend into one clear and satisfying image.

The failure disappointed him. It was that way sometimes, though, when one tried to think how certain people looked. Why? he wondered. Why was it that the likeness of one person should be vague when a perfect picture of another could be summoned to the mind at will? Take, for example, Alice. He could always make himself see Alice. He had only to think of her. He could see her now almost as clearly as though she stood before him in the flesh.

Alice! His heart sank. There was a situation to be faced! That couldn't go on. He must find some way to break with her. Cruel? Yes. But he had not willed it so. It was life. Life was cruel; crueler to women than to men. It ought not to be so, but it was.

How was the thing to be managed? Alice was so sweet; she needed him so. What would become of her? Like a black cloud the sense of his responsibility, the responsibility he had always striven to avoid, rolled down upon him.

But this was no time to be wrestling with the problem of Alice. It was a problem to be met in the full light of day, when he was at his best. For the present he must put Alice out of his mind. He did put her out of his mind. Over and over again he put her out. He perspired with the effort of it. But always she came back. Through mental doors of which he had no knowledge until they opened at her touch, she reappeared and reappeared, a silent, gentle, terribly insistent ghost.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SUCKER

(Continued from Page 11)

and it will go direct to a reliable house in Wall Street. What's more, the stock will be delivered.

The man who does that is not a sucker and has no part in this discussion. The sucker wants to get mysterious and trim somebody. He likes to watch the big blackboard with its rows of numbers. He likes to hear the click of the telegraph instrument and be able to impart some wise observation on industrial conditions to the sucker sitting next to him. He dotes on knowing that people in his neighborhood are whispering to each other that he is a stock speculator. As a matter of fact he hasn't the slightest idea of what it's all about.

I am not particularly proud of my experience, but I am no reformer. The best you get out of that penitent reform stuff is to give somebody a laugh. I have been active in the sucker market all my life. I've tried my darnedest to study the minds of suckers and learn what makes them tick. I'm simply giving you the result of my observations.

I really believe it would be a serious deprivation to rob suckers of their opportunities to give somebody their money, would make them genuinely unhappy. They don't want sound business men and reformers interfering with their games and pastimes, and they are not going to have them either.

I have an old friend, part owner in a bucket shop, who was an incurable devotee of faro—the bank, as it is called among professional gamblers. No matter where he goes this elderly man must play against the bank. One night in Chicago it was reported to a group of his friends that the old fellow was up against a crooked game down the street and that the dealers were taking him good. Two friends went down to rescue him.

"Say," whispered one of them as they called him from the table, "are you crazy? Don't you know this game isn't on the level? It's one of the crookedest joints in Chicago."

"I know that," he said fretfully, "but what's a fellow going to do? It's the only one in town."

I'm telling you the truth when I say that nine suckers out of ten will fight you back when you try to show them where they are being robbed.

The war and the activities incident to it increased the output of American suckers tenfold. I have noticed in the magazines and newspapers editorial comment to the effect that the investment in Liberty Bonds had taught the people to be investors in sound securities, the impression being that it was a good thing.

Maybe so, but I want to tell you that in selling Liberty Bonds as was done by drives and patriotic speeches the Government innocently created more suckers than were ever known in the history of the world. I'd hate to know the gross suckerage of this country right now.

Do you know that salesmen of bunk stocks and promotion schemes had regular follow-up schedules on the heels of the Liberty Bond drives and took the newly created investors the way Grant took Richmond?

Around one city in the Middle West that gang took out eight million dollars in a single month!

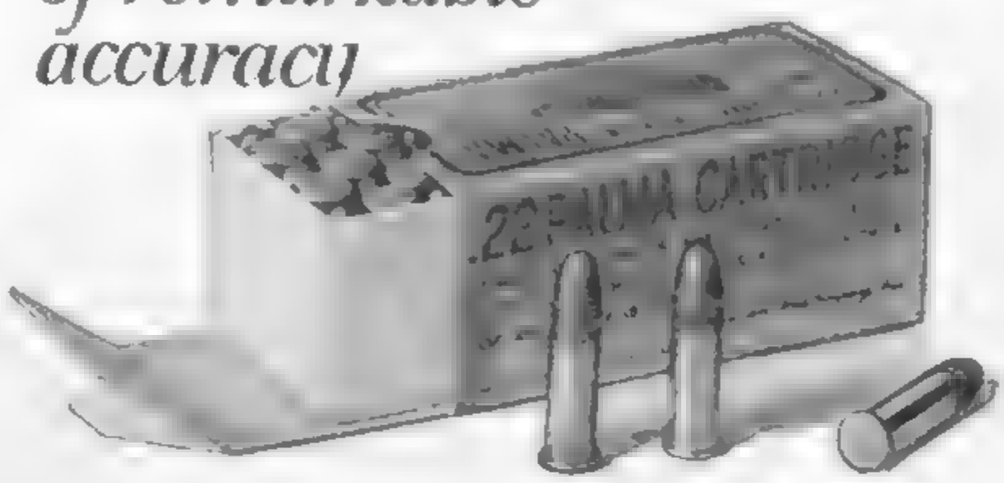
The clipping of the first coupons was the signal for the round-up. The people, you know, liked that idea of clipping coupons. It looked such an easy way to make money. Their feeling was: "How long has this been going on and me not wise?"

The fellows with the bunk oil stocks went at them like this:

"Yes, the government bond is a great thing. But that 3 per cent! Doesn't that make you laugh? Why, they are investing that money in big-paying securities and foreign obligations, while you are only

(Continued on Page 109)

Announcing
PALMA
The New Remington .22 long rifle cartridge of remarkable accuracy



ANOTHER Remington achievement.

Palma .22's have been tried out by expert target shots in all parts of the country—and have received unqualified endorsement for exacting target work at all ranges.

No matter *where* you buy them, Remington Palma .22 long rifle cartridges are always the same—every single cartridge in every single box *exactly alike* in shooting qualities.

When you ask your dealer for Remington Palmas you get the identical cartridge used by experts in establishing world's records.

To the hunter, also, who likes to pit his skill against long range shots at a squirrel's head or a chance at a crow—Remington Palma .22's offer steady, unfailing accuracy and maximum power.

These are the cartridges to give you the full benefit from the accuracy of your Remington .22 rifle—the best possible results from any make of rifle.

The Remington .22 Rifles

Solid Breech—completely enclosed.

Hammerless—no chance to catch hammer on clothes, fences or twigs.

Safety Devices—same as in the Remington high power slide action rifle so popular with big game hunters.

No. 12 A—22-inch Remington steel round barrel, straight grip. Price $22.00.

No. 12 C—24-inch Remington steel octagon barrel, half pistol grip. Price $25.55.

Send for Palma Folder

Remington

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Cunard Building 25 Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

When Havoline was Young

A queer looking outfit, isn't it?—judged by the standards of the present. But it's a true picture of the "horseless buggy" as it was nearly twenty years ago, when the motor car—and Havoline—were young.

Since 1904 Havoline Oil has played an important part in the automobile industry in America. Havoline engineers and chemists were solving problems of automobile lubrication when a two cylinder, twelve horse power car with "detachable tonneau" was considered the acme of perfection. They have kept pace with—yes, a step ahead of—improvements in motor design and in lubrication.

For every car on the road in 1904 there are a hundred today. For every car lubricated with Havoline in 1904 there are a hundred so lubricated today. Havoline Oil has always made good.

The Havoline Sign, displayed by dealers who sell Havoline Oil, is a *good* sign for car owners to follow. Look for it when you need motor oil.

HAVOLINE OIL

Look for This Sign
It is the sign of good lubrication and a good garage.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
Incorporated
New York

HAVOLINE OIL

(Continued from Page 107)

getting the crumbs. Clip coupons, yes. But why not make it 7 or 8 per cent instead of 3?"

The sucker, asking for more details, would be shown a list of stocks that paid anywhere from 7 to 9 per cent. Also there was the additional chance of the stock doubling in price.

"Oh, no, no, no—you don't need any money, not a cent! Just deposit your Liberty Bonds as security and we will issue you the stock. In other words, you can thus make your Liberty Bonds earn you an additional profit of 4 to 5 per cent instead of simply lying up in some bank vault. Get the idea? Or you can simply pay for this stock in Liberty Bonds."

They did get the idea. It was mighty simple. Few of those people realized that Liberty Bonds were negotiable—not registered in the name of the holder. They were just the same as money. Millions of bonds were hypothecated and even sold this way—all being lost to the original holders.

Now can you imagine a man or woman using a good Liberty Bond to buy a tricky oil stock?

I may do an injustice by referring to all oil stocks as bunk stocks. Of course there are some real oil stocks that have proved good investments, but not many. In 1920, for instance, the stock of three thousand oil companies was put on the market. Of these companies 98 per cent were of the come-on variety.

Self-Trimming Suckers

The oil stock is the sucker's favorite. Those stories of the old family that was stopped on the way to the poorhouse and turned into millionaires did the trick. The idea of thousands of dollars running right out of the ground every day, once you hit the spot, brings up old stocking bank rolls that have been buried since the Civil War.

Even the wisest guys fall for that. In other industrials something has to be manufactured, but in oil—why, all you've got to do is bore a hole, and there it is, running right out of the ground! No bother—nor nothin'.

It makes little difference to some of the confirmed suckers that the concern with which they are dealing has no standing. They are just like my old faro friend. Many of them sneak around and line up with a trick outfit by preference. They think they will get a bigger profit. Anyway, they've got to get into something where they can invest fifty or a hundred dollars. They must take a flyer whether it be reliable or not.

In the real crooked bucket shops—the crudest form of them—every convenience has been arranged for letting the smart sucker trim himself. He likes to do that. It is worth a great percentage of what he loses to be regarded as a person of wide information and intelligence. Here he is:

"Had you noticed the accounts in the newspapers of the big building boom that has just started in France, and also in the manufacturing centers of this country?" our floor man asked of the self-satisfied customer who had casually dropped in to look at the board.

"Sure. Well—that is, not carefully, but ——" he stalled.

As a matter of fact there had been no such news.

"Well, tell me, just what does that mean—what should be its influence on the market?" innocently asked the floor man, all the time glancing pointedly at the last quotation on steel, which was falling.

"Naturally," the customer enlightened us, "there will be a lot of steel bought. A man has to be no clairvoyant to see that. It is elemental. What is steel now?"

That was enough. To steer him on a falling stock was not hard. He put in a hundred-dollar order, which was promptly bucketed. He was wiped out the next day, but what of it? To that man it was worth something to be regarded as wise and farseeing.

Most of the stock really bought for delivery in a bucket shop is on the installment or partial-payment plan. It is not to be delivered until the last payment is made, and the price to be paid is that of the market at the time of placing the order. You can see how many chances that offers for taking the customer. The stock can be manipulated for a month or two before he ever gets it—if he ever gets it at all. It is when a number of these partial-payment fellows insist upon delivery of their stock that the bucket shops get into trouble.

The real job of brokers, whether they be genuine or tricky, is to get in touch with suckers. Once they are hooked a large percentage of them stick. The most effective means of reaching them, naturally, is by the sucker list.

These lists of names are first made up from telephone directories, the theory being that when a man has a private telephone he must have a little something else. At any rate, he is somebody in his community. After the first or second try-outs these lists are carefully revised and the more promising names retained. They are added to from year to year.

The sucker list of one concern in New York that failed sold for forty thousand dollars. A list-distributing company bought it and sold copies to new companies being organized for stock-selling campaigns. A good sucker list is easily worth five thousand dollars to a new oil company. I even know of one financial investigator connected with the detective bureau who paid five hundred dollars for a copy just to get a line on the innocents who were being trimmed and who could furnish evidence.

A financial investigator, by the way, is a man who makes a business of representing cautious investors who want accurate information about the standing of certain concerns. Usually he is wise to the ropes and is feared by fly-by-night companies and bucket shops. A new investor would often do well to read the report of one of these authorized investigators before going in too deep on a strange proposition.

The average citizen in an outlying section or right in the city likes to have an important man call him up on the phone. It makes him feel just a little chesty. The salesmen prey on that feeling.

In Brooklyn there was a school organized once for training boys out of high school in what they call the art of telephony—they pronounce it te-leph-ony, with the accent on the second syllable. Try it out and see if it doesn't sound nifty. The idea was to teach these boys how to approach a prospective customer over the phone and then, of course, to sell him something.

"This is the president of the Native Bank, New York. . . . Yes. . . . Exactly. Knowing your interest in the industrial outlook I have taken the liberty of calling you at home," and so on.

The Love of Taking Chances

That sounds pretty good, doesn't it? Yes, the bank president himself called up. That is angel food to the born sucker.

Pretty soon others will be calling up. Then the citizen will quietly take a flyer at a bucket shop to see how it goes. Take it from me, it will go.

About the best that a poor wage-earning sucker gets for his bit is the attention he attracts while reading the stock-market report and looking wise on the car, going home. His family stops all newspapers that haven't a good market report. They all read the tables, and soon—well, they think they know more about stocks than anybody in the world.

These people have read how a one-hundred-dollar share of stock in the original telephone company, organized to help out Doctor Bell, is now worth four hundred thousand dollars or something like that. You can't fool them, not on your life!

I heard a motorman on one of the waiting cars laugh indulgently at the thought of how stupid our forbears were not to have seen that opportunity. This motorman, at the time, was considering going in for fifty dollars on a manless airplane company that some promoters were trying to put over. That is no joke, by the way—that manless airplane company.

Up in Harlem there is an old man of a scientific turn of mind with considerable money. These fellows went up there and took him for ten thousand dollars. It was explained to him that but a few scientific men were to be let in on the scheme, which had for its purpose the trimming of the Government. All patents had been protected and the Government would have to buy at the company's own terms.

And that old gentlemen to this day resents any efforts to put him right. He firmly believes that the manless airplane will supersede the wireless as the invention of the age. Folks, there you have a sucker born in the purple. I reckon, at that, there is royalty in suckerdom just as there is peasantry.

My Greatest Summers

all were spent in Southern California

By An Easterner

THAT may seem strange to you. I, too, once thought—before I spent a summer there—that Southern California was a place to go in *winter*, not in summer.

And yet I know no other that offers such a wealth of summer fun, such complete recreation because of *complete change*, or—strange as you may think it—a summer climate so attractive in all ways!

I have spent summer after summer there, and in a three months' stay slept under blankets ninety nights.

What Do You Do?

You motor, if you wish, for 4,000 miles on paved highways as smooth as city streets through a country unlike anything you have ever seen—unless you've been there.

You play golf on inspiring courses, some of the world's best. You stay at beautiful seashores at the foot of mountain ranges, or in the wilderness at mountain camps.

You view a great desert, like Sahara, and drive back to one of the world's largest cities for your dinner at a famous restaurant or hotel.

You visit great National Parks and Forests—see giant trees, stupendous panoramic views. Or you go quietly and fish in mountain lakes and streams or at world-famous ocean fishing grounds.

You hike, you ride horseback, you breathe deep and you [illegible] a sort of youthfulness that you haven't felt, perhaps, for years.

And all within a *few hours* of a great *metropolitan center!*—an easterner who doesn't know hardly can conceive of this.

Different and Enchanting

The enchanting difference is what lures me and the other thousands who go there in the summer from the east.

It's that difference which renews your youth, changing your view point if you're "run down." You become absorbed, fascinated, relaxed to perfection. The greatest cure for "nerves" you've ever known.

Summer? An amazing summerland—you'll never spend a more delightful, restful, interesting summer anywhere.

Ask any railroad ticket office for further information, or mail coupon below.

Special, low-rate, round trip fares beginning May 15th—*No more War Tax.*

Plan now for this summer. Let the family have this great change and great trip.

Southern California is America's ideal summer as well as winter resort. Average temperature at noon: June, 66 degrees; July, 70 degrees; August, 71 degrees; September, 69 degrees.—The 44-year record of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

All-Year Club of Southern California

Dept. M-204, Los Angeles, Calif

All-Year Club of Southern California,
Dept. M-204, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me full information about the summer vacation possibilities in Southern California.

Name

Address

To round out its line of high grade bituminous coals, The Consolidation Coal Company recently added to its holdings 28,000 acres in the Pocahontas regions of Virginia and West Virginia and 11,500 acres of block coal in Kentucky.

Fuel for the Railroads

The railroads of America in 1919 consumed 119,000,000 tons of bituminous coal, according to the records of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Next to labor, coal is one of the major costs of rail transportation and the great railroad systems of the country, in their striving to keep down operating costs, have given much attention to coal quality and to coal economy. These great railroads are governed in their coal purchases not only by the convenient location of the mine but by the suitability of the fuel itself. They demand for their crack trains a supply of fuel that can be relied upon to maintain schedules.

The fact that Consolidation Coal is being used today in the locomotives of some of the Nation's most famous limited trains is a result of the economy records made by our coals.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Munson Building - New York City

FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG., *Detroit, Mich.* UNION TRUST BLDG., *Washington, D. C*
167 MARKET STREET, *Portsmouth, N. H.* FISHER BLDG., *Chicago, Illinois.*
CONTINENTAL BLDG., *Baltimore Md* UNION CENTRAL BLDG., *Cincinnati, Ohio.*
STATE MUTUAL BLDG., *Boston, Mass.* MARION-TAYLOR BLDG., *Louisville, Ky.*
LAND TITLE BLDG., *Philadelphia, Pa.*
Sales Agents NORTH WESTERN FUEL CO., MERCHANTS NAT'L BANK BLDG., *St. Paul, Minn.*
EMPIRE COAL COMPANY LTD., SHAUGHNESSY BLDG., *Montreal, Quebec*

A little narrow-faced, henpecked-looking man came into my place one day to tell me about a concern he was going in on to manufacture gasoline out of the mud on the marsh islands of Jamaica Bay.

I liked this little old fellow, and shook my head.

"Better lay off that stuff," I cautioned.

"You," he came right back, "are just as ignorant as the old people who thought Doctor Bell crazy when he tried to raise funds for his telephone. Gee! If my grandfather had known as much as I do now he could have taken two or three hundred dollars and run it into a million. You remember also the fellows who laughed at Henry Ford when he was trying to borrow money to start his automobile."

"But there ain't many Bells and Fords," I suggested.

"But are you so stupid that you can't realize that gasoline is going to be the motive power of the world? Don't you realize what it will mean when they can make it out of mud? Have you no imagination?"

"Sounds good, but I'm not so sure they'll ever make it out of mud. Are you?"

Getting the Pikers' Money

"There you are!" he said, waving his arms despairingly. "That's exactly what they said about Doctor Bell, Marconi and all of them. But you can't discourage me. It'll never be said of me that I didn't have more sense than my father and grandfather."

And that's all there is to it. He put his money in, and also that of his wife. What's more, there's no living financier, orator or prophet who can convince that little old fellow that he isn't going to make a fortune.

They really did try out that experiment with the mud, but nothing has come of it, so far. They had the inventor in court the last I heard of it.

The sucker is always ready to go one step further if he can think himself a part of a big scheme. He dotes on being in a secret pool formed by the big financiers to trim the unwary. Handle him mysteriously and he will go the length of his bank roll. Never does it occur to him that he is unwary.

This tendency to grab at a mysterious tip of something big in the wind also makes the big offices of legitimate stock-exchange brokers one of the choice feeding grounds of the bucket shops.

Clerks, telephone operators and stenographers create deep impressions in their neighborhoods by relating what Mr. So-and-So dropped to-day.

"Why, I heard Mr. Smith, the president—yes, the president—say only this morning ——" And away it goes to the next-door neighbor.

Immediately little wage earners hurry down to the bucket shops with fifty-dollar orders.

These clerks, of course, haven't money enough to trade in the regular market, and besides they don't want their employers to know they are using information picked up in the office.

They go in mostly for puts and calls, a practice more common in the smaller cities than in New York. In other words, they simply bet that a certain stock will go up or down. Officially these puts and calls are called options to buy or sell a certain stock at a fixed time in the future. A call is to buy and a put is to sell. That is pure gambling.

One common method of trading in puts and calls is simply this: John J. Sucker puts up fifty dollars for an option to buy or sell so many shares of steel at the market price June first. If at that time the price is lower or higher he either receives the difference or pays the difference. John J. bets them fifty dollars that he can outguess them, in other words. The best guesser wins. There is never any intention of these speculators actually to buy stock certificates for investment.

At that, John J. is apt to be much wiser than the sucker who actually invests in bum stocks. He simply follows the game as one does the races. Some of that kind become shrewd enough to beat it.

Samuel S. Sucker, out in the small towns and cities, is the better mark for the fellow who organizes a fake company for getting rich in oil or something. Samuel likes to outthink his neighbors, who haven't any vision for the future. He'll stick to show them that he was wise. There are several ways of encouraging him. My former pals have seen to that.

One of the best schemes for milking the already drained oil sucker is the big merger. Several concerns, knowing the psychology of their clients, tried this out and it worked beautifully. All over the country there are suckers holding blocks of stock in oil companies that were absolutely worthless. These had been checked off on recently revised sucker lists. It had been a long time since they were trimmed, and in the judgment of the expert producers they would certainly be wanting a little more action. So literature was sent to them carrying, among other gems, this catchy phrase:

"We feel that you could not be content to permit your money to remain in dead or dormant nonproducing oil stocks without further investing. You would like to see that money put to work."

It was explained that a new merger had been organized to take over these nonproductive stocks and consolidate them into a productive one, new stock being issued to those holding shares in several companies, the names being given. This would entail the outlay of no cash whatever, except the nominal charge of 2 per cent for transfer and expense. The stock would simply be transferred.

"That," said Mr. Sucker to Mrs. Sucker, "sounds like real sense. We certainly can't lose, and there is a big chance of gaining. Suppose the transfer fee does amount to ten dollars? We are already in several hundred dollars. It amounts to nothing."

But Mr. Samuel S. Sucker didn't figure that if thirty thousand holders of dead stock made such a transfer to a new company, also dead, it would mean $300,000 to the organizers in transfer fees and expenses—a nice little bank roll.

No, he figured that a man who wouldn't do that had no business acumen.

Several of these mergers were organized, and the suckers gently milked again. They liked it too. There was a novel enjoyment in looking at the new stock certificates and in importantly placing them in a safety-deposit vault or maybe the old trunk.

The Tipping Bureau

The main support of the sucker trimmers, the ease with which they can work, is the fact that no one understands stock speculation. They never will. To the average person it is always a mysterious way of making money without working for it.

There is no real difference between the race-track sucker and the stock-market sucker. Just a different form, that's all. Always it is the prospect of getting money without working for it. Nobody ever stops to think who produces the money to keep these institutions going.

At the outset I mentioned that I had once been a tout. I was for a short time only.

My turn of mind was to stay in the office and take my bit in commissions. I have seen the suckers taken, though, and their minds work on the race track just as when going after a secret oil stock.

I acted as business manager for a tipping bureau once. It was run by a former jockey. The business was to sell tips on the races—one best bets. This jockey, of course, was supposed to be on the inside—wise as a treeful of owls. His explanation of the fact that he didn't make all the money for himself was that he needed outsiders to help him finance the big killings. They fell for it easily.

We advertised in the newspapers and did a good business selling tips on the daily racing cards. These tips cost anywhere from two to five dollars. We had lots of subscribers. Sometimes our tips would win. If they didn't it could always be explained as a bad ride, change of weather or something.

Our main killings were made by ribbing up suckers whom we sized up as having good-sized bank rolls.

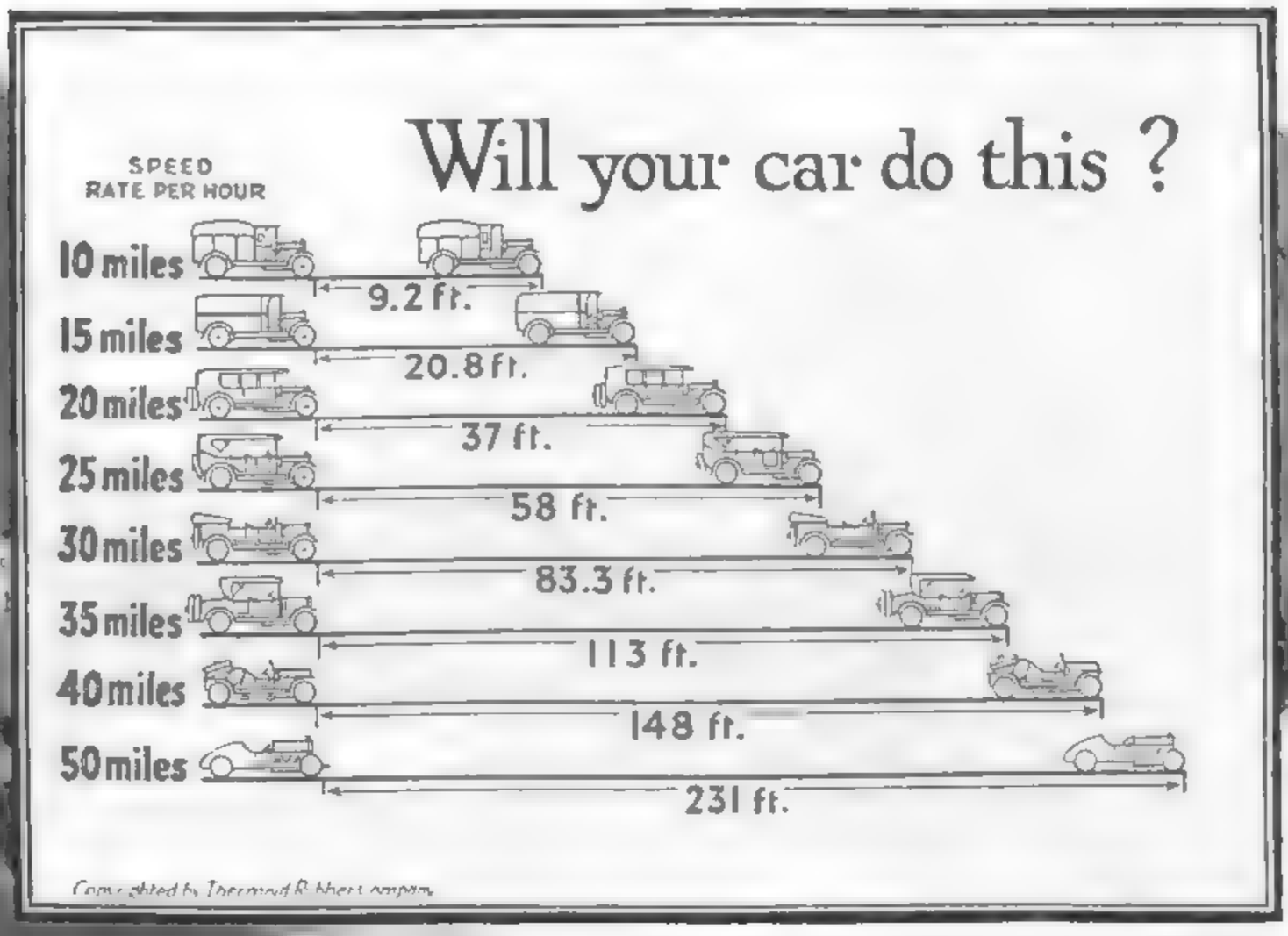
One day I admitted a prosperous-looking man to the presence of the former jockey, who occupied a back office, very private.

"The ordinary card is pretty good," the jockey told him, "but we've got a very special thing on that must be pulled off in a hurry. Just how much would you be willing to bet on a good thing?"

"Well—why, I've a couple of hundred to bet."

"Oh," smiled the jockey, "that's out of the question. We can't talk business. Now if you could bet five hundred—why,

(Continued on Page 113)



Famous Thermoid Standard Chart of stopping distances, now approved by Police Officials and Automotive Engineers. Chart shows distance in which car should stop if brakes are efficient. Brakes lined with Thermoid meet these standards

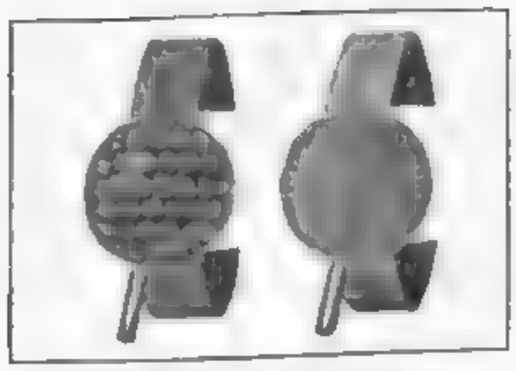
2 out of 3 motor accidents *occur under* 15 *miles an hour*

TWO out of three of those wrecked cars you see along the road were smashed when they were going *slowly*. Reports indicate that out of the 600,000 motor accidents of last year, approximately 65% occurred at fifteen miles an hour—or less.

Safety isn't a matter of how fast you are going, but how quickly you can *stop*. The chart above shows how quickly you should be able to stop your car if your brakes are in proper working order. At 15 miles an hour you should be able to stop at 20.8 feet—less than two car lengths.

Don't rely blindly on brakes that may fail you just at the critical moment. *Have your brakes inspected by your garage man at regular intervals.*

Perhaps a slight adjustment is what they need. Or they may need new brake lining. Ordinary woven lining wears down quickly and unevenly—it may fail unexpectedly. It grabs and slips after the first few hundred miles. Unless frequent adjustments are made you can never be *sure* that your brakes will hold.



Ordinary woven lining

Notice the loosely woven texture

Wears down quickly and unevenly

Loses its gripping power as it wears

Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic compressed

Notice the compact texture

Wears down slowly and gripping surface maintained even when worn wafer thin.

40% more material—hydraulic compressed

To insure efficient brake action at all times Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining has been perfected which wears down slowly and maintains its gripping power even when worn as thin as cardboard.

In each square inch of Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining there is *40% more material* than in ordinary lining. This additional body gives a closer texture, which is made tight and compact by *hydraulic compression* of 2,000 pounds.

By an exclusive process—*Grapnalizing*—Thermoid is made to completely resist moisture, oil and gasoline. Even during long rainy seasons it is unnecessary to readjust your brakes. They cannot grab or slip.

Because of its wearing qualities and unfailing efficiency, the manufacturers of 50 of the leading cars and trucks use Thermoid.

Don't take any more chances with faulty brakes. Have your brakes inspected regularly. And next time they need relining, be sure to specify Thermoid.

The new Thermoid book, "The Dangers of Faulty Brakes," is the first complete publication on the subject ever printed. It tells you how to keep your car within safety limits. Sent free. Write to-day.

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Main Offices: Trenton, New Jersey

New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta, Boston, Cleveland, London, Paris, Turin.

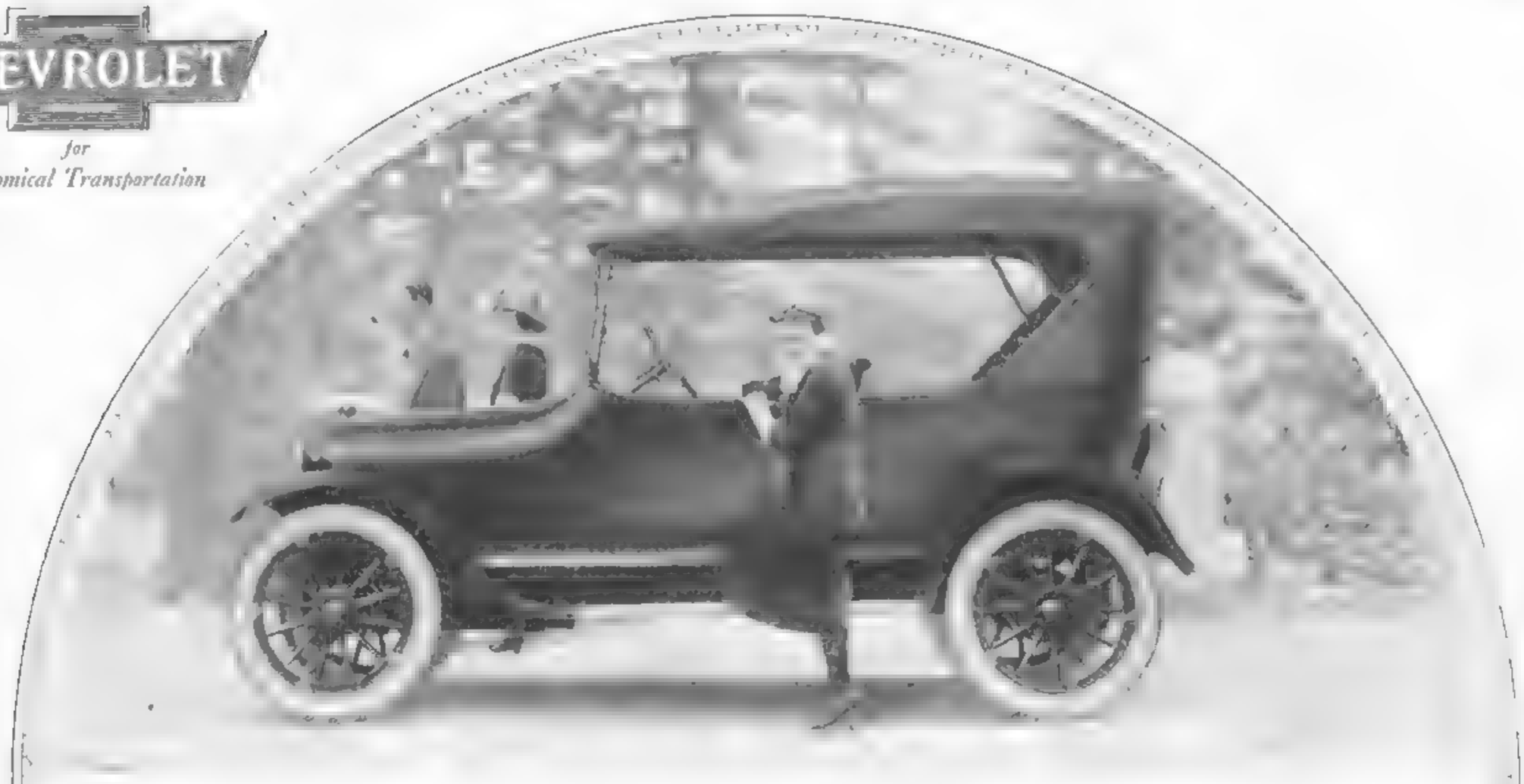
Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic Compressed

Makers of "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints" and "Thermoid Cruiser Compound Tires"

CHEVROLET

for
Economical Transportation



WHY CHEVROLET IS BECOMING THE MOST POPULAR AUTOMOBILE IN AMERICA

Public favor changes when reasons for a change are obvious. Public opinion as to the most popular car of the future *is* changing.

Users of low-priced motor transportation are demanding completely equipped automobiles, modern in every respect, with nothing left to buy but the license plate. The New Superior Chevrolet is FULLY EQUIPPED, including modern 3 speed and reverse sliding gear transmission, standard service and hand brakes, electric starter, demountable rims, water and oil pumps, and speedometer.

In addition to completeness, buyers insist on real economy in four important essentials. They demand *low gasoline consumption; low oil consumption; low repair costs; long tire life.* The New Superior Chevrolet excels in these particulars.

Twenty-five miles on each gallon of gasoline is not uncommon for a New Superior Chevrolet. It excels in oil economy as well. Repair costs are low because every Chevrolet part is built to give long life under hard conditions.

These are a few of the reasons why public favor is increasing toward the Chevrolet—why it is becoming the favorite low-priced car of America. Chevrolet distribution is practically universal. Cars can be bought from over five thousand dealers located in almost every American community, and abroad, and their number is daily increasing.

You owe it to yourself to examine the New Superior Chevrolet, the car which is establishing new standards in the medium and low price field.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY

Division of General Motors Corporation
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

5000 Dealers and Service Stations throughout the World.
Consideration will be given to applications from HIGH-GRADE dealers in territory not adequately covered.

Superior Roadster, $525 *Superior Touring, ($525)* *Superior Sedan, $875* *Superior Coupé, $8[illegible]*
Model L-B 12 Roadster, $975 *Model L-B 32 Tourin[illegible], $9[illegible]* *Model L-B 42 [illegible]an, $1[illegible]* *Model L-B 22 Coupe, $1[illegible]*
[illegible] Delivery [illegible] Ton Complete, $[illegible] *Model "G" Truck ¾ Ton Chassis, $745* *Model "T" Truck 1 Ton Chassis, $[illegible]*

F. O. B. Factory. Subject to change without notice.

CHEVROLET

FOR ECONOMICAL TRANSPORTATION

(Continued from Page 110

don't you realize that we've got to fix certain riders, and—well, a lot of details? Look at this."

He showed the man a peculiar electric battery, and let him touch it. He got a shock.

"Wow!" laughed the jockey. "If that makes you jump like that, what do you suppose it will do to a horse? This horse is fast all right, but he gets sulky and we have to stir him up."

The man bet his five hundred. The horse ran second. The man came in to see what went wrong, not angry though.

"Why," said the jockey, "that's the toughest piece of luck that ever hit a guy in the world. I'll say it broke me. I shoved in my whole bank roll on it. A thing like that wouldn't happen again in a thousand years."

"What was it—what went wrong?"

"Why, would you believe it? Just as the jockey pressed the button on his saddle to give the old nag the final jolt, that other horse swerved against him and—I'll be dog-goned if the wire didn't break and lose connection."

"Did you claim a foul?" asked the sucker anxiously.

"Claim a foul? Why, man, don't you know if we'd claimed a foul and the judge had examined that saddle we'd have all been ruled off the track and put in jail?"

That fellow came in the next week to go in on another killing. A month later, notwithstanding his losses, he bought an interest in the concern.

I'm going to give a little advice, in the firm belief, though, that not a single sucker will pay the slightest attention to what I say:

Unless you have more than a thousand dollars don't invest in anything less secure than a government bond. Only the big fellows can afford to gamble. If you decide to put in an order for stock wait until you have enough to deal with a brokerage house of standing—one that your banker would recommend, for instance. Stay away from race-track bookmakers unless you can afford to bet for fun—not profit. It isn't in the cards for you to make a living trimming men whose profession it is to trim you.

I say this in the hope that I may help some young sucker before he is ripe. The confirmed sucker—well, he will go right on to the crack of doom. Old Paul had it right.

THE UPRISING GENERATION

(Continued from Page 30)

a narrow secluded one. He leaned toward me and dropped his hand to my shoulder. And just at that instant Tot Romney's yellow roadster, with Tot driving and Sylvia with her and Mary Gale on the outrigger, came dashing around the corner.

They gave a cheer when they saw us. Gran snatched away his arm, and narrowly avoided a smash. They saw that too. And I didn't mind, idiot that I was! Because now they would have to believe anything I told them about Gran's crush on me.

They were gone out of sight in another minute, but the meeting had a funny effect on me. I wanted to go home, and go quickly. I'd gained my point, do you see? Established my affair with Gran, in the sight of my friends, and of course I was through, so I demanded to be taken back.

"But I say—look here!" said Gran. "Could we go over to the club for tea? They're playing the Diamond Cup finals, you know. There'll be a mob. Come on! After all, what harm, eh?"

"No," said I. "I want to go home. I haven't seen that cup, but I don't care about it anyhow. I think it is awful of Mr. Sartelle to give a gold cup incrusted with jewels for a challenge trophy! Disgusting bad taste!"

"Well, look here!" said Gran, awfully keen. "When am I going to see you again—to-night?"

"Of course you will!" said I. "I'm coming to the dance with G. G. Third. But you can cut in right away. Boys like that bore me terribly!"

"Righto!" was all he said. "And by the way, you're all wrong about the Diamond Cup. It's a beauty, really. I have it in charge, you know. I play nursemaid, and put it to bed every night. But I'll keep it out of the safe and show it to you this evening!"

"All right," said I. "But don't be surprised if I steal it to get myself out of hock!"

Then we laughed, and I ran into the garden. Just in time, too, for I could see from afar that mother's limousine was stopping in front of the house.

That evening I climbed into my party clothes with more pleasure than I had done for a long while. I really consider it remarkable that I can still find a certain amount of fresh, almost girlish pleasure in the prospect of a dance. Of course I am very careful to conceal this fact, as it would look so silly. But I almost danced in anticipation while Celeste got me into a ducky petal gown of orchid chiffon that hung about me like a loose flower. I was really pretty-pretty, and enjoying my appearance thoroughly when mother marched in to inspect me before I slipped away.

"Who is taking you to the club?" she asked.

"G. G. Third," said I.

"That's nice," said mother. "He's a dear boy. I like to have you go with him, Pet. He's a suitable age, and they are such nice people."

"He's a flathead!" I said tartly. "All his brains are in his feet!"

"He is a very desirable young man from every point of view—every!" said mother in that perfectly transparent mid-Victorian manner of hers. "I am glad to see you encourage him, dear."

"I don't encourage him; I fight him off!" said I. "Mother, there is no earthly use in your keeping up these delicate and subtle hints about my marrying G. G., because I wouldn't marry the poor fish if he was the last man on earth!"

"Pet," said mother gently, "I wouldn't try to influence you for the world, dear—but they are such desirable people. And I'd like to see you settled."

Celeste had left the room by now, and mother came over and put her hand on my arm confidentially.

"Listen to me, Pet!" said she. "This afternoon I heard something about Granville Messinger paying you a good deal of attention—I hope there is nothing in that, my dear?"

"No, nothing!" said I, awfully annoyed. "And if there were—good heavens, where's the harm? Marriage needn't make a man a—a hermit, need it?"

"Pet!" said mother in a tone which made my name sound like anything but an endearment—"Pet! I forbid your having anything to do with that Messinger man! If you don't obey me I'll speak to your father!"

"I tell you there is nothing in it!" I said angrily. And just then Celeste came back to say that G. G. was waiting, and so, grabbing up my cloak and fan, I made my escape.

The club looked wonderful that night, and the dance was a special one, being held in celebration of the tennis finals. G. G. Third told me on the way over that Rosemere had won and that we would keep the Diamond Cup. He was awfully keen about it too.

Everybody seemed to be cackling about that cup and I began to be interested in it—little dreaming how violently concerned with the darned thing I was eventually to be.

Well, the clubhouse was a blaze of glory when we got there, and it was going to be some party, I could see that.

I felt full of pep when I joined Sylvia and Tot in the dressing room, where they kidded me enviously about Gran.

Well, the party that night was a riot! Never have I seen such a jam as turned out, and the gathering was considerably more than damp. There was the tennis championship to celebrate, you see, and from the very first toddle, which Gran Messinger cut in on extremely promptly, I got more of a whirl than I'd had since my coming-out ball, and I'm not exactly unpopular either. I wasn't hung up once all evening.

Later in the evening I discovered that Gran was getting pretty well lit up, and I was relieved when after a few blundering steps he suggested that we stop dancing and that he show me the Diamond Cup.

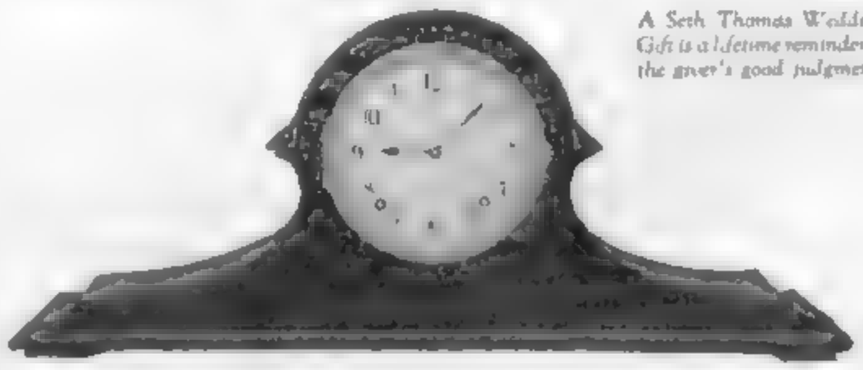
"I hid it in the trophy room," he said. "They locked the room for the night at

SETH THOMAS

REPARATIONS all made—everything started on time—*by a clock that was fifteen minutes slow.* So the guests are met with apologies and an embarrassed hostess has her evening spoiled.

One hundred and nine years ago something happened in America that made such embarrassments forever needless. In that year Seth Thomas began making accurate clocks.

Stop at a jewelry store today and ask the Jeweler to show you Seth Thomas Clocks. He *likes* to show them and to tell how many have gone out from his store into homes of good taste, and how seldom they ever come back for repairs.



A Seth Thomas Wedding Gift is a lifetime reminder of the giver's good judgment

An excellent clock—a fine movement in a hand-rubbed mahogany case, plain or carved. Strikes hour and half-hour on a rich cathedral gong. It is 27½ inches long. Prices from $27 to $45.

SETH THOMAS

"Clean Hands in Business"

It is Thirsty Fibre (millions of him in each ScotTissue Towel) who absorbs four times his weight in water and is responsible for that essential, thirsty, absorbent quality found only in ScotTissue Towels.

"CLEAN Hands in Business"—What does that mean to you? What a wonderful thing it is that Thirsty Fibre stands for clean hands in business—both physically and morally. We are trying to make Thirsty Fibre and Clean Hands in Business mean the same to you and all who use ScotTissue Towels.

Thirsty Fibre personifies the spirit of Clean Hands in Business efficiency in your washroom.

A ScotTissue Towel is not inanimate paper. Thirsty Fibre makes it a living impulse of absorbency—thirsty at the slightest contact with water.

ScotTissue is a real towel that really dries. Soft, white, comfortable—it is so different from all others that the imprinted ScotTissue on every ScotTissue Towel is really an unnecessary identification to the person who has once used them.

Thirsty Fibre—His Biography is a most delightful little book. It is sent free upon request.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
Chester, Pa. Philadelphia New York
San Francisco

ScotTissue Towels

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support me, but I've got a key—look here—let's go have a look!"

"All right, lead on!" I said gayly.

I didn't mind going off the floor, because the party was petering out a little by now anyway. And so, tucking my arm in Gran's, we started along the corridor to the far end of the clubhouse.

Now our country club is the finest on Long Island, and although it has no living quarters it is an immense building with everything else in the world in it, and the trophy room is on the ground floor in a wing way off by itself, facing on a very quiet part of the grounds. I mean there is no driveway or path running near it, but only shrubbery and that sort of thing.

The room itself is awfully unusual, but very good-looking, having been built especially to hold the club trophies, and so forth. There are compartments for these, with heavy glass doors that lock, sunk into the walls between the three windows which overlook the grounds. This room is practically a safe deposit, but well camouflaged with nice comfy chairs and carved panels and ceiling and so on, and you'd never think it was a sort of vault, to look at it.

During the day it is open—just a part of the clubhouse, you know, where one can smoke or read, but at night they lock the heavy door into the corridor, because there really is a whale of a lot of stuff in there—the Dalton trophy, and no end of cups and things, which would require a truck to move off.

With a good deal of fumbling Gran used his key. Inside it was awfully dark and mysterious. You know how weird a familiar room can seem at night. It gave me a nasty sensation for a minute, like a wind from a tomb or something, until Gran switched on the light, and then it was just the trophy room—as commonplace and reassuring as you please.

"Look here—I'm supposed to have this put in the safe," said Gran, going over to one of the glass cupboards, "but I kept it out to show you, as I promised."

"That was dear of you!" said I.

Gran took one of those big shiny boxes that come from jewelers out of the cupboard and put it on the table between the two lamps. Then he took the cup from it and removed its flannel nightie. I gave a gasp when I saw it. Really, it was a lallapalooza—a peach!

Standing about a foot high, it was as graceful and lovely as if it had been made by that old Italian chap Cellini, and like some of his things it was all covered with a beautiful design and incrusted with jewels. Of course it was a perfectly ridiculous thing to use as a tennis trophy, but aside from that it was a wonder. As it stood there reflected in the dark wood of the table, catching the light and throwing it back like a prism, it seemed almost alive. I clasped my hands and squealed with pleasure.

"There—look here now, didn't I tell you it was a pip?" said Gran, coming around to my side of the table and seating himself beside me on the couch. "It's as unique and lovely as you are!"

His eyes fastened on me and his hand slid along the sofa and covered one of mine. Then he tried to kiss me. He smelled horribly of whisky and stale cigarettes and a faint perfume that he uses.

My very soul went sick with terror, but I couldn't scream—I couldn't breathe, even—and in an instant, like a flash of light, I knew I hated Gran, that I loathed him.

It seemed hours that I fought him off, but I suppose it was only a moment. Then he saw I really meant my struggle, and let me go. The instant he loosened his hold I shoved him back upon the couch and left him all rumpled up, in one corner, while I ran for the door. It was locked.

I turned on him furiously, panting with fear and anger. With my back to the door I commanded all my strength to make that red-faced pig obey me.

"Open this door at once," I said, "or I will scream!"

"Scream your head off!" said Gran, picking himself up with an ugly look on his face which changed him entirely. He was no more like the cynical frivolous Gran I had known then, than anything! He was a stranger. "Scream your head off!" said he. "Nobody will hear you out there! Can you even hear the music?"

I listened intently. He was right. I could hear the orchestra, but only faintly. And if I did scream, what then?

"If you didn't mean it why did you start it?" he said. "Look here—I'm going to teach you a lesson, you little fool! I'm going to teach you not to play with things you don't understand—see?"

We had moved away from the door now, but all of a sudden Gran made a dash for it, his face still ugly and purple and with that horrible sneer upon it. With a quick gesture he unlocked it and stood for an instant with his hand on the knob.

"I'm going to leave you locked in here!" he said. "It'll give you a chance to think!"

And with that he was gone, closing the door after him. I heard him lock it on the outside, as I stood there absolutely paralyzed with fright. Then gradually I came to my senses. My head was clear enough now, heaven knows, and I began to reason things out.

The first thing I did was to try the door to make sure Gran really had locked it.

"But," I thought incredulously, "he won't leave it that way long. Why, he can't! He wouldn't dare! He'll come back and let me out soon. He's just trying to scare me, and I won't let him!"

So I made myself sit down again on the big couch, and tried to compose myself. But I didn't do a very good job. I couldn't sit still. Very distantly I could hear the music from the ballroom rising and falling in faint throbs. I seemed utterly cut off from the world in that quiet room. And as time slipped by and Gran didn't come back it began to be rather horrid. I looked at my wrist watch. Quarter of two! Well, the crowd would be going home pretty soon now, and then he would have to come and let me out!

But another fifteen minutes ticked away and still he didn't show up. I began to get really worried. Suppose he had another drink or two, as was more than likely, and then forgot all about me?

"Nonsense!" I told myself. "Buck up, old girl, he can't forget a thing like that. He'll be back in a minute, or G. G. will come looking for me. Why, this can't last much longer!"

Then I remembered with a little chill that I had expressly forbidden G. G. to do anything of the kind, and with this thought came a sharp wish that the day of chaperons was back again so that this couldn't have happened to me. Then I laughed and tried to comfort myself with the thought that I was most certainly having a real adventure. But somehow I did awfully wish mother had come along to this hateful dance, and the adventure failed to intrigue me in the least.

At quarter past two I began to think that the interval since the last dance had been unusually long, and in five minutes more I realized that the orchestra would not play again that night. Then I began to hear cars leaving the club. Their honking came to me, muffled, from the extreme opposite end of the building and from the driveway several hundred yards below. The party was over and Gran had not come back! I grew absolutely frantic, and running to the door pounded on it with my fists and called with all my might.

"Let me out! Let me out!" I cried.

But I might as well have saved my strength. Apparently nobody heard me, although I kept it up for goodness knows how long, with intervals of listening for some response, listening uselessly.

Then I thought of the windows. I was so stupefied that I had not thought of them before. I would climb out and beg a lift in somebody's car before they all got away.

Great goodness, but those windows were heavy! There was only one that I could manage to unlock, and when I had got it open, and lifted the sash, I found an iron shutter outside, one of those corrugated things such as shops put up at night; and to my horror I saw that it was locked with some kind of fastening that I couldn't understand. The more I tried to open it the less I could. I only succeeded in bruising my fingers badly. I crouched on the sill, rumpled and wretched, as the last of the cars went away and a dreadful silence fell. Then I heard a noise outside the building, and sat up to listen.

Thunder! Crash after crash. And then the rain came, sweeping and rattling against the iron shutters. I closed the window and went back to my place on the sofa. What was the use of struggling? I was worn out—simply exhausted. There was no bell in the room, and no house telephone; I had made sure of that.

(Continued on Page 116)

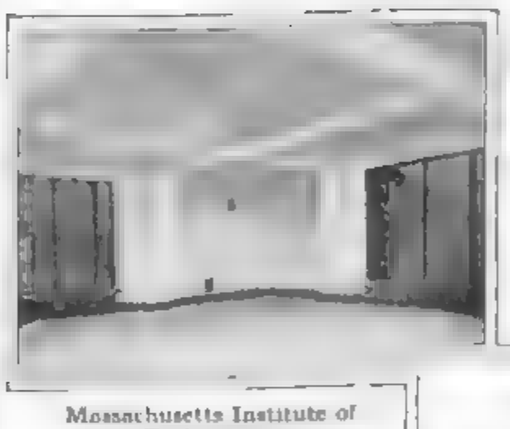
BARRELED SUNLIGHT

ORDINARY FLAT FINISH WHITE PAINT

Rub your finger firmly over a surface coated with Barreled Sunlight. It will not leave a mark. Then note the smudge which will be left when this test is applied to a similar surface coated with ordinary flat finish white paint.

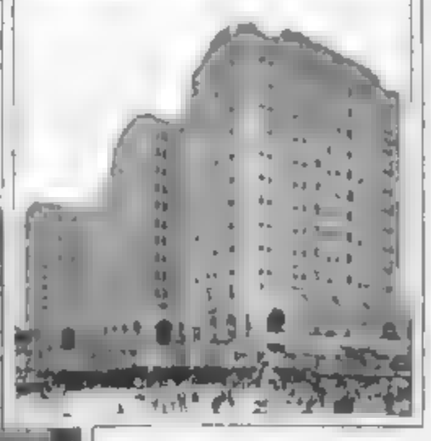
Any dealer who carries Barreled Sunlight will supply you with test panels for this interesting experiment.

If you ever buy paint—
you should know this important test



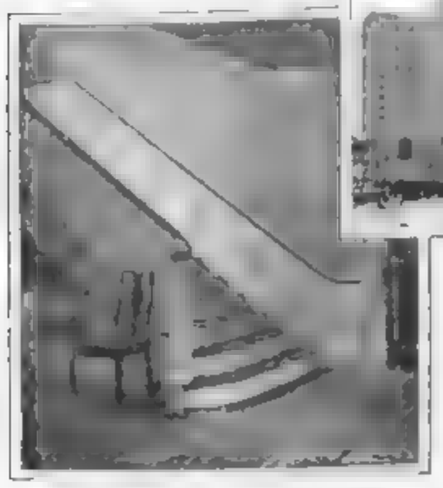
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Barreled Sunlight was selected by the world's greatest technical institute for use in its own buildings



Hotel Ambassador, Atlantic City.

One of the many famous hotels in which Barreled Sunlight is now used.



White woodwork in the home that stays spotless - painted with Barreled Sunlight

Can you tell, when you buy white paint for walls or woodwork, how it will look in six months or a year?

Will it be soiled, spotty—ready for another coat? Or white and clean as when first applied?

Make the simple test illustrated above. It will show you how readily ordinary flat finish white paints collect dirt—and how completely Barreled Sunlight resists it.

Such paints become soiled so quickly because their surface is actually full of pores—tiny holes invisible to the naked eye but clearly seen under the microscope. These pores catch and hold the dust and dirt particles. Permanent smudges and spotty gray places soon result.

Barreled Sunlight is a white paint made by the exclusive Rice Process, which produces a smooth, lustrous finish that resists all forms of dirt. Its unbroken, even surface offers no lodging place for dust particles. Even if soiled after years of service, walls and woodwork coated with Barreled Sunlight can be washed like tile.

That is why Barreled Sunlight is being used today in buildings of every description—hotels, apartment houses, office buildings, stores and industrial plants. Ideal also for woodwork in the home and for the walls of kitchen, bathroom, laundry, etc.

Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel applied under the same conditions. Easy to apply. Flows freely and leaves no brush marks. Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five gallon size—barrels and half-barrels.

When painting over an unpainted surface use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

If your dealer does not carry Barreled Sunlight have him communicate with us for name of nearest distributor.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.

Factory and main offices

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Barreled Sunlight

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

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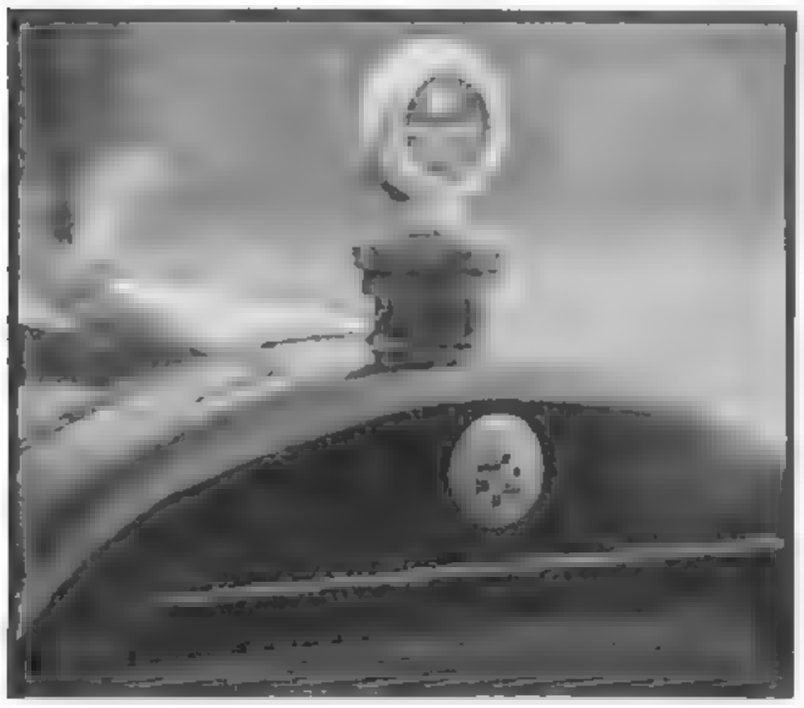


WITH the BOYCE MOTO-METER you are protected—protected against unnecessary, costly repair bills.

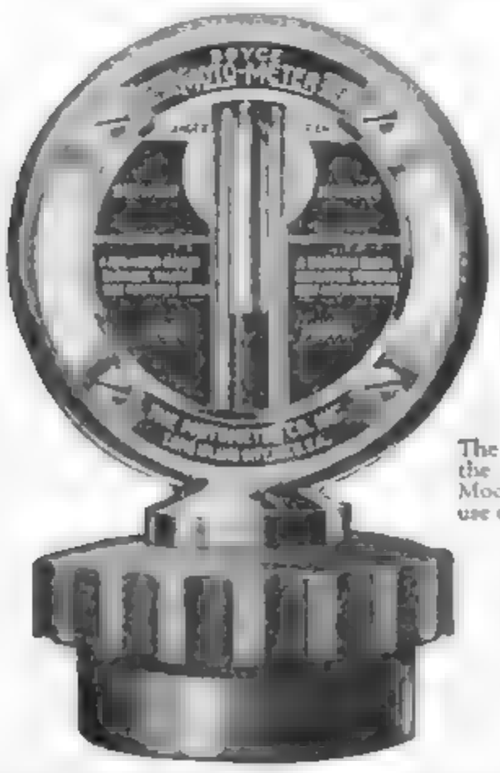
You *know* whether your motor is too hot, too cold, or operating safely. Your mind is always at rest. No guessing at the amount of water in your radiator, or the oil in your crank case.

The BOYCE MOTO-METER actually detects approaching motor trouble fifteen to twenty minutes before you or Ralph De Palma can.

That's why the BOYCE MOTO-METER is on the radiator caps of over three million of the finest cars in both America and Europe.

BOYCE MOTO METER

"Your Car Deserves One"



The instrument shown on the left is the De Luxe Model. Recommended for use on all high grade cars.

Your garage or dealer carries the BOYCE MOTO-METER in stock, or can quickly obtain one for you.

Seven Models $2.50 to $15.

Trade with the dealer who offers service. Look for the BOYCE MOTO-METER Service Sign.

(Continued from Page 114)

With every nerve raw I curled up on the lounge and sat miserably blinking at that gleaming golden cup, which seemed to wink at me mockingly, until I cried like a little girl, and almost broke my heart over the silly fool I had been. With a sort of opening of my mind I saw what a rotten way I had been looking at life, and how badly, dangerously, I had been behaving! Lots of things mother had said over and over about what she called good behavior, and that I had thought so silly and old-fashioned, came back to me with a new meaning, and I began to understand them. I began to realize, too, that there were reasons for lots of conventions that I had called antiquated, and that probably they were the result of people's experience maybe some experiences like the one I was having.

And then, at a little before three o'clock, when I felt as though I just simply couldn't stand anything more, there was a terrific crash of thunder, and a moment later the lights went out.

How long the room was in darkness I don't know. In my exhaustion I must have fallen asleep, because the next thing that I knew clearly I was sitting bolt upright and listening intently to a sound that had nothing to do with the storm. The room was still pitch black, but somewhere close by I could hear a stealthy noise. It was like somebody using a key, very quietly and uncertainly. My heart nearly stopped, but after a moment I knew it wasn't a key. The sound came from the window. Someone was trying to break in.

I couldn't move. I couldn't make a sound. My heart started pounding so hard that I felt as if it would burst out of my body. Slowly and softly I heard the window raised and a faint thud as the person who had opened it entered. I clenched my hands tight but I could not stir. The round disk of a pocket light jumped out of the darkness, and danced about the room, touching everything, it seemed, except me, as the owner moved swiftly away from the window, searching the walls, and finally lighting full upon the Diamond Cup. As it flashed into view there was a smothered exclamation from the intruder.

"The cup!" he said. "What luck!"

On the instant I found my voice and screamed, and as I did so, as suddenly as they had gone out the lights came on again, and I found myself looking into the barrel of a revolver.

It took me a full minute to realize that the burglar was most awfully surprised at seeing me. He hadn't expected to find anybody there, I guess, except perhaps a night watchman, and he hadn't taken the trouble to cover his face with a handkerchief, the way burglars are supposed to. He didn't even look very much like a burglar, except for the gun in his hand, for he was a pasty-faced young man, with cheap shabby clothes, and one would not have glanced at him twice unless he happened to be pointing a revolver at one. As it was, I got a good long look—and believe me, I will never forget him!

"Hold up your hands!" said he, backing toward the door and trying the knob. A wave of amazement swept over his face as he did so. "Locked!" he said. "Well, don't try to open it! Stay as you are, and don't yelp again or I'll shoot!"

He came over to the table now, and seized the Diamond Cup, never taking either his eye or that dreadful gun off me. Then he backed to the open window, through which the first faint streaks of dawn were now shining, and knelt beside a suitcase on the floor. Keeping me covered still, he opened the bag with one hand and put the cup inside. Then he stood up and made me a sarcastic little bow.

"Unheard-of luck!" he said. "The Sartelle Cup and the pleasure of your acquaintance—thank you for a couple of pleasant surprises! Now just oblige by keeping that pose. Good morning!"

He stepped backward out of the low window and vanished from sight, while I stood there with my hands over my head and my mouth so dry with fright that my tongue stuck to it. The whole thing had only taken a very few minutes, but to me it seemed like hours. Then at last I remembered that I could move; that I needn't stand there in that silly position any longer. And what was even more important, I realized that the window was still open—I could get out!

Honestly, when that registered on my tired brain I didn't think of a single other thing. All I wanted in the world was to get home. If only I could get home and creep into my own bed and cry myself to sleep! I never even remembered there must be a watchman somewhere about and that I ought to give the alarm! If I had but done so what a lot it would have saved us all! But I only saw the open window. I did tuck up my hair before I stuck my head out of it, though, and powdered my nose, too, mechanically. Queer, how instinctive that was. I thought of my nose automatically, but I forgot about the watchman!

Outside the daylight was growing stronger all the time, and the rain had stopped. I looked cautiously about as I stepped out of the window onto the grass, but there was no one in sight. And so I just ran and ran, like a crazy thing, over the broad wet lawn and through the shrubbery to the public roadway; and there, of all people in the world, who should come along in his car but G. G. Third, his pale hair all askew, and his coat turned up to hide his evening clothes. Naturally, when he saw me he stopped.

"Pet Torrington—in the name of Ham, what are you doing here?" he said.

"Oh, G. G.! I've had such a terrible night!" I gasped, climbing into the seat beside him. "For heaven's sake take me home—quick! Take me to the east gate. I've got to get in without their seeing me. Oh, if only I can get in and to bed without anybody knowing! Oh, G. G.!"

And like a silly fool I broke down and cried again.

"Lucky thing for you I played poker over at Dickey Bowe's!" said G. G. "I don't like this—not half! What have you been up to, Pet?"

But I wouldn't tell him. I just simply couldn't. All I could do was cry in spasms. G. G. wasn't very comforting, I must say, but he did drive me home and let me out at the little east gate.

"Thanks, G. G.!" I managed to gasp. "I'll—I'll explain all about it sometime! If only I can get in before the servants are up!"

Well, I got in before they were up, all right. There wasn't a soul in the garden; that sort of reproached me, it looked so fresh and wet and bright. Nor was anyone stirring in the quiet house. The stairs squeaked dreadfully, no matter how carefully I walked, and it just seemed as if I would never reach my room. But at last I did, and threw open the door with a sigh of relief. And there was mother, waiting in a dressing gown, and very wide awake indeed.

"Pet!" said mother, getting to her feet in a mixture of relief and annoyance. "Do you know that it is nearly six o'clock? Where have you been?"

"At the club, mother," said I. And there was something in her manner that immediately made me sound confused and guilty. And I guess I looked pretty dreadfully too. "I've been at the club until a few minutes ago."

Of course that was a foolish way to begin my explanation, but I was too tired to realize how anxious mother was, or how queer my statement seemed to her.

"Nonsense!" said mother. "You have not been at the club. The dance was over at two o'clock. Your father telephoned."

"But, mother ——" I began protestingly. She cut me short.

"Pet Torrington!" she said severely. "It will be much simpler for you to tell me the whole truth. Oh, my dear, I have always said that this wild freedom you girls insist upon would have some dreadful ending!"

"Mother, I tell you I've been at the club!" I said. My fatigue disappeared and I felt awfully indignant at being questioned in that tone. "I've been at the club; I was locked in the trophy room by—by accident!"

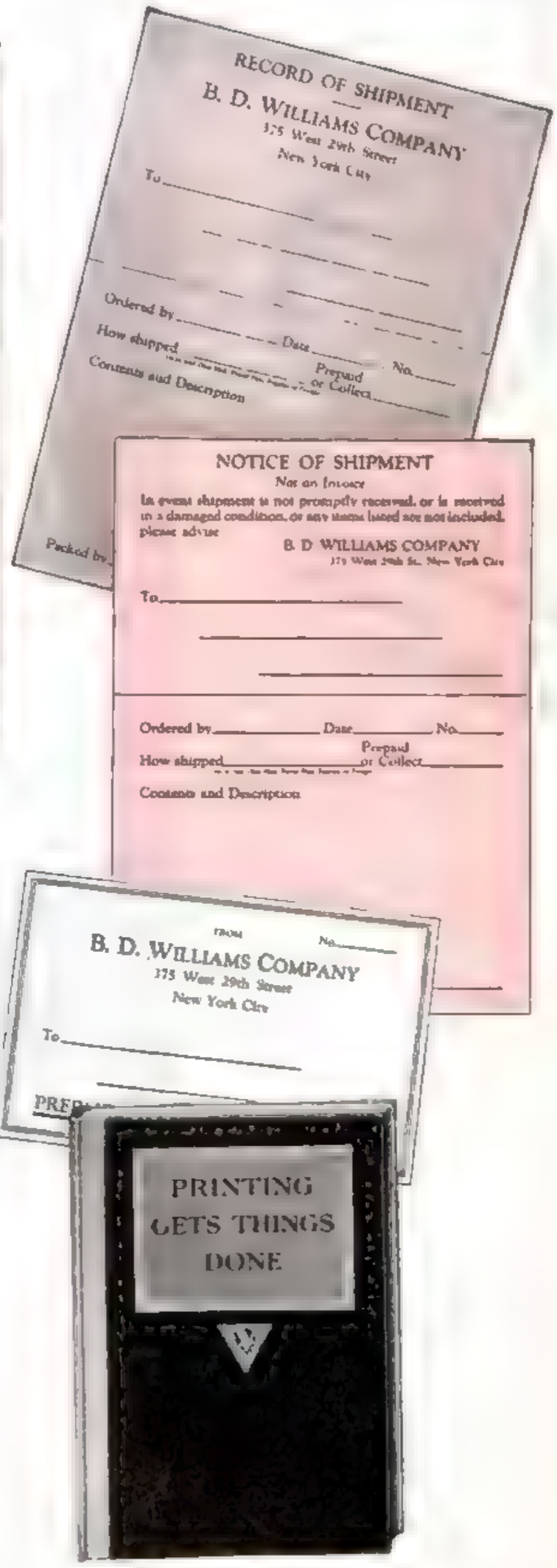
"Locked in the trophy room?" repeated mother. "And pray, how did you get out?"

"A burglar let me out!" I said.

"A burglar!" said mother. "My dear child, do you expect me to believe such a story? You are accidentally locked in the trophy room, and an obliging burglar turns up and lets you out. And then, instead of arousing the household as soon as you get here—and by the way, you haven't mentioned how G. G. happened to be on the spot to bring you home—instead of arousing the household, you slip quietly up to your own room! A likely story! Now, Pet, there is no use in trying to

(Continued on Page 119)

Send for our Book: *Printing Gets Things Done*



HERE is a form which in triplicate serves as a shipping-label, as instructions for shipping, as a notice of shipment, and as a record of shipment. This form and many others are explained in our book, "Printing Gets Things Done."

Does This Sort of Thing Cost You Money, Too?

Here is one of those office post-mortems in which several agitated men try to fix the blame for a mistake. The mistake cost money—so does the post-mortem.

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"Put down on paper" properly means put down on a printed form, devised to take care of that particular job—to see it through from start to finish, with a clear record of every step taken.

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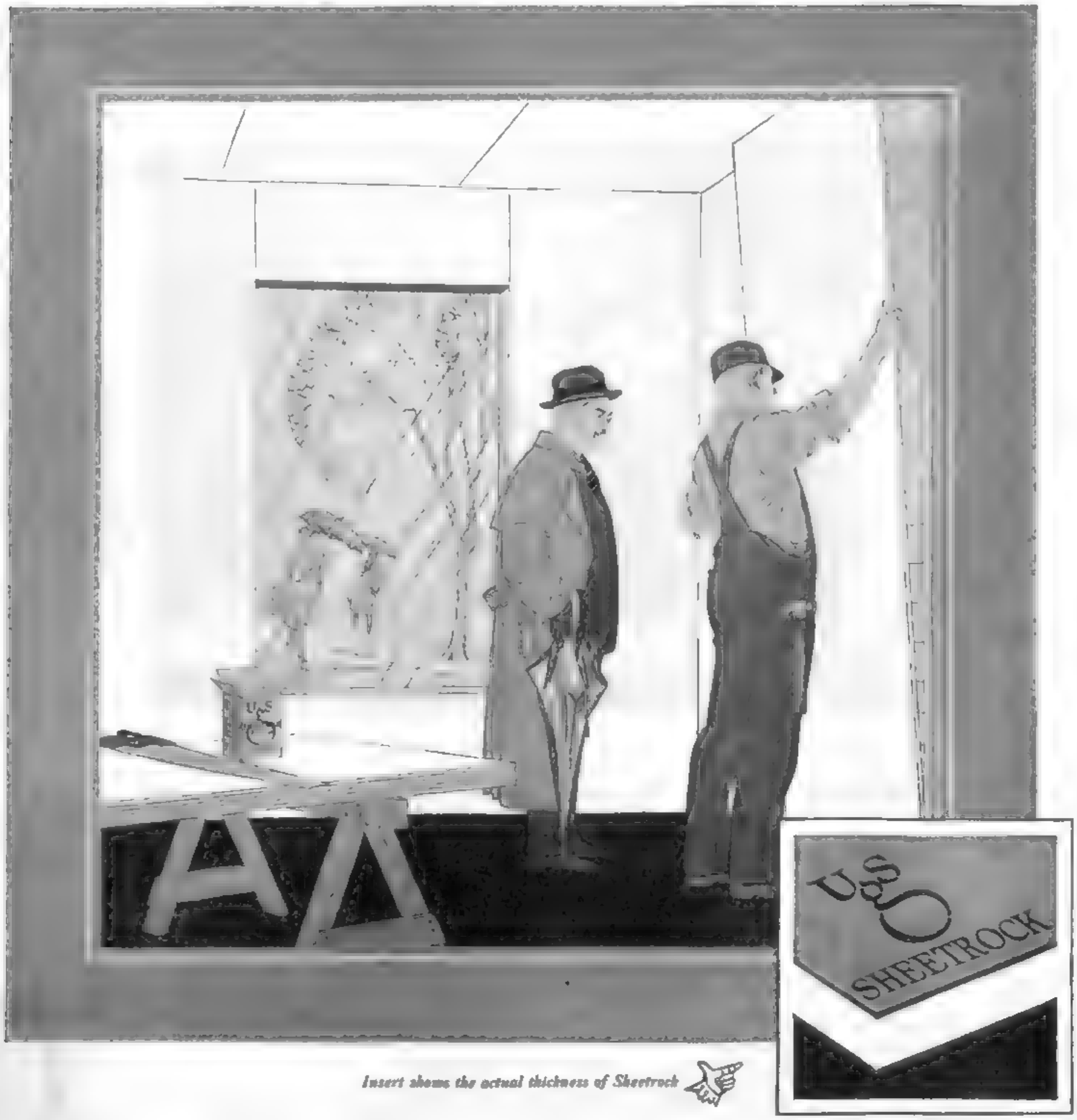

Insert shows the actual thickness of Sheetrock

ONE of the great merits of Sheetrock is that *it will not warp*. It stays flat, smooth-surfaced and rigid all the years you have it on your walls and ceilings. Being made of rock, it is not affected by atmospheric changes, heat or cold; so it never pulls away from the supports, never bulges, shrinks or buckles. Its USG Patented Edge insures tight, even joints. It is highest grade gypsum plaster, cast evenly and uniformly three-eighths inch thick, and *it cannot warp*.

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(Continued from Page 116)

deceive me. You are holding something back—what is it?"

"Oh, mother—I'm telling you the truth!" I cried. "Don't look at me like that, mother! I'll tell you all about it! Granny Messinger locked me in! There!"

"But why?" said mother, with such a pathetic, worried look in her eyes that I broke right down and told her the whole story, only toned down a little, about how I'd been a silly fool and led him on, and how he'd got drunk and angry and locked me in the trophy room, and the rest. Mother listened quietly, but although I was awfully earnest about it, when I'd got through I could see that while she wanted dreadfully to believe me she didn't—not quite. And I couldn't blame her entirely, because as I told it the whole thing seemed so unreal and silly that I sort of doubted it myself and got to fumbling about for words and sounding sort of false and artificial, even to my own ears.

"Well, dear, that is a most extraordinary recital!" said mother when I finished. "I hardly know what to think, I'm sure! You young people are entirely beyond me. Such a thing simply could not have happened in my day, and I hope it will satisfy your father. I shall have to tell him, of course. At any rate we can do nothing about it just now. You had better get a little sleep, my child."

And with that she left me, sadly. But I didn't sleep. Instead I lay on my bed and tossed about and wished to goodness I was in a convent or some place where the older women just simply made you behave! I wished I had never come out. I wished I was dead! But most of all I wondered why on earth I had ever thought it would be delightful to be wicked. After a while I couldn't stand it, so I got up and had a bath and put on a crisp pink gingham to give me courage; and believe me, I needed it, because after breakfast, which was not exactly a love feast, with mother tearful and father grimly silent, and my married sister Rosamond, who had apparently been summoned for the inquest, sweetly superior; well, after breakfast they herded me into the library and closed the door, and sat solemnly looking at me as if I were some strange new kind of animal, while they made me tell my story all over again.

When I got through dad tapped his vest with his eyeglasses and pursed his lips just as if it were a directors' meeting, and I was a financial problem. But at least he didn't get hysterical, like mother and Rosamond.

"Well," said dad doubtfully, "this is the deuce of a story! I'd like to believe the child, and in justice to her we ought to have Messinger over. That's only fair. I always thought the fellow was a rotter, anyhow. However, incidentally, there's the Diamond Cup. He's responsible for it, and he will have to get Pet's evidence sooner or later. Better have the whole nasty business over at once. Carrie, will you telephone and ask him to come here as quickly as possible? Don't say what for; just ask him to come."

"Very well," said my mother, "I will. Just as you wish, Edward. I'm sure you know best."

I will never forget that awful half hour of waiting, when we all sat around and, like that famous parrot, thought but hardly spoke. I was miserable as could be, although I tried to appear aloof and indifferent. But inwardly I was wretched. Anyhow, it would certainly be a great comfort to have Gran clear me and set the family's mind at rest. And just as I had reached this cheering conclusion and my spirit had begun to come back, Parker announced the Messingers.

Do you get that? Mr. and Mrs. Messinger! I'll say I hadn't counted on her putting in an appearance; no, nor wanted her to, either! But there she was, her nervous eager face darting quick looks around from under a big lavender hat that wasn't a bit becoming, and keeping an eagle eye on Gran. He was all shaved and white-flanneled, but looked pretty seedy around the eyes after his last night's party. And yet he had the nerve to swagger in gayly, just as if nothing at all had happened. However, that was only front. Knowing what I did, I could see that underneath this manner he was terribly nervous, and if Vivian kept an eye on him he was watching her anxiously too. Everybody knew how much afraid of his wife Gran was, and when I saw them come in together that way it gave me a sort of lost feeling, even before she spoke.

"I thought I'd just run over with Gran," said Vivian in that poisonous sweet way of hers. "It seemed so unusual, his dropping over here this early—I wanted to be in on whatever it is!" She laughed sharply, and looked us all over in turn, with those swift daggerish glances of hers.

"So sweet of you, dear!" mother murmured automatically, and then we all sat about for a moment in a ghastly silence until father cleared his throat and spoke.

"Mr. Messinger, it is necessary for me to ask you a few—ah—very important questions!" dad began. "The first one—ah—is—ah—did you see my daughter at the country-club dance last night?"

"Why, yes, of course!" said Gran, his smile a little pale, if you know what I mean.

"At what time did you see her last?" dad went on. "Please be sure. I have a special reason for this question."

Gran shot me a swift glance before replying.

"Why, yes, I can answer that," said he easily. "It was about one o'clock."

"Where was she?" said dad, leaning forward eagerly.

There was a tense silence in the room now. Gran hesitated ever so slightly, and there was a faint flush on his forehead.

"I—it was on the front steps of the clubhouse," said he. "She was just leaving with G. G. Third."

I could hardly believe my ears. The room seemed to be going around. He couldn't have said that—he couldn't! But he had. Dad pursed up his lips and frowned. Mrs. Messinger was watching her husband intently.

"Are you sure of that, Messinger?" said dad.

"Absolutely!" said Gran lightly. "Why not? What on earth are you driving at? What's all this about, anyhow?"

His manner was perfect. I never saw anything to equal it. Why, I almost believed him myself.

"See here, Messinger," said dad, now terribly serious, "I want you to be very sure of what you are saying. A great deal depends on it. Are you certain you did not see her again after that?"

"Certainly!" said Gran, apparently as surprised as could be. "She left the club, I tell you! I went back to the ballroom and danced for half an hour, and then went home myself."

"With whom did you dance?" said dad.

"With me," said Vivian unexpectedly. "I came in late from the Wentworths' dinner. We had one dance and went home. We didn't see Pet. I'm sure she had gone, because I always notice her—she's so very popular!"

Well, it was too astounding for words! So that was why Gran hadn't come back! With a shudder I remembered that it had been about one o'clock when he locked me in! This was awful, awful! I tried to speak, but I couldn't.

"Humph!" said dad. "Well, Mr. Messinger, how about the theft of the Diamond Cup?"

"The theft of the Diamond Cup!" exclaimed Gran. "Look here—I say, have you all gone quite mad here this morning, or what? The Diamond Cup hasn't been stolen. I know where it is this very moment."

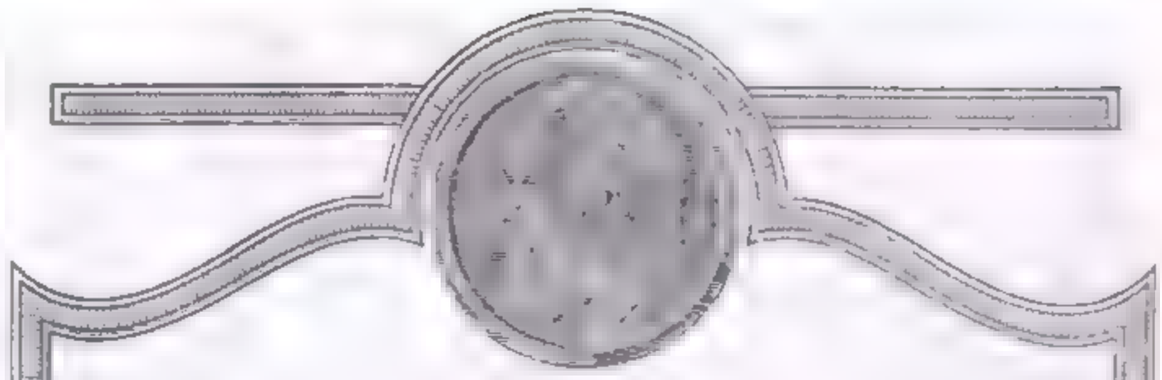
"I understand it was stolen from the clubhouse last night," said my father slowly.

"Perfect nonsense!" exclaimed Gran, getting to his feet. "The Diamond Cup is kept in my own safe at night. It isn't even left at the clubhouse. By Jove, I know how you got that idea—you've heard that the trophy room window was found open this morning. Of course! Great Scott! How quickly things spread in a community of this kind! The steward telephoned me about it two hours ago. But nothing was taken, I assure you. If anyone broke in they didn't steal a thing. The trophies and all are quite all right—really!"

"Then I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said father. "Mr. Messinger, I am sorry to have brought you over on a fool's errand. Will you and your wife excuse us? Something important came up, and we thought you could help. But I see there has been a mistake somewhere."

Well, they left after that. And I hadn't uttered a word of protest. I was too stunned. I felt exactly as if I had been hit over the head with a mallet. But when they were gone I came to life.

"It's not true, what he says!" I cried. "Make him show you the cup—dad! mother! Surely you will take my word



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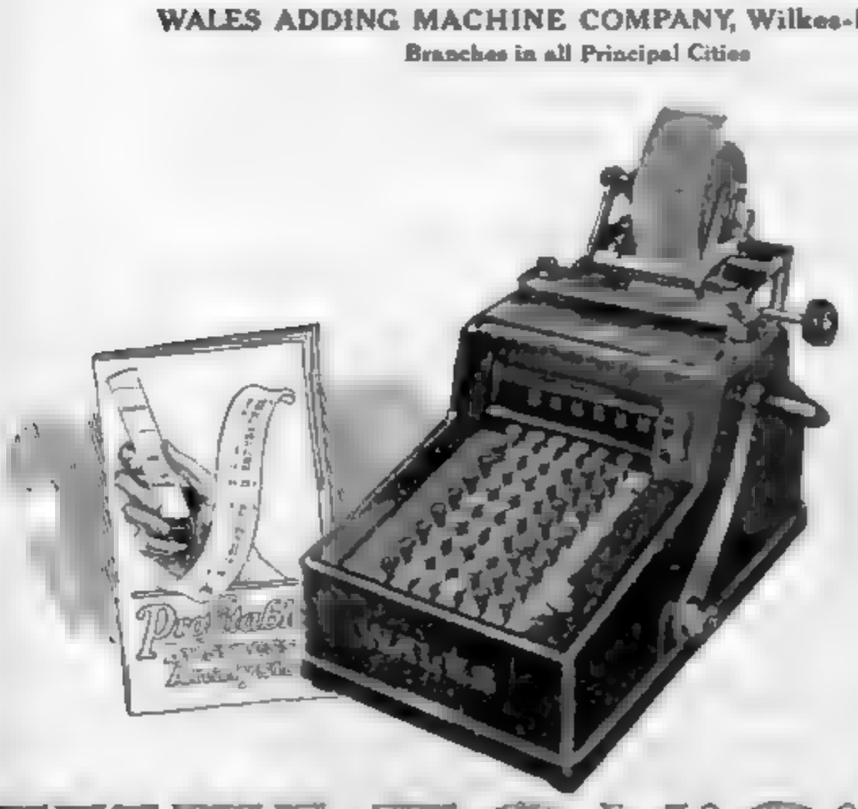

WALES VISIBLE

ADDING-LISTING-BOOKKEEPING-CALCULATING MACHINES

against that man's? I'm telling you the truth—honestly I am. You must believe me!"

"Daughter, daughter, I don't know what to think!" said my dad, walking up and down distressedly while mother cried into one of those old-fashioned, substantial handkerchiefs of hers. "I don't know what to do!"

"I think you'd better have that young idiot G. G. Third over," put in Rosamond.

"All right, have him over!" I cried. "But he's got nothing to do with this. Or call up Dickey Bowe and ask where G. G. was last night until twenty minutes before he brought me home!"

Father was caught by my last sentence. He picked up the telephone. Then he gave the number. And after a few questions he hung up with a puzzled air. "The child is right," said he. "Dickey Bowe says that young Graithwaite was there from twelve o'clock last night until after five this morning. So that's that!"

There was a little pause, during which I stood there, sullen and defiant and mad—oh, goodness knows how mad I was!

"I think you had better go to your room, Pet," said mother at last, "and stay there until I send for you. I want to talk to your father privately."

Well, of course there was really nothing else for me to do. So I went up, feeling pretty sick, I don't mind saying, and shut myself in. Scarcely had I done so when the telephone rang in my sitting room. As it didn't stop after a few minutes I answered it.

"Pet!" said a male voice. "This is Gran. For my sake, Pet, bring it back! Let me pay your bridge debts—but bring it back!"

"Bring what back?" I said stupidly.

"Why, the cup, of course!" said the voice impatiently. "Look here, that was a fool, childish thing to do! I'll meet you on Ketchen's Point in half an hour, and you bring it with you."

"But I haven't got it!" I said incredulously. "Gran Messinger, you beast! Do you actually think I—oh, you must be mad! A burglar took it. How on earth do you suppose I got out of that room? You know perfectly well I couldn't open the window myself! And besides, to think that you should dare—oh, it's too terrible!"

"Do you actually mean a burglar took it?" said Gran. "Then ——"

"He most certainly did!" said I. "And as for meeting you anywhere, ever again, I hate you and I will never even speak to you so long as I live! So there!"

And with that I hung up, and went and flopped down on the window seat and thought hard. This was unspeakably awful! Gran had actually thought me the thief, and had tried to protect me from my family by that lie an hour earlier; also to protect himself from his wife by saying I had left before she arrived. Why, no wonder none of them would believe me! I could not prove that he had locked me in the trophy room; and if I could prove it they would think I had stolen the Sartelle Cup! Oh, but I was being well punished for my foolish flirtation. It wasn't a bit of fun to be bad. I had been all wrong about that! It was ghastly! But what could I do now? What? I jumped up and began walking frantically up and down, trying to think. But I couldn't think of anything except that I wished to heaven I'd been born and raised in 1870 or in Turkey.

At noon Celeste brought me some luncheon on a tray, but I was so wretched that I couldn't touch anything except a couple of lamb chops and some baked potato and a little ice cream. And when they were all gone I seemed to feel better, somehow, and could think more clearly. And then suddenly I realized that there was one person, and one person only, who could clear me of both charges. The burglar! I must somehow catch that burglar and force him to tell the truth!

For several minutes after I thought of this I danced about the room with joy. Then I began to realize that catching him might not be altogether easy. This thought was depressing, but I refused to let it down me, for I was a desperate woman. However, it was certain that I could not catch him alone. I would need help. There was no use in appealing to my family, they had proven that pretty conclusively, I thought with bitterness. Besides, they had forbidden me to leave my room, and being practically locked in a person's room is distinctly hampering in such a situation. But fortunately they had not as yet removed my telephone, and so I at once proceeded to use that—my only weapon, one might call it.

The first place I called was the police station, where I gave a full description of the burglar and everything, only leaving out about Granny Messinger, of course, and saying I had been locked in by accident.

I'll say I started a riot in that police station, all right. I expect they hadn't had any excitement like it since Rosamond's dog was poisoned—and then it was Rosamond who was excited. I even offered my entire next month's allowance as a reward for the burglar's capture. Of course I didn't have the allowance yet, but I hardly thought the family would go so far as stopping it, no matter what they believed I had done. And as nobody else had reported the burglary I hung up with the full satisfaction of having created a terrific sensation.

Then I picked the receiver up again and called Ted Stonewall. I didn't feel sure just how Ted would take it after the way I had treated him; but I ought to have known.

"Ted," said I, "this is Pet. I'm in terrible trouble."

"Yes, I suppose so!" said Ted gently. "I'll be right around."

"Oh, Ted, you're a dear!" I cried. "But I'm locked in my room. That is, practically. I'll have to sneak out. Be at the east gate with the flivver in fifteen minutes, will you, and wait until I show up?"

"Sure!" said Ted. "Gee, you must be in wrong to want that!"

I didn't stop for a come-back at that, but hung up and flew around getting myself ready, made a crawl-off, and was waiting in the lane when Ted and the tin Lizzie came rattling up.

"Hello! All aboard!" said Ted, and I hopped in. The flivver ground its teeth, and away we went.

"Drive along the backest back road you can find, please, Ted," said I. "I have a lot to tell you, and I don't want to meet a soul! Not on the flivver's account, but because I must think!"

"All right, dear," said he, and for a little while we rode in silence, Ted giving me all the time in the world to start talking in my own way, which was mighty kind and sweet of him. But somehow I couldn't begin. Not at least until a big yellow roadster came whirling around the corner. It was Tot Romney's roadster, and Tot was driving, and she had Sylvia Glenning with her. And as we came abreast, and had to pass slowly on the narrow road, both girls cut me dead!

At first I couldn't grasp it, and then all at once I saw things in a flash. G. G. Third had been talking! The beastly little cad! So the news was around already. But that Sylvia and Tot, of all girls, should do such a thing to me! Why, I had expected them to be simply green with envy, and crazy about my adventure, and now —— I couldn't get over it at all; particularly as I was perfectly innocent. Something rose up in my throat and choked me at this evidence of how conventional they were at heart, and first thing I knew I was crying wildly, and Ted had stopped the flivver and I was doing it on his shoulder and blurting out the whole story.

"There, there, dear!" he said in his heavenly kind way. "They are a lot of stupid beasts not to see you are as innocent as a kitten!"

"Then you believe me?" I gasped. "You take my word?"

"Don't be silly. Of course I believe you absolutely," said Ted briskly. "And I'm going to help you all I can. Cheero, sweetie, we will clear it up, you'll see! Believe you? Certainly, you poor little dear!"

Well, I was so grateful to Ted that I didn't even mind the sweetie, and as we drove on again, through the back country and over roads where only a flivver could go with safety, we laid a lot of plans about catching that thief, and my confidence and self-respect just simply returned in jumps.

And then, about twenty-five miles back in the country on the most awful road, but with the loveliest views, and where we hadn't passed a single car and were apparently only the second flivver that had traveled that way since the rain, the most amazing thing happened.

We were talking quite happily about various things when on rounding a curve what should we see but an overturned car, evidently the one which had been through ahead of us. It was lying on its side, and from the tracks in the deep slippery mud you could see that it had skidded badly and

struck a big elm tree that sort of jutted out into the roadway. There was not a soul about, apparently, but just the same it gave me a horrid sick feeling to look at it.

"Great Scott! What's all this?" said Ted, slowing down and skidding pretty badly himself.

That certainly was an awful bit of road. And then—oh, then we saw a foot sticking out from beneath the wreck. There was someone pinned under it!

Of course we stopped at once and Ted sprang out and ran to help. I felt simply too ill for words, because I can't endure the sight of blood, but I made myself behave, and got right out after him and ran over, too, because of course I wanted to be of use. There was a man pinned under that car, all right, and he was alone, but I had to go around to the far side before I saw who it was, and then I nearly died, for the man was my burglar—the very same pasty-faced young man who had broken into the club!

Heaven knows he was no beauty and the accident hadn't improved his appearance, yet to say that he looked like an angel from heaven to me is putting it pretty mildly. I am being metaphorical, of course, because in a physical sense he looked simply ghastly, being pastier than ever, with both legs pinned under the car, and one of them, as we found out afterward, quite broken. He was conscious, though, as Ted bent over him, and as I came up I could hear him say: "Thank God! Say, feller, I been here ever since last night, and you are the first ——"

Well, that is as far as he got just then with his few well chosen remarks. I didn't give him a chance to go on and thank Ted. With a yell I pushed that astonished young man aside, making a dive for the injured man's right pocket, and coming to my feet with a shout of triumph and his gun.

"Great heaven, Pet Torrington!" gasped Ted. "What is it?"

"It's my character!" I shouted, dancing around and waving that blessed gun—rather dangerously perhaps. "This is my chaperon that was with me at the club last night! And there is his bag. Never mind his legs yet, Ted—open the bag!"

And while our prisoner lay and cursed, Ted tore the suitcase open; and there, praise be, lay the Sartelle Cup, twinkling and winking up at the brilliant sunlight. To think that I had ever called it names!

The Poets' Corner

When We Had Our Rights

ROUSE, ye Boozemen! Red-nosed men,
Outraged citizens! Listen, then,
While I break your hearts
With a tale that starts
Back in the I Can Remember When:

When a man might trade a whole week's pay
For a glorious jag that would last all day;
A wonderful day and a wonderful night,
Including a free lunch and a fight.
And when at last
The glad hours passed—
When swooning Nature could stand no more,
He could fall asleep on the sawdust floor,
With his weary head in the cuspidor.

Them was the days! And I drop a tear
On the mournful grave of that Yesteryear.

Did ever you think of the sinful way
We waste our jack on a Saturday?
Blowing the wages on grub and shoes
Which once on a time would have bought good booze!

Ah, cynical one, ne'er shake your head!
The dime that you spend for a loaf of bread
Would have bought you a schooner of foaming beer
In the joyous days of a vanished year!

Dear old songs! Dear old fights!
Back in the days when we had our Rights!

Ah, golden days! When a yegg could make
A barrel of hooch from one rattlesnake,
One rubber boot and a drug or two,
And pass it over the bar to you
At ten a throw; then, deft and brisk,
Humming a carefree ditty, frisk
Your Sunday suit from tie to pants
And kick you out to lie in a trance
And sleep it off in a watering trough
Till the gang came round with the ambulance.

Them was the days! Them was the nights!
We lost our dough and our liver and lights
And an eye or so—but we had our Rights.

Rise, fellow Suckers good and true!
Somewhere a Voice is Calling You!
Somewhere a yegg is catching cold,
Out in the night with a piece of old
Rusty gaspipe! While he biffs
Poor old scared commuting stiffs
On the bean, he pensive sighs,
Wiping his poor bleary eyes
In an absent way as he wonders when
We'll get him back on the job again.

Shall we then endure to behold his pain?
Shall his weeping rise to the stars in vain?
Shall the poor yegg's tears, like the summer rain,
Water a land that is crass and crude
And sown with the seeds of ingratitude?

Shall we tamely sit by our bank account,
Watching it mount and mount and mount?

Shall we hold our peace when the Suckers then
Tell how they got it in Goucher's Den—
Knockout drops in their pail of hops—
Back in the I Can Remember When?

Shall we ever forget sweet days gone by
When we went home loaded with drug-store rye
And woke Wife up with a crack in the eye,
And a bump in the nose when she started to cry?

Dear dead days! Dear dead nights!
When the yeggs and the Suckers had their Rights!

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

Shellback

(Corrected With Apologies)

GIVE me the mainsail's bloodstained bunt,
And night, and a black Cape Horner;
The fo'c'sle hands who curse and grunt—
Keep you your chimney corner!
Keep your book with its printed page,
And its verses of poetry;
Mine the men of the Golden Age,
And the wrath of a blasted sea.
You keep the little things of life—
All your prayers and your hymns of praise;
Give me the Horner's piercing knife
And the hurricane's awful rage.
Give me my pals, who drunken go
Where the watchful crimps are lying—
Lads whom never a home shall know
Till the gentle time of dying.
Keep the books of the wise men's word,
And mouth all their soft words over
Give me the scream of the white sea bird,
And my God when my work is over.

—*Bill Adams.*

Ballade of Inayne the Fair

INAYNE the lovable, the fair—
I wish that I could add, the wise—
One sees your picture, debonair,
On every magazine one buys.
Artist with cover artist vies
To paint again and yet again,
In many-fashioned garb and guise,
My cold and faultless-fair Inayne.

In raiment marvelous and rare,
One sees you making goo-goo eyes
At young men tall and square and spare;
Or knitting socks, or baking pies,
Or playing golf, or casting flies,
While treating Cupid with disdain.
You never seem to really care,
My cold and faultless-fair Inayne.

Of thrills you do not seem aware;
You never show the least surprise;
Your calm and graven-image air
Love, anger and delight defies.
Your pulse beats never fail nor rise;
Your roses never wax nor wane;
Your grace and beauty none denies,
My cold and faultless-fair Inayne.

L'Envoi

Oh, Lady of the Cover Page,
One seeks the soul of you in vain,
In spite of all your vogue and rage—
My cold and faultless-fair Inayne.

—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

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Two speeds. By shifting lever at base of hub, you can instantly change speed without removing drill from work.

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No 1555 (Illustrated) Length 17 in. Three-jaw chuck for round shank drills up to ¼ in

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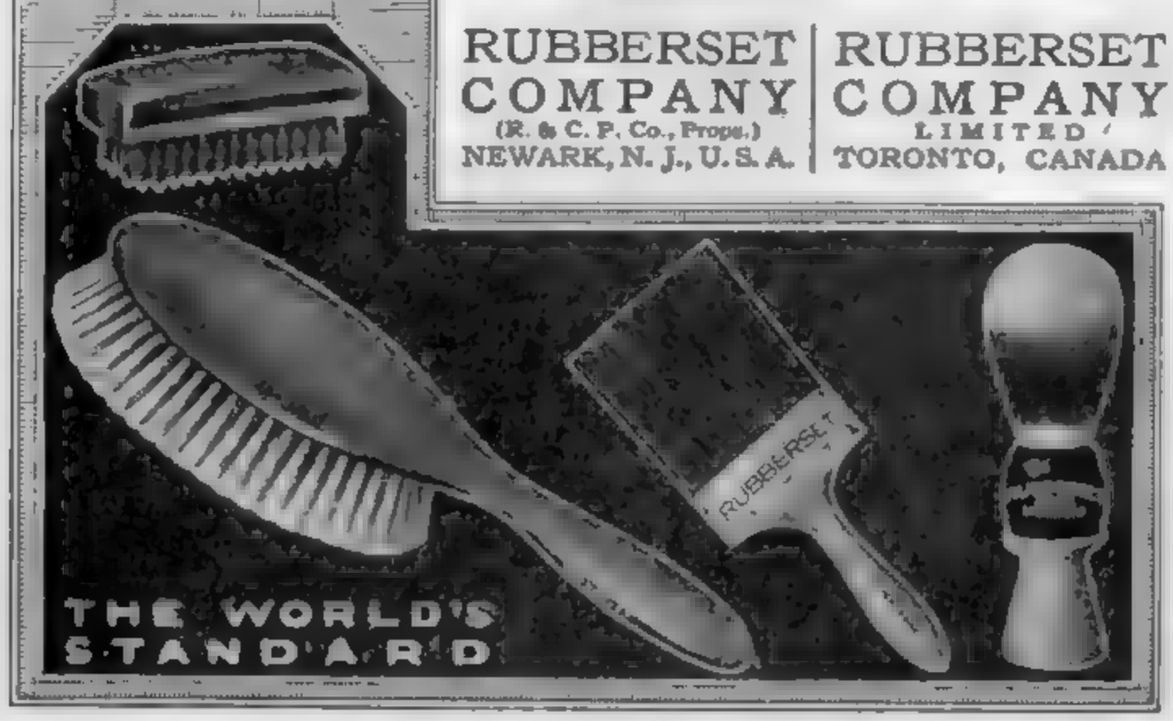


THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 17)

Barrymore said, "Great! Let's have another!"

This second-story room was let for three dollars a week. I engaged it when Smythe left toward the end of September. It was a fine room for the money, being nearly twenty-five feet square and having three windows at the front. Among its few drawbacks were the simplicity of its furnishing and a rich, permeating odor of Italian cooking, never absent and especially high at the flood of the gastronomic tides. Barrymore thought that anybody ought to be able to write in such rich and redolent quarters, away from all distractions and calls, and when the rear room on the same floor, separated from the front room only by the customary wardrobes and marble washstands of that period, was vacant he rented it at the same price.

On his first day as a tenant he brought in two reams of soft printing paper, typewriter size, and two dozen plain wood pencils already sharpened and made of a grade of plumbago suggesting stove polish. They had retailed at ten cents a dozen. He declared his intention of starting in the next morning to write a play. But he didn't come that morning or any other morning. His wife predicted that such would be the case. She said their own apartment, wherever it happened to be, was strewn with stray leaves on each of which was written, "Act One, Scene One. A Ruined Garden."

Some five or six years later, when I had built a home and was living at New Rochelle, Barrymore came out one night to read a play he had completed. We had to explain the burst of laughter that greeted him from my wife and me as he began to read, "Act One, Scene One. A Ruined Garden." Not only did Barrymore never work in that Twenty-fifth Street room but as far as I know he never came to it but once.

This failure to use the room is not astonishing when we remember Barrymore's way of living then. Rather than store his four or five trunks of valuable costumes which he was apt to need at a moment's notice, he kept them in a little hall bedroom on Twenty-eighth Street in a house managed by a Mrs. Higgins. The room also contained a little iron bedstead and washstand. Barrymore never occupied it, but to disagreeable persons he gave it as his address. Mrs. Higgins was instructed to say always that Barrymore had just gone out, and occasionally some wastrel transient, on an order from Barry, slept there. In conjunction with one or two actor friends, he had a flat on Fourth Avenue. I think this was really the place where he preferred to sleep and to get his breakfasts. Mrs. Barrymore was traveling with the Crane company at that time, and when she came to the city Barrymore took an apartment with her at some hotel. During one of these engagements their joint address was the old Sturtevant House, so that with the room back of mine Barrymore quite honestly had four private addresses.

One blizzard night, walking away from The Lambs Club on Twenty-sixth Street, I was stopped by a shivering boy of twenty who asked for a dime to get a bed. I took him with me, showed him into this back room. The boy looked at the sofa.

"There?"

Four Homes, but No Bed

I said "No," pointed to the roomy and well-furnished bed and left him stammering his thanks. About three o'clock in the morning I was waked by somebody striking a match and turning on the gas. Barrymore, dripping from the storm, stood in the middle of the floor.

He nodded to the back room and said, "What's all this in there?"

After collecting my thoughts a moment I said, "That's a little philanthropy of mine."

"Well, where am I to sleep?"

"What's the matter with the Fourth Avenue flat?" There was some friend there. "What about the Sturtevant House and Georgie?"

Barrymore said, "Ethel is over from Philadelphia to visit her mother, and I've been turned out."

"What about the room at Mrs. Higgins'?"

"King Hall has that this week."

I couldn't help laughing at the picture of America's favorite and best-paid actor, with four apartments for which he was paying rent and no place to sleep.

I said, "I don't know what you're going to do, old man."

"I do."

He shed his outside clothes and got into bed with me.

Barrymore at that time was playing my one-act piece, A Man of the World, previously referred to as the contribution refused for publication when offered during my reportorial duty on the Post-Dispatch. Somewhat dissatisfied with his opportunities at the Madison Square Theater, he was considering an engagement to star under the management of J. M. Hill. I was casting about in an effort to devise for him a play that would show to best advantages the Barrymore qualities. My association with him and the little circle about him at this time put a decidedly new twist into my way of thinking of the theater.

Barrymore had written and produced for Helena Modjeska a story of Russian life called Nadjesda, which in the opinion of many had been handicapped by the intensity of its dramatic incidents. It was drama of that kind that he wanted from me. Somewhere from the South there was a newspaper item of two men who had fought a duel by drawing lots from a hat with the understanding that the man who got the marked card was to suicide. This and other incidents coming to our attention at that time, all equally unusual or bizarre, combined to make a story which, under the title of Reckless Temple, I submitted to Barrymore and Hill, and, urged by their enthusiasm, wrote in that Twenty-fifth Street room.

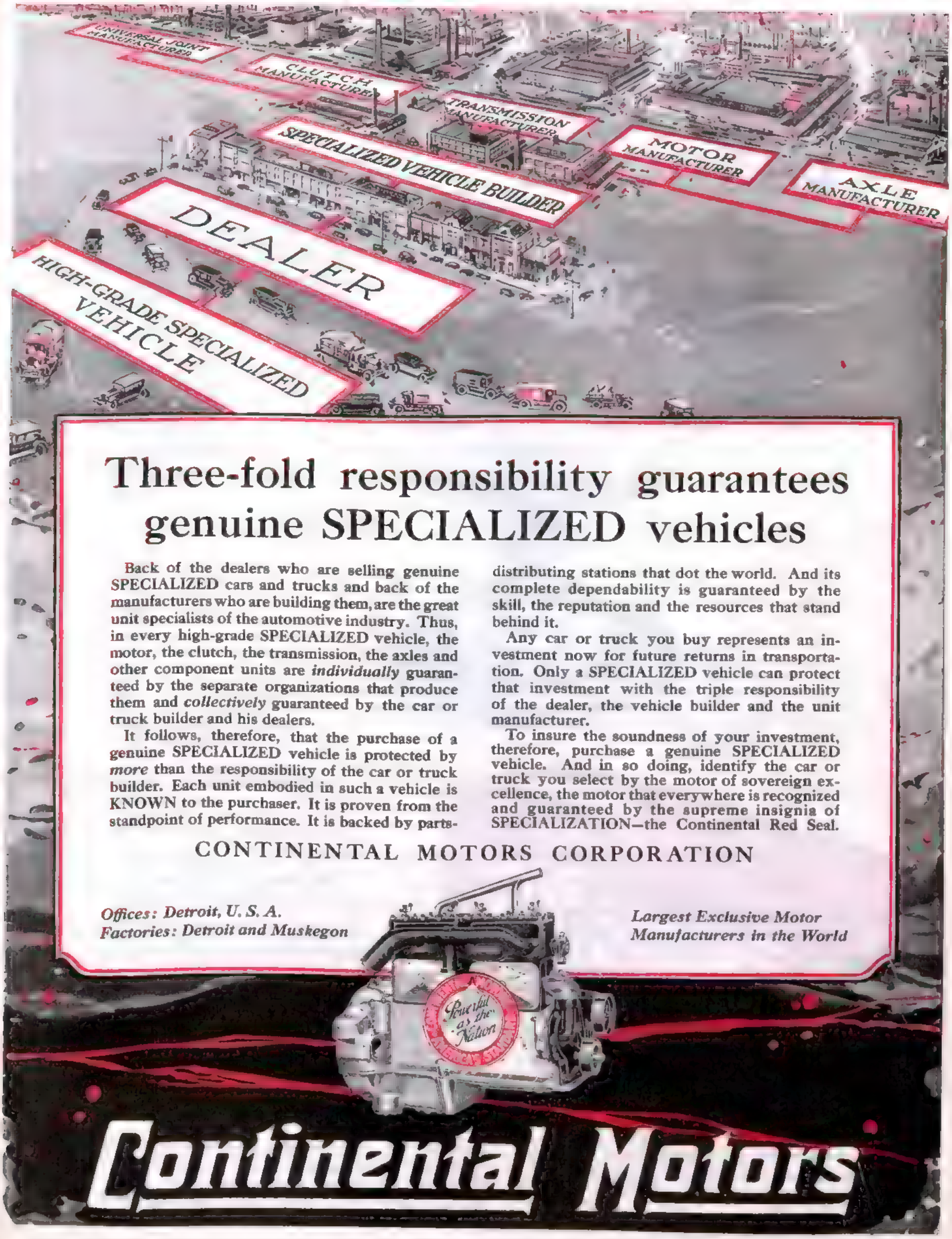
The Old Lambs Club

I had now become a member of The Lambs. At the clubhouse I passed more than half the time I permitted myself away from my writing. The Lambs was then in its fifteenth year, and contained the best element in the profession. It was a great honor, privilege and education to be received on equal terms by its then membership, a total professional number of one hundred, which included such men as Lester Wallack, Dion Boucicault, Steele Mackaye, Mark Smith, Robert G. Ingersoll, Otis Skinner, the Holland brothers, George, Edmund and Joseph, and others worthy of the standard that these names indicate.

A table d'hôte dinner was served for fifty cents at the large club table, where the men were like members of a family. There was a notable musical contingent and often between courses the popular songs of the time. The gayety of such youngsters as Harry Woodruff, Cyril Scott, Fritz Williams, Francis Carlyle and Ned Bell was as memorable as the wise talk of such elders as Steele Mackaye and Frank Mayo. Fun was spontaneous and unconstrained. At one of these small dinners I began my real acquaintance with Otis Skinner. He had come in from a trip on the road, was greeted with shouts and lifted glasses, and because the place on the impromptu program fitted it he stood in the doorway, and answering the men's demand recited Béranger's When We Were Twenty-One. I shall always remember the romantic picture of that virile, Moorish-looking youngster, and the sentiment with which he read "Flo, my Flo, was a coryphée."

The Lambs was then at 34 West Twenty-sixth Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue; the house an old-fashioned five-story, twenty-five-foot-front brownstone dwelling with high stoop, under which was a basement entrance. It was like its adjoining houses in external looks and faced similar buildings on the north side of the street. Those respectable neighbors eyed it with distrust. Leaving The Lambs and walking east to Broadway you passed the St. James Hotel on the corner. On the other side of Broadway was Delmonico's, running through the short block to Fifth Avenue. The block was and still is short, because these two great thoroughfares wedge

(Continued on Page 125)



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(Continued from Page 122)

sharply three blocks farther south. East of the long plaza made by their intersection is the park called Madison Square, a plunger fountain in the center and the Saint-Gaudens bronze of Farragut on the northwest corner.

Facing this square on all four sides in 1889 were beautiful and impressive buildings, each with its history fairly mellow and all with their uniform sky line that could be enjoyed without suggesting curvature of the spine.

To have eyes and never to see the sky is to be slowly and unconsciously immersed in matter. Where no vision is the people perish, and the vision of this nation is born and nourished and reënforced and sustained from modest houses that are detached and which face four ways to the weather and from which men and women look in easy angle at the sky. Someone has gone further than this and said that a view of the horizon is necessary to the sanity of the eye. In thirty-three years Industry with a capital I has torn down the old Delmonico's, the old St. James, the Worth and Hoffman houses, the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the handsome homes of modest height, and replaced them with cubes of the towering kind that make central New York City a gridiron of box cañons.

In 1889 Madison Square had just won from Union Square, nine streets farther south, its claim to be the theatrical center. It was the smart and modern spot, although many of the actors of the comic-page, fur-trimmed intensity still haunted the older Rialto. And at Fourteenth Street there was still considerable theatrical power and vibration. Under the old Morton House J. M. Hill still managed the Union Square Theater. One street farther south was the Star, where Crane's long run in Sydney Rosenfeld's Senator and other plays was to occur before the passing of that historic house. North of Union Square, where now stands the lofty Century Building, was the stately, hospitable Everett House; while to the east was Riccadonna's, famous for spaghetti and the patronage of the Salvinis, father and son. These, with the Academy of Music, then run by E. G. Gilmore, and Tony Pastor's own theater just behind it, put up their ancient claim for attention. But the fashionable town was moving north.

At Twenty-fifth Street two tides of easy promenaders joined in their downtown drift, and returning there divided for the northerly walks. Every fine afternoon other than matinée days members of the stock companies of Daly's, Palmer's and the Lyceum theaters, and members of other combinations of nearly equal importance, moved in leisurely manner and almost small-town neighborliness through the comfortable throngs of well-dressed and fairly intelligent Americans, to whom all of them were known by sight. Fashionable New York was out in private rigs with liveried coachmen and tigers; there were no trolley cars, no motors. The busses on Fifth Avenue were drawn by slow-plodding horses.

Life itself had a gentle pace, social intercourse a more genial temperature. Friends, meeting, stopped to exchange a word; men in groups told stories, laughed; policemen did not ask them to move on. The molds of form, the glasses of fashion were John Drew and Herbert Kelcey, Robert Hilliard and Berry Wall. Equal centers of interest and prompters of good nature were Barrymore, Coghlan, Goodwin, Hopper, Digby Bell, Dixey, Charles Stevenson and Frank Carlyle. A certain challenge went with Ted Henley or Lackaye.

An Old Landmark

Some day it will be as respectable to write historically of the fine barrooms of that time as it was for Dickens in his day to write of the taproom; and even now I must venture something, because to leave them out is to attempt a portrait with half the face concealed. Any one of those important men just named could be stopped in that parade and under the pretense of business or pressing communication enticed for a moment's misleading conference into one of those convenient snares.

In the St. James Hotel, behind and above the glassware, was a picture of three dashing cavaliers, plumed hats, flowing cloaks, swords and all; portraits in costume of Billy Connor, hotel proprietor and erstwhile manager of John McCullough; of Charles W. Brooke, distinguished lawyer, orator and *bon vivant* of the day; of Louis N. Megargee, newspaper writer of Philadelphia and New York, all intimate friends of the talented Moses P. Handy of Clover Club celebrity. This picture had the kind of draft and influence of Maxfield Parrish's Old King Cole, painted in after years for the late Knickerbocker Hotel café, with the difference that King Cole came from the nursery with the reputation of having quite shamelessly and in *haute voix* expressed his preferences, whereas the St. James trio depended entirely upon the law of associative suggestion.

One habitué was Jerry Dunn, a handsome fellow strongly suggesting in appearance former United States Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, though Dunn was rather a silent person. He had, however, killed a man with a revolver. Another sport was Pat Sheedy, who managed John L. Sullivan. It was in that saloon, the story ran, that when Sullivan proposed to beat up Sheedy with his fists Sheedy, not unprepared for the attention, had pushed a derringer against Sullivan's body and asked him not to do it.

Brass Rail Conferences

Some politicians came there. General Sheridan—Silver-tongued George, as his Republican friends called him—lived in the hotel.

On the next block south from the St. James was the Hoffman House café, perhaps the finest in the world. The proprietor was the handsome, melancholy, gray-haired Ned Stokes, who had killed Col. Jim Fisk on account of the notorious Josie Mansfield. It was said Stokes always slept thereafter with the light burning in his bedroom. In this café, guarded by brass rails and plush ropes, hung a heroic canvas by the great Bouguereau, a painting of several nymphs trying to throw a fighting satyr into the water. This prophetic symbol was years before the general adoption of woman suffrage.

In the theater the prizes are to magnetism quite as much as to ideas or antics. Of the three factors, magnetism is the hardest to define. To call it attraction is but to change the substantive. To call it personality is only to befog it. To recite the reasons for my own explanation of it or to support my case adequately in the controversy those reasons would provoke would take half a volume. I therefore omit reasons, and avoiding controversy issue only my belief that the force is electrical; that its possessor is not its generator but its medium, and that the voluntary transmission of it is exhausting. The truly effective actor cannot simply wipe off his grease paint and turn in to slumber.

Our Faversham, our Hacketts, our Marlowes, our Cohans, our Drews of three actor generations, our Barrymores of two, with the admixture of the Drew strain, our like artists of repute, as well as those yet undiscovered and uncelebrated, cannot after a night's play set the psychical brakes and come to a dead center. Like a machine before the stop, the human organism before the normal nerve rate, must slow down. For this retardation the ample apartment with trained butler or equally trained maid and the presence of understanding comrades who quit at the first suppressed yawn is ideal.

For an income unequal to such provision the proper restaurant, the club, the café of the Hoffman kind, is invaluable. Let us not chide that immortal coterie at the Mermaid Inn, nor Chris Marlowe, nor Ben Jonson, nor Will Shakspere, nor criticize too severely that other at the Cheshire Cheese of which Garrick was so often the center and Doctor Johnson the mentor.

Into that old Hoffman House café from the Madison Square, the Fifth Avenue, the Lyceum, three theaters within a radius of two blocks, actors easily drifted. Those of Palmer's, Daly's and the Bijou had but little farther to come. The writers met them. For some obscure reason—as slightly higher price or the watchful eye of the house man, Billy Edwards, ex-champion prize fighter—only the better element of the men about town frequented the place. A group of players and playwrights at a table were uninterrupted. Men nodded to them, or joined them if invited, but they did not intrude.

What wise conferences were many of those expert discussions of current or projected plays; what condensed experience; what discovered and tested rules; what classifyings of situations; what precedents

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SPRING is a treacherous season. The weather is extremely variable. Warm days follow cold days abruptly. A variation of 20° is often enough to start decay in food, to incubate millions of germs.

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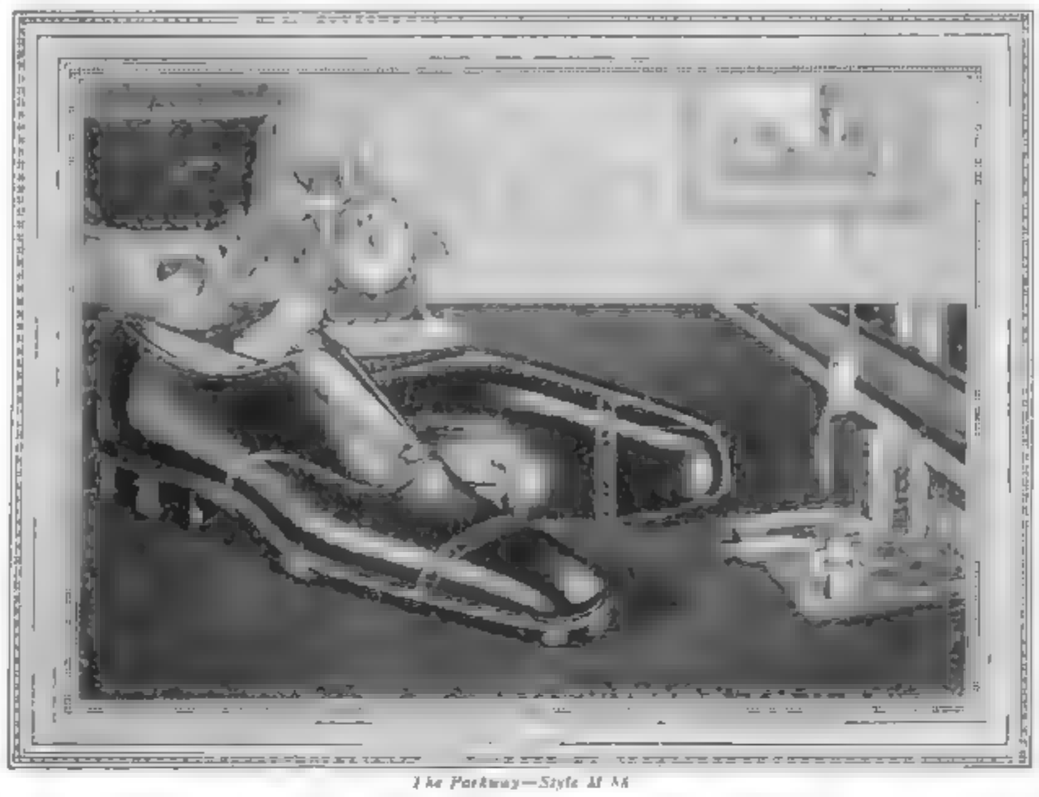

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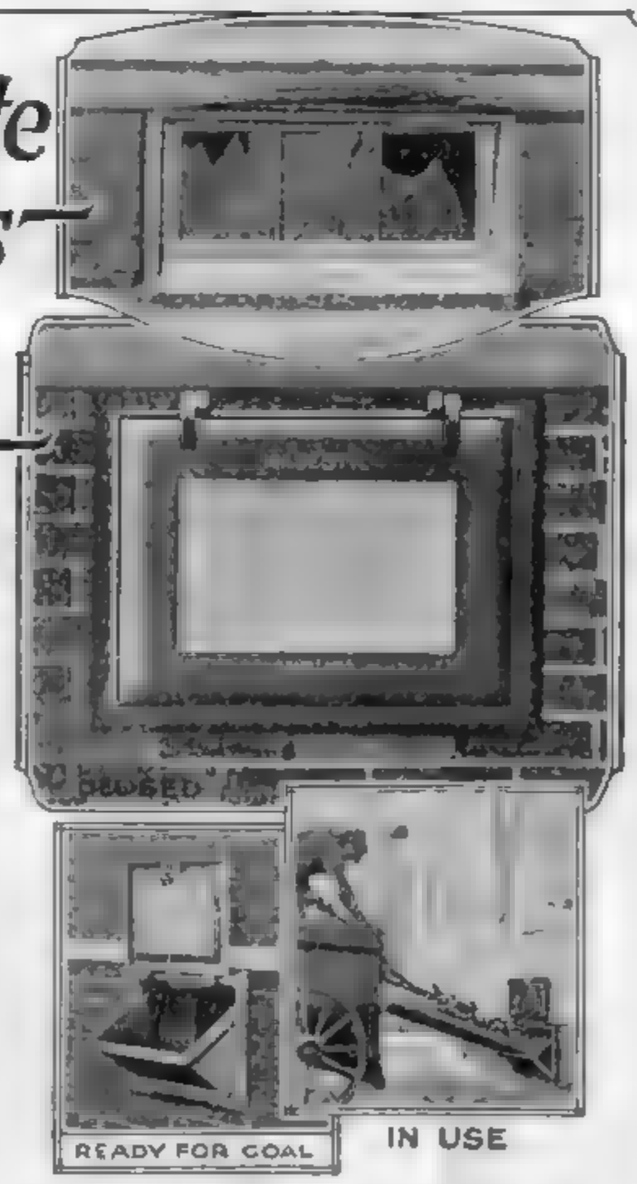

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and likenesses; what traditions, conventions, experiments, suggestions; what a winnowing of ideas by what vigorous, original, challenging, prolific fellows; and in what free interchange in an atmosphere and temper stimulated to just that degree of exaltation that can bridge and blend and give an overtone and group consensus! Truly, "Wisdom is justified of her children."

For more private and smaller conferences, among other places, there was also Browne's famous old chophouse on Twenty-seventh Street just off the Broadway corner; one stone step to the hallway and a turn to the right for the parlor dining room with its little tables to which a third chair could be drawn; the hot-water dishes for the mealy Welsh rabbit and the pewter mugs for the musty ale.

I first saw Paul Potter there, rewriter of French comedy at the time, but afterwards author of The Conquerors, Trilby, Under Two Flags, and adapter of a half score of farces. He looked an oldish young man then as, thirty years later, after the unmanageable cropped hair turned white, he looked a youngish old one. Barrymore made him join us, and then rallied him on his theories until daylight. Paul Potter was always a bookworm. Why study life when it is all so thoroughly written and pigeonholed and catalogued by men so superior to any of us? And Paul knew all the indexes, including the Expurgatorius. Diderot was his guide, and his laws were immutable. Paul remade plays as an Italian worked in mosaic, or he thought he did.

After that first meeting he met me at long intervals in America, in London, in Paris, and without astonishment in a seemingly uninterrupted intimacy, with both hands out in greeting and with perplexed eyes; but whether in luck or in trouble, always with the self-deprecating, boyish, white-toothed smile. At Foyot's on the Rue Vaugirard, the French senators from the palais opposite, equally with the bowing waiters, saluted him as Monsieur l'Américain.

I saw him last in New York in the early spring of 1921, one afternoon in a Turkish bath on Forty-second Street. I first inquired quietly of the attendant, and having made sure of the solitary sleeper talked loudly enough to rouse him. The grave, emaciated face, simple as one of Shakspere's forest rustics, took on its waking smile as he asked "Gus? Gus?" and sat up in his sheet, as sunny as a boy at a swimmin' hole.

"How are you, Paul?"

He chuckled with the merriment of it.

"Why, Gus, old friend, I'm dying!" And then he laughingly told me how desirable diabetes was as a way to finish. One had to go sometime. The doctors gave him only a few weeks longer. "See? It's the swelling of feet and ankles that keeps me in here most of the time, but the boys all know me and don't mind me lying around. Soon after this stage one goes into coma and—it's all over." And he laughed again, his forehead wrinkling under his thick white hair. The next day they couldn't wake him.

I hate to jam old friends into their coffins this way, but with only twelve of these articles one has to do it or hurt some of their feelings by leaving them out. But back in Browne's in 1889 Paul told me that, as Diderot had printed for him, our plays are written backwards; that is, constructed like a mystery story, from the solution backward to the enigma. Of course, it was helpful to know that, and I've told it to dozens of youngsters. Who was it said the unpardonable thing, the one base thing in life is to receive benefits and to confer none?

Very Close to Palmer

There came into New York that winter a typical Southerner in speech and appearance named Col. Edward Alfrend. His home had been Richmond, Virginia. Other citizens of that place reported that because of his courtly manner he had been called Count Alfrend. The colonel was about sixty years of age, tall, suddenly portly at the meridian, with prominent features, and a walruslike white mustache, which with the important consciousness of an English guardsman he stroked to hold the floor in the pauses of his discourse. His ambition was dramatic authorship. His most prominent friend in the theater was A. M. Palmer, above whom in physical stature he towered some seven inches. He spent many hours in Mr. Palmer's office when it was evident to other callers that Mr. Palmer was not insisting on it.

Reporting these interviews outside, the colonel frequently said, "I am very close to A. M. Palmer."

After a couple of years, with the assistance of Mr. Augustus Pitou, who signed as joint author, he produced under the title of Across the Potomac his only play. In Palmer's office Alfrend met Barrymore; and Barry, amused by the old gentleman's punctilious manner, his pomposity and a mediocrity that warranted prediction, carried Alfrend about with him in many leisure hours. One of Barry's gentle friends wishing to embroider a sofa pillow, a Penelope activity then not fallen into neglect, asked me to draw in outline on a square of silk a profile of herself and one of Barrymore. After I had drawn her own profile I said, "How close to that do you want the profile of Barry?"

The lady said, "About as close as Alfrend is to Palmer."

Barrymore introduced the colonel to me and insisted on my sharing for the new acquaintance his own enthusiasm. Later Barry found a furnished flat, fourth floor, on Thirty-fourth Street between Seventh and Eighth avenues, with three bedrooms, a little parlor, dining room and kitchen. The tenant wanted to sublet it furnished for forty dollars a month. Barrymore thought it would be an ideal arrangement if we three—he, the colonel and I—should take this flat and live there. We entered upon its occupation. A rotund, matronly negress, the janitress for the building, did the housework and prepared our breakfasts. Other meals we took outside. I don't remember a happier period.

The Colonel's Complaint

When the spring came and the fish were running so thick in the North River that one could buy a five-pound shad with roe for thirty-five cents, Gen. George Sheridan, having sent old Sarah word the night before, would appear in time with such a fish in a brown paper; and as Sarah, under his instructions, prepared it and put it on the breakfast table he would discourse upon it and the expert way to separate the fiber from the bones with all the savory interest of a Colonel Carter.

During those five months in the Thirty-fourth Street flat I wrote two plays, both under arrangements with Manager J. M. Hill; one for Sydney Drew, which was never produced; another adapted from the German, which was produced more than a year later under the title of A Night's Frolic, with Helen Barry, an English actress of more than masculine stature, in the principal rôle, which fortunately required that most of her scenes be played in the uniform of an officer of the chasseurs. That event lives principally by the association of one of its least important members at that time, a singularly active, optimistic, dark-haired lad of some nineteen or twenty years named John L. Golden. It is difficult to avoid his name now among the Broadway white lights with his presentations of Turn to the Right, Lightnin', Thank You, and so on.

After a while Barrymore's enthusiasm for the flat subsided noticeably, and with the coming of the summer we abandoned our arrangement. We were the only theatrical ménage in the building, so I doubt if we could have maintained our occupation much longer, because during our last month there I heard the colonel, whose point of view old Sarah understood perfectly, tell her to ask the lady on the floor above what the devil she meant by moving furniture around at eleven o'clock in the morning. The colonel seldom slept more than six hours, at that. He wrote his plays from books of the vintage of the Deserted Village. They were pitiably short, but filled with long soliloquies, and all of them written for Barrymore. Barrymore listening to one of these and looking to me for help would have been an inspiring subject for When a Feller Needs a Friend; but with his diplomatic skill he always protested himself an unworthy exponent. One spring day on Broadway Barry and I, walking together, saw Wilton Lackaye approaching us with menace in every lineament.

When we met him he said, "See here, what do you two fellows mean by sicking the colonel onto me?"

After leaving the Thirty-fourth Street flat which we three men had leased I

(Continued on Page 128)

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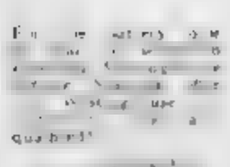

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WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 126)

roomed at The Lambs Club until I left it to take an apartment with my wife at a hotel. The sojourn at The Lambs was rich in experiences which would fill a volume of small talk, smaller even than this. One item that, notwithstanding its diminutive proportions, I feel justified in describing was of a parrot. Parrot stories do not amuse me, because as a rule so palpably invented; but as Maeterlinck has written some association between happiness and the bluebird, I will tell of this green one's occasional power.

The club at this period was not prosperous; in fact quite the contrary, and the newly organized Players had begun to draw from it many of its best members. The only other permanent lodger in the house in that fall of 1890 was the owner of this parrot, John B. Miley, a graduate of Dublin University. Mr. Miley's business was to sell wholesale, on commission, fine liquors handled at that time by the old-established house of Roosevelt & Schuyler. Miley was proud of his business and of his wares, and as self-respecting as if a discerning monarch had just given him the knighthood recently conferred upon an eminent English distiller. The parrot had been with him in many years of convivial associations that may be inferred, but it had learned nothing demoralizing, no profanity, no greetings, no call for biscuits; but laughter of every variety, from a complimentary chuckle to the hysteric and pained abandonment that needs help.

Miley occupied the little hall bedroom, second floor front, in which Bishop had died. He was an industrious person, and went early to his business. Alone in the club, downhearted for important personal reasons that must not take attention here, each morning as I reached Miley's room I was greeted by a formal, complimentary little laugh from the parrot. It was my custom to push the door farther open, speak to the bird, and sometimes sit on the bed and invite his specialty. That little formal laugh of his, encouraged by my echo, voluntary only at first, would grow in volume and expand in character until it revived somewhat of all the merry and maybe dissolute hours of exhilarated companionship that Miley's trade and temperament had won; laughs of a superior clientele, but punctuated occasionally by guffaws of chance and cheaper acquaintances, and by concerted crescendo effects spraying into broken vocables as some falsetto, tearful enthusiast regurgled the point of the story. I was a poor amateur compared to Polly, but together we could fill all the windows on both sides of Twenty-sixth Street with matrons and housemaids, sympathetically agrin and curious as to the disorderly convocation at The Lambs. It was a great way to start the forenoon, and required several unpleasant letters of efficiency experts to dissipate Polly's fiat sunshine.

Doing Hack Work on Salary

In the spring of that year the reputation of The Burglar on the road and A Man of the World at the Madison Square Theater had influenced Mr. Palmer to ask me to become connected with that fine playhouse. Dion Boucicault was then under a regular retainer to patch or adapt for Mr. Palmer any imported play that might need it, and also to give him first option on any original work, subject, of course, to usual royalty terms. Boucicault wished to retire. After a study of the rather limited field, still more limited in approachable material, Mr. Palmer offered me the Boucicault desk at a salary of fifty dollars a week the year round. He had been paying Boucicault one hundred, and told me I could follow the theatrical custom and say outside I was getting the same; but that never became necessary. It was stipulated that I was at liberty to produce Reckless Temple and The Correspondent, which J. M. Hill had respectively for Barrymore and Sidney Drew. This Madison Square engagement was a substantial addition to income, was good publicity and a fine business address. I was then thirty-three years old.

I wrote at Mr. Palmer's request A Constitutional Point for Mrs. Booth, who needed a one-act play. Mr. Palmer thought the public wouldn't understand it. Eighteen years later I expanded it to four acts and called it The Witching Hour. For Mrs. Booth's immediate need I wrote another one-act play called Afterthoughts, which she did successfully.

Reckless Temple did not succeed in New York, and after sixteen weeks on the road Barrymore came back to Palmer's Madison Square Theater, where, anticipating both those events, I was at work upon a play with parts in it for all the company, including Barrymore. About making that play there is in my opinion a story of some psychological as well as pathological interest.

Men differ in degree, perhaps in kind, in their capacity mentally to see forms. My ability to draw faces from memory leads me to think that I have at least the average faculty. Sometimes in the dark, with no external claim upon the optic nerve, these mental pictures seem faintly objective. Their definition is not perfect. Against the reddish-gray background that closed eyelids bring there will appear in contrast lines of a lighter gray. These lines are not fixed. They move. At times, when they take on resemblance to a face, imagination running just a little ahead of the vision will muster them into proportions of perfect drawing, and memory can manage them into portraits. It is a fact in pathology that under fever nearly everybody sees these shapes. In drowsy daylight, figures of the wall paper grow fantastic, move and have expression. In his most excited moments, Martin Luther, it will be remembered, could not banish the image of the devil from the wall of his cell, and there used to be shown a spot where he had thrown his inkwell at this negative invocation, become objective.

How Alabama Was Written

After the production of Reckless Temple, and some attendant dissipations and demands upon me physically, and when I was in a run-down condition, this faculty of such seeing was feverishly augmented. Under the doctor's orders I had resumed strictly regular hours, not the easiest recovery in The Lambs. One night before the club was completely quiet I was trying to go to sleep in the dark. At the piano downstairs E. M. Holland was playing a melody, then popular, called Down on the Farm. These lines in the dark of which I have written assembled into definite shape, and I could see before me more plainly than many a stage set shows in theatrical light two posts of a ruined gateway, one standing, the other fallen, crumbled. I recognized the picture as of a gateway I had seen in Talladega some six years before, but had not consciously thought of since. As I looked at it with some amusement an old man walked through it, stood a moment, and was joined by a young girl who took him by the arm and led him obliquely out of the picture. Two or three times this little action was repeated so definitely that it was impossible for me in any way to connect it with imagination, although the association between Holland's tune, with its rural, sentimental color, and this picture is fairly evident.

There was nothing unpleasant about this visional intrusion, nor was there such persistence that I felt driven to Luther's protest. This little gateway and its two figures played somehow through my dreams. In the morning I found myself interested in the relationship of the two people, partly trying to divine, but rather drifting with their story. After a day or two the result was a one-act sketch. This I had typed, and carried it to Mr. Eugene Presbrey, stage manager for Mr. Palmer. Presbrey was enthusiastic about the little piece, but told me it was a mistake to play it in that form. He reminded me that The Burglar had some of its New York effect dulled by having first been done as a one-act play, and insisted that I had in my possession the nucleus of a fine big story. He saw at once in the characters a part for Stoddart and another for little Miss Agnes Miller, who was the ingénue of the company at that time. There were other parts for Barrymore, Ned Bell and Harry Woodruff.

Under Presbrey's encouragement, using the sketch as a third act, I wrote the four-act play Alabama. I had fun with the Southern colonel in the piece, whom I called Colonel Moberly and whom I endowed with all the formality and pomposity of our Colonel Alfrend. There was a boy's part for Harry Woodruff, and a fat squire for Charles L. Harris, the splendid comedian who had been with us in Reckless Temple. At my suggestion, after hearing the scenario, Mr. Palmer added Harris to his company and used him in two or three plays that were produced before we finally reached Alabama.

Ed Holland liked the idea of the colonel written for him, and as he and Woodruff already had some hint concerning certain scenes in which they were together they soon began to greet each other in Southern dialect and manner. The membership of The Lambs, ignorant of the reason for this assumption, but amused by it, caught its contagion, and in a little while the club was apparently an organization of two hundred Southern colonels all shooting cuffs and stroking phantom but magnificent mustaches.

The play was finished under pressure in January and read to the company on the stage. Presbrey, familiar with it, was not of that group but in his little office near the entrance to the dressing rooms.

As Mrs. Booth left the theater she leaned over the closed lower half of Presbrey's Dutch door and whispered to him, "Rotten, thank you!"

When we reached rehearsals she declined to play the part written for her and it was given to May Brookyn, from whom she reclaimed it shortly after the piece was produced. After rehearsing Alabama a week Mr. Palmer lost faith in it and replaced it with one of his English plays. This attack and retreat was repeated twice. But after there had been three English failures the rehearsals of Alabama in a spirit of desperation went on to its production on Wednesday, April 1, 1891.

In these varying moods Mr. Palmer lost faith not only in the play but in its author, and one dark day told me that when the year of our contract ended, which would be in May, my engagement as dramatist extraordinary—that was my title; I don't know why would cease. But he added that he was sending on a first tour through the country Mr. E. S. Willard in The Middleman, and that if I liked I could go ahead of him as publicity man. He would pay the salary I had earned with Bishop, one hundred dollars. It felt like a slip backward, but as a newly married man I took it. The plan was for me to leave New York Sunday, March twenty-ninth, and have two weeks in Chicago before Willard opened.

By earnestly protesting that I didn't need all that time I got Mr. Palmer's permission to wait until early Thursday morning, and thereby on Wednesday night see Alabama open.

Shortly after his installation as Vice-President of the United States Theodore Roosevelt was one of six men who came to the home of Brander Matthews to meet at lunch Mark Twain, recently returned from a trip abroad. Colonel Roosevelt was most entertaining throughout the luncheon with reminiscences of Cuba.

Pertinent to one of these he turned to Mark Twain and said, "As an old Confederate soldier, Mr. Clemens, you must have noticed the nervousness of the bravest men upon going into battle."

Mark took his cigar from under his white mustache, and with a dreamy squint replied, "Oh, yes, I know that nervousness of brave men going into battle, and I had the quality of maintaining it all through the engagement."

The Watchers in the Gallery

The playwright never gets so experienced that a production is not an occasion of nervousness. An inexperienced one whose play has been set aside three times because of the manager's distrust has more nervousness than the brave man going into battle. On the first night of Alabama mine was augmented by an almost panic condition of Mr. Palmer. Although quite unknown to anybody that mattered, I sought a further obscurity by standing behind a post in the gallery. A similar timid figure in the shadows across the aisle attracted my attention. It was Mr. Palmer. When the first curtain fell with mingled laughter and applause, the most desirable response a company can ask for, Mr. Palmer looked at me, his eyebrows lifted in an inquiry mixed with astonishment.

Friends of Mr. Palmer will remember his regular features and intellectual and distinguished expression; also his large, pale eyes. He also had rather full gray side whiskers, decorations not so uncommon then as since the introduction of the safety razor.

These facial forms and effects, his white lawn tie and his look of shocked surprise carried the uncomfortable suggestion of some interrupted mortuary function. Four or five curtain calls and the mood in which the audience had taken this blandest of our four acts gave me courage to go to the balcony for the second one.

With similar but more pronounced responses after that, and finding that Mr. Palmer had also ventured down to my level, I threw all caution to the wind and said, "I'm going to see the rest of this performance from the ground floor."

When the play was over it seemed to me we had been in the presence of a success, but Mr. Palmer was not able to lift his spirits from the depression of the disastrous season, so that despite the congratulations of many friends I went to bed uncertain.

My wife and I at that time were in our first apartment in the old Oriental Hotel, opposite the Casino. As we had to take an early train for Chicago, we agreed not to look at any of the papers until we should have had an undisturbed breakfast and were alone together on the train, speeding from police detention. I gave her the paper in which I felt I would get the most considerate treatment, and took myself the one I believed most hostile. Its very headlines disarmed me. I looked up and met an enthusiastic glow imparted by the notice she had read. We hurriedly went at the other papers. The press was unanimous. Alabama seemed the surprise of the season, and was characterized in terms almost too laudatory to refer to except by proxy.

In Chicago, as Willard's advance man, my calls at the newspaper offices were exciting, owing to telegraphic reports about the New York first night, and the dramatic men were kind. But that day an ailment that had been threatening became acute, and I had to submit to an operation under ether that put me in bed for the next ten days. During that time the men on the Chicago papers gave me all the help I could take. I was told that whatever I got to them concerning Willard would find space. Thus encouraged, I dictated to my wife long specials for each paper, which she carried to the offices, and I doubt if any theatrical attraction ever went into Chicago or any other American city with better publicity than those generous fellows handed us.

Alabama Makes a Hit

Presbrey kept me informed of the play in New York, where it was doing capacity business, and the royalty checks made me think of the first time I had ever sat in an overstuffed chair. We got the New York papers every day; the ads and paragraphs were fine, and some of the papers carried editorials about the play, inquiring if New York managers had not made mistakes in leaning on the imported article when native subjects seemed so acceptable. And then in the midst of all of it came a long telegram from Nat Goodwin asking me to write a serious play for him, to choose my own subject, and offering a royalty of 10 per cent of the gross receipts, with an advance of twenty-five hundred dollars. I agreed to do it.

With the Willard company Mr. Palmer came into the city, delighted with conditions in New York and heartily approving all those he found in Chicago. I passed the credit for the display to the men to whom it belonged, especially to a young writer named Kirke La Shelle, whom Mr. Palmer engaged that week to take the place with the Willard company which for sufficient reasons I was giving up. La Shelle later became a theatrical captain and produced for me Arizona, The Earl of Pawtucket, The Bonnie Briar Bush and The Education of Mr. Pipp. Mr. Palmer asked me to forget his terminating our contract and to go on under the old arrangements for another year. He consented to my writing the play for Goodwin, which he excepted from the optional claims of our Madison Square agreement.

There were more checks from New York, and this twenty-five hundred dollars from Goodwin. I was able, with a cane, to get about comfortably. I had been away from St. Louis for twenty months. We went home to see the folks. Crossing the Eads Bridge in the morning I got to thinking of Whitlock, alias Jim Cummings, who robbed the Missouri-Pacific express car to cancel the mortgage on his mother's home, and I felt ashamed of myself. My mother then lived in a rented place. I didn't tell her my inspiration, but we went together and picked out a house.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of twelve articles by Mr. Thomas. The next will appear in an early issue

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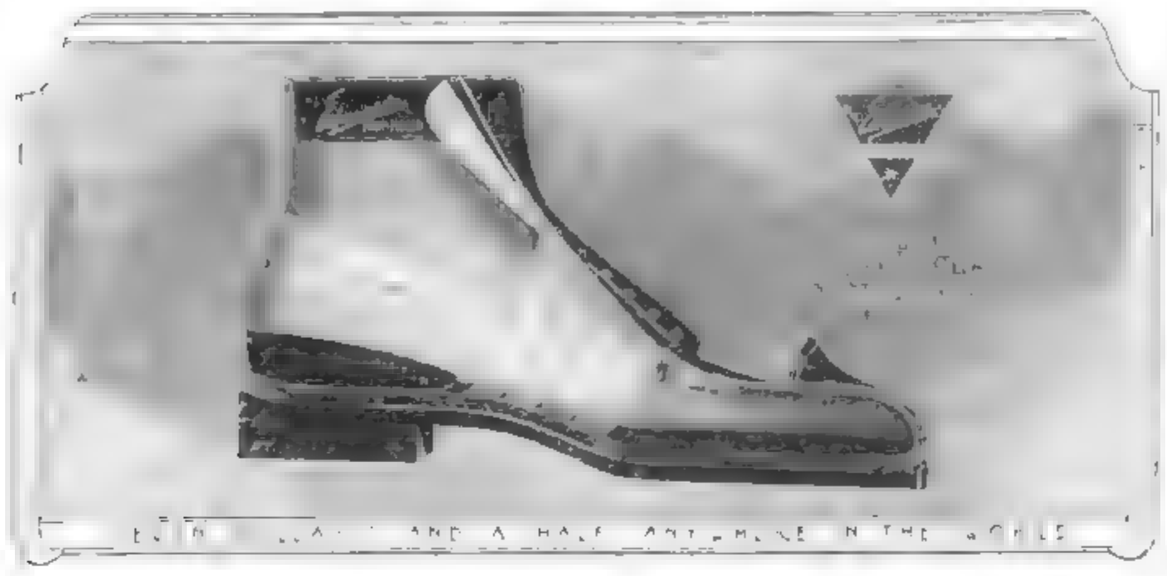

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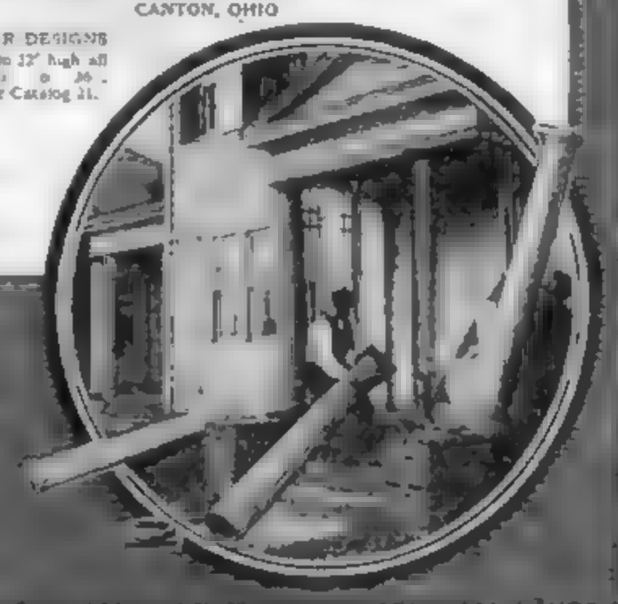

THE DARNED LITTLE BOLSHEVIK

(Continued from Page 9)

"I must say they don't appeal to me much, en masse," Ann remarked dryly as we glided by the suddenly silent and speculative groups of youngsters who, when we left the electric, came slowly toward us in groups, like curious young calves. Their scrutiny annoyed Ann.

"Those largest ones might certainly be taught manners," she objected with irritation. "They stare like little cannibals. Ouch!"

For at this juncture we both stumbled over Jenny's broom.

Jenny had been sweeping the steps of the baby cottage and, paralyzed with Ann's beauty, had neglected to remove her broom from our path. Straightening from an investigation of her bruised foot, Ann saw Jenny. The two stared at each other with equal wonder—the tall, beautiful woman, perfect in her white sport clothes, and ugly little Jenny in red calico.

Then Ann said to me slowly, "How can such things be possible?"

I should have laughed, except that Jenny's cross-eyed gaze held such a reverence of admiration. For Jenny was indeed homely beyond all telling. Tiny bright blue eyes set wrongly under a protruding forehead, spindle legs, straggly reddish hair, a sun-tortured skin and the merest indication of a nose combined in no measure to offset the unattractiveness of her faded red apron and scuffed shoes. She looked the embodiment of immortal Irish impudence.

Mistaking Ann's expression for one of pain, Jenny unconcernedly asked—of me, since one does not directly address the queen, "'S she hurt herself?"

"No," corrected Ann with her colossal lack of humor; "you hurt me, because you left your broom in the path—you ugly little thing, you!"

Horrid words always seem to gather added venom from beautiful lips. I had seen Ann's big, homely husband shrivel under her careless tongue, just as little Jenny now did. Looking at her in a dumb sort of way the child backed away from her, the desperation of a trapped animal in her eyes—and all its primitive viciousness.

"Yes, an'—an' I bet you're as ugly as me—inside of you!" she retaliated, and fled.

Ann stooped slowly and picked up the worn, dirty broom.

"Why don't you add that she has expressed your own views?" she prodded my silence.

"Well, I must say that this exhibition doesn't especially recommend you for motherhood," I evaded testily. "Go on in and tell Mrs. Evans I sent you to look at the babies. I'm going to find Jenny."

But Jenny was not to be found. Jenny was one of the problems of the children's home, where she had taken residence at the age of two months. She was now seven years old, and in all that time I had never heard one favorable report of Jenny. As a baby she rocked the institution by day and by night with her wails, and of late years all plots, uprisings and insurrections were traced to her nimble wits and horrible capacity for finding weak spots in the government of the home.

"She's a born Bolshevik," a matron had once despairingly told us at directors' meeting, and the name had grown to Jenny. But a seven-year-old Bolshevik can have a very vulnerable little heel, and my heart ached when I thought of the way Ann's unkind words had shriveled up her pertness and brought out that look of furtive meanness.

Failing to find her, however, I went back to the baby cottage, where Ann was waiting for me on the steps.

I knew she was in no mood to be interested in anything except her ruffled feelings, and though Mrs. Evans was chatting pleasantly to her she was quite evidently and rudely not listening.

When I approached she said abruptly, "Did you find her?" And at my negative reply she said to Mrs. Evans, "Will you please call the little girl who was sweeping here when we came in? I wish to apologize to her."

This from Mrs. Bangor Ellington Stevenson! It was small wonder that Mrs. Evans lost speech.

"I spoke to her very sharply," Ann added with her quick irritation. "Please call her."

"Oh—I'm sure, Mrs. Stevenson, that she deserved it; she—she's really always in need of correction."

"Yes?" said Ann, looking at her as one who is not fond of them looks at worms. "Will you please call her?" There is something about Ann that makes you obey her while hating her. Moreover, Mrs. Evans knew that Ann's generous checks meant half its existence to the home. With an incoherent mutter she disappeared rapidly into the cottage, from the rear of which loud calls of "Jen—ee!" soon sounded.

I utilized these moments by telling Ann that she was ridiculous and unkind and would only further humiliate the child. She listened silently, with an aggravating smile that died away when Jenny came spindling toward us beside the plump and curious Mrs. Evans, who hastened to say cheerily, "This is Mrs. Stevenson, Jenny. She wishes to speak to you."

Ann looked steadily at the child, unspeaking.

"I—I didn't go to do it," mumbled Jenny sullenly in acknowledgment of this introduction, directing her cross-eyed gaze not toward Ann but to me. "Honest, I didn't go to say it."

"Then you don't really think I am ugly inside?" questioned Ann in a rather disappointed voice, which seemed to turn Mrs. Evans' emotions into active little insects that raced over her fat face. Jenny planted herself, shabby shoes well apart and hands on her swaying hips.

"You bet I do! I meant I didn't go to say you was," she made explicit correction, and transferred her gaze, unwavering, to Ann.

Mrs. Evans uttered a horrified gasp, but one simple gesture from Ann silenced her further demonstration and sent her lingeringly into the cottage. Jenny swayed on. A ripple of slow-coming laughter—real laughter, such as seldom left Ann's throat—broke prettily into our silence. It brought apprehension into Jenny's defiant face. Then Ann dropped to her knees in front of the startled child and took the red calico shoulders tightly in her long, beautiful hands.

"You're an honest little thing!" she cried in the clear, quick voice of her girlhood.

"I am ugly inside; you're perfectly right. And it's much worse to be ugly inside than outside. But if I take you home with me perhaps you can make me prettier inside and I can make you prettier outside. Would you like that?"

As a statue of idiocy I should have taken all the ribbons. Jenny, however, adjusted herself to the whirl of events with really remarkable poise. She twisted her head and looked down at the white hands so tightly clasping her shoulders, first one and then the other.

"I ain't old enough to work for anybody," she demurred. "Pretty soon, when I'm twelve, I'm going to work for a ranch lady."

"Oh, I mean for you to be my little girl. My—my little daughter."

Again Jenny stared down at that white hand.

"Do you mean 'dopt me?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes," said Ann.

"Not just like I was born at your house?"

"Yes," said Ann.

"Hu-umph," commented Jenny after a long pause—and giggled.

It was a mirthful giggle of real humor, and it made her, in some intangible manner impossible to describe, complete mistress of the situation. Ann stared at her wonderingly—possessively. It seemed to me I could see her metamorphose her impulsive, passionate determination to make retribution to Bangor into desire for this homely child. Jenny, after a perplexed glance at me, who had collapsed on the cottage steps, changed her humorous grunt into a negative one.

"Hunh-unh," she decisively settled the matter. "Hunh-unh, I don't want to.

(Continued on Page 132)

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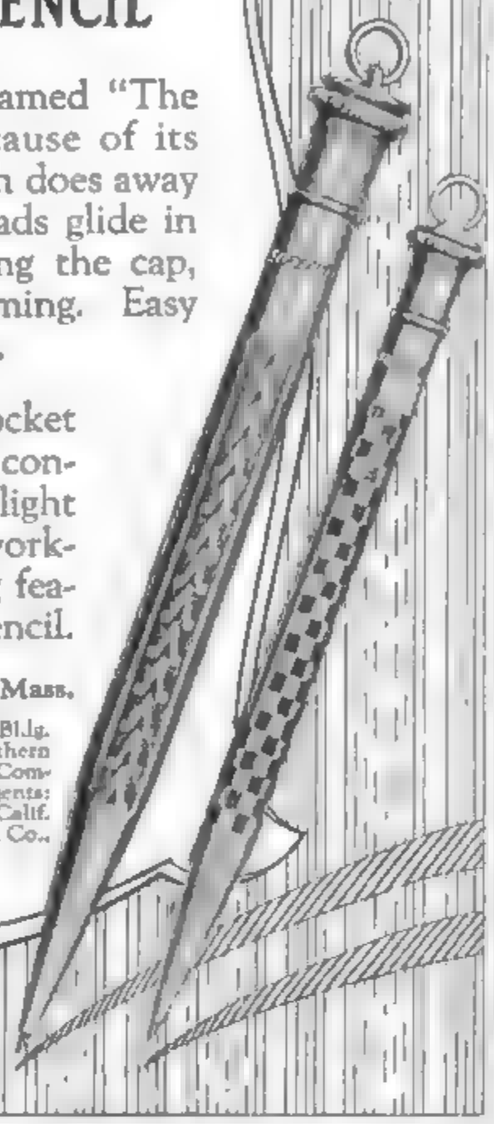

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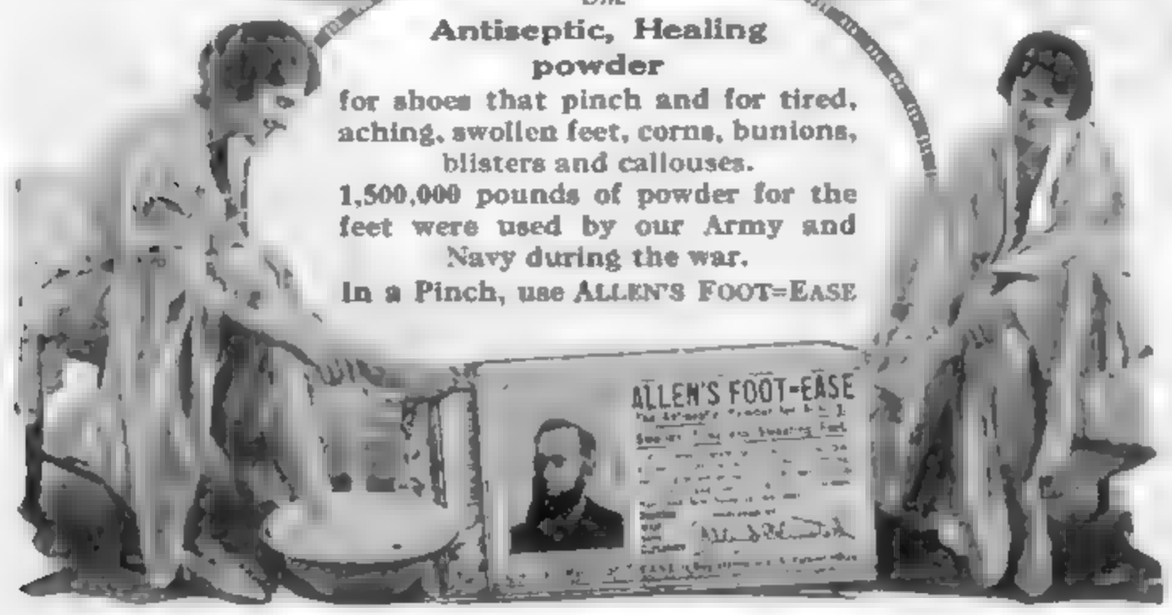

(Continued from Page 130)

Pretty soon, when I'm twelve, I'm going to work for a ranch lady. The girl that sleeps next to me wants somethin' fierce to be 'dopted. She's got pretty hair. It curls."

"But I don't want to adopt anyone except you," said Ann.

Jenny quickly switched to new tactics, her manner magnificently casual, as if she refused adoption by rich women several times a day.

"You'd get awful sick of me. Honest you would. I'm a mean kid. An' lots o' times, when my face gets dirty, I'm uglier than I am now."

"The homelier you get the more I'll love you, Jenny. You don't understand that, do you? But it's true."

These earnest words gave Jenny a new light on the situation.

"Say! You don't need to care if you said I'm ugly. I don't care. 'Tain't nothing. I like to be ugly. I can make the little kids yell. I'll run over an' get Molly. She'll be nice to 'dopt."

"No, Jenny," Ann said with remarkable and childlike patience; "I don't want anyone except you. I'm sure you'll like it at my house."

"Nope," said Jenny. "I don't want to—thank you."

Of course Ann's determination and desire were cementing more closely every instant. They made a strange picture—Ann kneeling in front of the child, clasping her shoulders, her beautiful face vivid with earnestness; and strange little Jenny staring back at her like some old, old little creature that a wizard's wand had turned into grotesque youth for a whimsy.

"Suppose you try it just for one week," Ann suggested, smiling. Ann's smiles are sweet, but Jenny was adamant.

"Nope. It's my week to sweep."

"Oh, but, Jenny, couldn't you sweep the next week and come to me this one?" Ann was adding a coaxing note to her voice, which, with the smile, made Jenny weaken. I understood Bangor's helplessness as I watched her. She was the most lovable thing I'd ever seen.

"Well—but what'd I do all week?" asked Jenny, like one going under a spell.

"Oh, you'd have a fat pony to ride, and we'd buy some dolls, and—and you could play with the dogs ——"

"I like doga," Jenny condescended surprisingly.

"Could I have one of my own? I've got a cat, but it's half Molly's."

"You can have just as many as you like. My husband has nearly fifty, and you can have them all if you like."

"Oh," said Jenny, withdrawing her favor; "so there's a father, is there?"

"No-o," said Ann; "once there was a father, but there isn't any more."

"Is he dead?"

"No. He's gone away."

"Oh. Didn't he hate to leave all his nice dogs?"

"I think he'll send for them," said Ann.

"Will he send for you too?"

"No, never."

"Oh. Don't he like you either?"

Ann went quite white.

"Ye-es, I think so. Perhaps you will like me more after a while."

"Maybe," said Jenny. "I can tell in a week. Is it far?"

The matter was settled. Ann got to her feet. Jenny stood still, looking down at her red calico shoulders where those long white hands had held her so tightly. Then she saw grass stains on the front of Ann's white skirt and pointed them out with her mute gaze.

"Oh, they don't matter," said Ann. "Run and get your things, honey, and let's go."

I suppose I say "honey" fifty times a day to my children, but it sounded like a newly coined word, falling from Ann's lips. And by the time the three of us, one distressed kitten—named Nigger and inclusive of Molly's half—and a weird bundle of Jenny's worldly belongings got into the electric I felt as if I'd been venturing with the Wizard of Oz.

And never shall I forget the faces of the staring children when Jenny—as disregardful of them as the Queen of Sheba of her attending slaves—got into that shining car. One tough little boy voice could not contain itself.

"Say, Jenny!" it shrilled. "You ain't 'dopted, are you?"

"I am—if I like it," yelled Jenny with superb nonchalance, and tucked herself down on the seat in front of us with a small grin.

II

THIS chapter is devoted to the passing from this story—of me. I may find it necessary to return later, but you will remember that I warned you in the first paragraph about the viewpoint and other technical details.

With my passing there passes also one year.

III

MR. BANGOR ELLINGTON STEVENSON was waiting on a secluded road until a limousine should leave the iron gateway of Mrs. Ann Carleton Stevenson's beautiful grounds and glide down the ribbon roadway toward the country club, where Mrs. Ann Carleton Stevenson was that day giving a charmingly appointed luncheon to twenty of society's young matrons. He had discovered this from the morning paper at his hotel.

While he waited he was pretending to be enjoying the view. But he knew the driver doubted him; the man's furtive glances at the sleek white bull terrier which was Stevenson's constant companion suggested that he was thinking of past experiences in the bootlegging line. Perhaps this was another passenger with ulterior motives. For Stevenson did not look like a man who paid taxi fare by the hour to sit still and enjoy views. He looked more like a man who enjoyed prize fights, chorus girls and expensive food. In fact, these were some of the things Stevenson had been experimenting with rather extensively for the last year—but to no avail. There was no use trying to forget Ann—the pain of loving her had gone too deep.

There are people who say, boastingly, that this thing of letting love get the best of you is ridiculous—mere poet's twaddle; they read about love and talk about love and lay down laws about it. But they talk only to make clothes for their nakedness, and they read only for patterns to fashion their garments. There are other people whom love has arrayed in her possessive mantle, but they are a silent folk. They have a knowledge past conjecturing, and nimble words would fail to do it honor. Because of their silence many of the lesser loving think them cold or indifferent.

Bangor Stevenson was one of these. He was homely, ungainly, and absurdly sensitive. Helpless with love, he had made a mess of happiness. He had thought that, loving, he could buy love. He had hoped that gentleness would breed gratitude; instead it had made him a beggar. But with all his bitterness, his love endured. He had no illusions about Ann; no blind love could have lived under her selfishness, her intolerance and her exquisitely refined passion for cruelty. His love was all seeing and all accepting.

To-day he had come for a glimpse of the small world he had built about this woman whom he loved, because he was again leaving the country. Ann herself he did not want to see. When she had left for her luncheon party he would walk quickly through the gardens and hurry away.

Finally, when her limousine flashed down the roadway, he gave the bull terrier into the keeping of the curious chauffeur and walked down the hillside. Standing in the wide gateway he looked with emotionless eyes upon the beauty he had made to grow on what had been a bleak brown hillside of Point Loma.

The proud Spanish house looked from its deep-set eyes upon a vista well worthy of its regal gaze; there are no bluer waters in all the world than those of San Diego Bay, which lie like beds of lapis lazuli, sky patterned, around twin islands. Above the bay rise the climbing hills where the sun-loved city lingeringly leaves the sea and stretches like a yawning giantess back to the sage-scented mesa, beyond which blue mountains carry their color to the sky.

West of the house, behind the hills, one could hear always, listening, the great triumphant sea song of the Pacific. Standing there Bangor Stevenson waited for its steady rhythm to touch his ears.

"Oh, damn it all!" he muttered, and quickly fell to whistling a light tune.

Twelve years before he had stood in almost that same place and had looked upon a bleak ten acres spotted here and there with dusty greasewood bushes. And one lone young eucalyptus tree grew on a small knoll. Because of that tree he had bought the place. It had risen from the hillside—slender, white trunked, solitary, its long whispering leaves turned edgewise

in the sun. It seemed the very spirit of beauty. And it had reminded him of Ann, the vivid, graceful girl he had bought to be his wife. Now the tree was a queenly thing, haughty in its maturity, its naked limbs lifting the long leaves above the whispering breezes into the high singing winds. Disdainful now, and self-sufficient, it was more than ever beautiful. And the big ungainly man with his large loose lips and brow-hidden eyes and absurd speck of a nose felt his throat choke as he looked at it.

Once, long ago when the house was in its building, some little careless tenderness of Ann's had won him out of his self-conscious shell and he had blurted out to her his feeling about the tree. He had walked over to it and touched it.

"Really, Bang," she had said amusedly, "you don't fit into the picture. You ought to pose by a husky old live-oak lady."

He had never again gone near the tree when she could see him; and often, walking beside her, he would remember and be quickly and painfully conscious of his uncouthness and of her lack of love for him. But many times in the darkness, or unseen, he had put his arms about the tree, and the touch of it and the whispering of its leaves had given him strange comfort. He wanted now to go over and touch it, but he was not alone.

Between him and the tree a red-headed little girl in a brown linen frock was playing with a putter, a golf ball, and Butterscotch—the Yorkshire terrier. He had wondered why Ann had kept Butterscotch when she sent his other dogs to New York.

He sauntered across the lawn, swinging his soft gray hat in one hand and his cane in the other, but neither the long-legged little girl nor Butterscotch paid him any heed as he approached. The golf ball, however, sped forward and gave him a right warm greeting on his gouty foot.

"Why didn't you dodge it?" yelled the red-headed child, advancing leisurely, Butterscotch scampering beside her.

Stevenson stood, storklike, and invoked the gods of profanity, his unprintable remarks gradually silencing themselves before the deepening wonder on her face.

"Why—why, you're him!" she finally gasped, her crossed eyes seeming about to climb over the bridge of her nose under their thick-lensed glasses. After the briefest pause she gave a sudden leap forward and, dropping the putter, possessed herself tightly of his hand so that his hat fell to the ground, where Butterscotch fell to investigating it with reminiscent sniffs and grunts.

"You have changed it! You have changed it! You have!" yelled the red-headed child as explosively as a repeating pop gun. "Haven't you changed it?" she demanded, ceasing her gyrations and poising before him like an animate question mark.

"So you have just informed me," he replied heavily. If an ichthyosaur had attached itself to him and conversed similarly he could have been no more at a loss.

"An' mother thought you couldn't do it!" she reflected with a gasp of escaping breath.

"Couldn't do what?"

"Why, change it. She said you couldn't. She said that somethin'—God, I guess—kept you from it."

"Kept me from what?" Stevenson's one-track mind was finding this a tangled trail. Who the devil was this imp?

"Kept you from changing it," the imp reiterated.

"From changing what?"

"Why, my goodness—your mind!" It was quite evident that his perspicacity was descending in her estimation, but she added cheerily, "Oh, but won't she be tickled, though!"

"Who? Who are you talking about?"

Apprehension was beginning to prick through his stupidity. The odd, leggy creature was still possessed of his hand and she began gyrating again, her jubilant words dropping more slowly as if trying to pierce his bewilderment.

"Why, mother. I'm Janet True Stevenson. I'm new since you went away. You'll be my father now. And I'm glad. I think it's nicer to have a father."

Stevenson stared at her, his small brown eyes eating their way out from their overhanging brows. "Good Lord! Are you what she adopted?"

"Yep," said Janet, too absorbed in her intent scrutiny to carry on with her constant enemy—grammar. After an instant she added, "An' she loves me too; even if I ain't pretty."

This remark was taking the thunder from his very thoughts.

"Oh—you, you don't say," he muttered, recovering his hand by insistent effort, and bending over the dog, who was now attacking his legs with violent affection. He petted him and mumbled things at him, keenly and uncomfortably conscious of the child's steady, measuring gaze.

"He's my dog now," she said as he straightened. She had picked up the putter again since he seemed so unfriendly about having her hold his hand. "Mother kept him for me because he's homely and you're homely and I'm homely."

In spite of himself a smile broke up the fierceness of his features at this solemn information. He had been deeply and primitively angered, as men always are when bewildered.

"We're a well-matched triumvirate, for a fact. So she makes fun of your looks, too, does she?"

What a beastly thing for Ann to do—to take a child like this as a vent for her miserable passion to inflict pain. But Janet True seemed amazingly untouched by it.

"Nope," she answered him; "that's why she likes me—'cause I'm ugly. I'm better'n I used to be. She's making up to me for how she treated you. You see I'm making her prettier inside and she's making me prettier outside. You'll be awful glad you've come back. You see if you ain't."

For a fleeting instant it occurred to Stevenson that this was some ruse of Ann's, some little clever, confidence-gaining trick so characteristic of her, that always left its scar, once it had worked itself out. But the child's trembling excitement dispelled the suspicion quickly. He cleared his throat, but his words were thick.

"But I haven't come back—to stay," he said.

"Then what did you come for?" she challenged with Irish alacrity.

"Perhaps I came to get Butterscotch."

"Ah, you never."

"We-ell, perhaps I came to see how the trees were getting along."

"That tree?"

She jerked about and pointed at the eucalyptus tree with the putter. Stevenson felt as physically startled as if she had hit him with the club. He felt himself go painfully red under the questioning scrutiny of Janet's crossed eyes. He did not answer, but she accepted his expression for an affirmative.

"Mother said you liked that tree. She does too. Sometimes she comes out and puts her cheek right up against it—like this." She demonstrated grotesquely with the putter.

"Wha-at?" he said.

"Yep," she insisted cheerily; adding an astute "sometimes she cries too."

Stevenson threw back his shoulders and took himself firmly in hand. Smiling with massive unconcern he spoke, not to the child she was but to the knowledge she seemed so weirdly to possess.

"My dear young lady, if you survive for fifteen years, as I did, you will learn that your—your—ah—mother's tears are because things are denied her, not for the things themselves. If she wishes me to come back, as you say, it's merely because she knows I never will."

This was a little difficult to follow. Janet True reached up with both hands and adjusted her glasses more securely. What she understood of the argument left her entirely unimpressed.

"I bet you do!" she wagered blithely. "I bet you can't help it. Once I ran away, but I only got a little ways. I thought I jest hated her—but I didn't. An' you don't hate her, do you?"

"Has she ever told you I hated her?"

"Nope. She thinks you like her—all right. But she thinks you can't change your mind. I don't see why. I change mine lots of times. I heard her tell Mis' Williams, that time when your picture was in the paper with the chorus girl's, that you didn't care any more about that chorus lady than she cared about the iceman." Her words were tripping over one another in her eagerness. "An'—an' she told Mis' Williams that it was all her fault, an' she said you were the love-li-est man that ever lived; an'—an' lots of other nice things. You—you jest stay to dinner and see how good she is."

Bangor Stevenson took himself yet more firmly in hand. His unfriendly features assumed the finality of a locked door. He coughed, and looked at his watch, and finally found a businesslike voice.

"Thank you. I've no doubt it would be interesting—very interesting. But I'm

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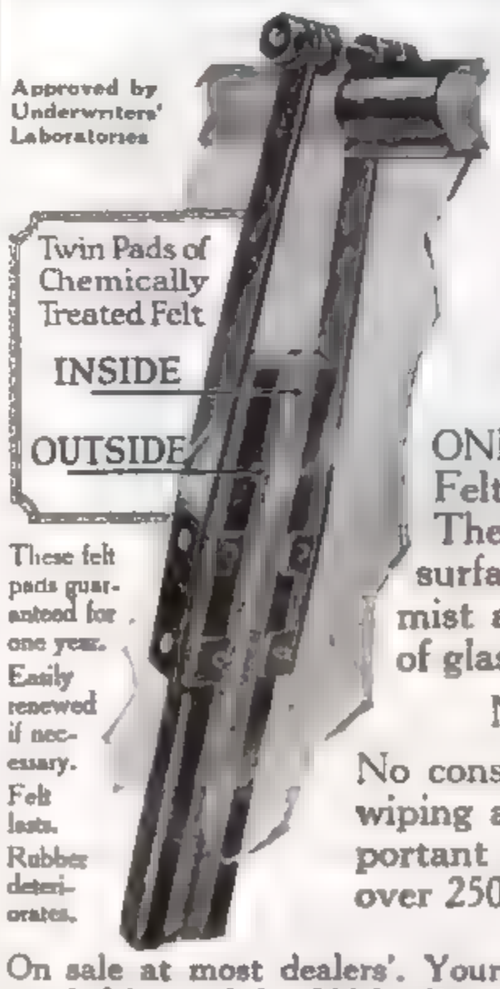

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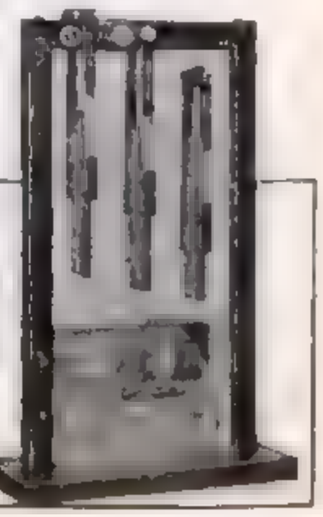

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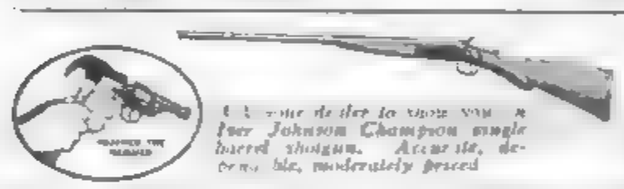

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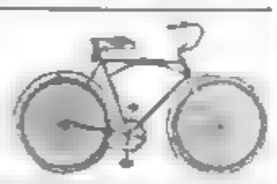

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sailing for Japan to-morrow, and I must be getting along. From what you tell me I think you must be a very efficient interior decorator—very." He turned, hesitated, and turned back to her. "It would be interesting—that is, do you mind telling me if your mother"—the word was difficult, seeing the child and thinking of Ann—"that is, is she ever affectionate? I mean—does she ever kiss you?"

He was increasingly embarrassed over her lack of embarrassment at such a simple question.

"She would if I liked it. I don't like kissing much; only when you say good night, or something special, like I'm hurt, or she goes to a party like she has to-day. But she'll kiss you lots if you come back. I know she will. Sometimes she kisses your picture, and I don't think you're as homely as it is. Honest, I don't."

"Wh-what picture?" stuttered Stevenson, swept into a simplicity as transparent as the child's. He had avoided pictures as painstakingly as the plague.

"It was jest a little one. Butterscotch is in it too. You're grinning and all squinty in the sun. An' she had it made great big, an' it's got a nice frame on it an' she keeps it right on her dressing table. The frame's silver. D'you want me to get it?"

"No!" said Stevenson.

"We-ell, you look like you don't believe me."

The opportunity was not given Stevenson to decide whether he did or did not believe her, for a strange pulse-stilling whine of terror made them both sharply aware of advancing disaster. Butterscotch had departed. They both stared after him as he made his frantic way in a wabbling black blotch toward the kennels, his absurd legs carrying him all too cumbersomely toward safety. For across the lawn flashed a white streak of lightning with thorn-pointed ears. Stevenson's white bull terrier had become bored with inactivity and escaped from the chauffeur.

Words are much too clumsy things to keep pace with what happened. Janet True immediately contributed a shriek of such shrillness that it seemed visible—like a jagged line of light, and from that moment the world became a trilogy of color to the paralyzed Stevenson—black ahead, white rapidly overtaking it, and red—a shrieking redness—amazingly pursuing both. Never had he witnessed such speed in human legs. Janet True was not running; she was traveling—as does sound. And the golf club traveled with her menacingly.

Stevenson was not aware for some time that he also was in motion. But male sounds, probably from his own throat, though mechanical, were adding themselves to Janet True's screams.

Then—white and black mingled—a horrible confusion! With miraculous rapidity red entered the chaos, unfearing; hadn't she personally conducted many a dog fight—triumphant? She made an indelible memory on Stevenson's consciousness as she chose her moment, her red head thrust forward, her body like a taut brown wire. The putter ascended far above the swirling mass of black and white, poised, chose a fatal spot of attack on that proud white head, hung aloft—fell! And the dogs became again separate entities—the one returning to and the other departing from the things of this life.

When Stevenson found himself transplanted to the scene of action the English bull lay on its back, its legs jerking. And Janet True was huddled, moaning, over Butterscotch. Servants were materializing out of the quiet house.

For more than a year the only love that had touched Stevenson was the loyal love of that fierce white dog. It had come into his valiant loneliness with a power beyond describing. And now this red-headed child had killed him.

He stretched out his long arm and his fingers closed on tough brown linen. It was good to feel her wiry weight as he lifted her into the air. She looked like a dangling June bug. And she made no sound. He shook her gently at first, then less gently. Her spectacles aped through the air, followed by treasures from her pockets.

"You little devil, you little devil!" his voice made music for her motion.

The servants had suddenly stopped. They stood like pillars of salt, staring. Their gaze cooled his blood. It rested on something behind him.

"Mother!" wailed the weight on the end of his rigid arm. He loosed it, and Janet True dropped limply to her feet, wavered, gurgled and stood still.

There, at the end of his arm, where the murderess had been, her face white and her eyes harder than gray granite, stood Ann his wife. She was dressed for her luncheon party in a simple perfect gray gown that deepened the color of her eyes and brought her vivid auburn hair into wonderful contrast.

She had lost her hat. It lay behind her on the green lawn. She stood there looking at him, and the shame of his existence broke out on him like a rash.

"Oh, mother!" he heard Janet True say in a frightened little choke.

Ann turned, making a queer throaty sound of tenderness. Stevenson stared at her, fascinated out of his misery as he saw love come into her eyes—deep, yearning, maternal love.

It came with the ease of a miracle, with the softness of evening clouds, with the light of the highest stars. And the red-headed child put her shaking, spindling little arms about her waist and burrowed her face in the soft gray dress, while Ann kissed the top of her head, holding her close and murmuring to her.

Stevenson's face went slowly to an unpleasant yellow color. He could not take his eyes from Ann's two long white hands, outlined possessively on the child's brown linen back. How could this woman be Ann, the woman who had been his wife? He lost all thought of himself in his primitive wonder of it all.

But all too quickly the woman he had known returned. She put the child from her gently. She straightened and faced him. And with a sick wave of heat he knew himself for the hideous, beastly thing she had always made him feel. But she said very little.

"Take your dog, you contemptible coward—and go," she said

Stevenson winced visibly. Not that her words mattered. He didn't really hear them. It was the inexpressible way in which she could summon all your weaknesses, your faults, your shames and sicken you with them. She did it by the very look of her.

He stood there stupidly. She made a faint gesture toward the dog.

"M-mother!" said Janet True in a shrill little voice. It was a cry of alarm. It brought a strange swift flame of color to the woman's face. "Why, mother," the child burst out again and hurried swiftly on, "don't! Don't look that way! You're being awful—jest awful! He'll go 'way again. I've jest told him you wouldn't ever be mean any more, and that—that you kiss his picture an' want him to come back. An' now—now you're being mean. You are, mother, you are. I don't care if he shook me. He—was jest mad 'cause I had to hit his dog. It was kinda fun—bein' shook—honest it was. Oh, mother, don't act mean to him! Act true to him like you want to!"

The man and woman stared at each other helplessly while the blood drained away from Ann's face, but before her lids fell Stevenson saw again that light that is as steadfast and unfailing as the high stars. It was the first time he had ever seen love come into her eyes for him. When silence came after Janet True's frenzied outburst a little surrendering smile touched her lips. She held her arms out to him.

"Oh, Bang! Isn't she—wonderful? I'll try so hard to be good. D-d-don't go away any ——"

Then, conquered by her emotions, she sank for the first time in her undisciplined life into a swoon at his feet, where she was entwined instantly by Janet True's mad little arms

Stevenson did not attempt to loosen the child's fierce embrace. He picked the two of them up together and carried them into the house, explaining to the terrified Janet that her mother had only fainted.

Andrews, who had rapidly reassembled himself from one of the pillars of salt, was holding the door open for them, his eyes awed and gratified at a miracle which was taking place on the lawn. Surely it was quite comprehensible that the Lord could not allow such a dog to be taken off in such an unseemly fashion.

But it is a tale of lifelong telling with Andrews, in whom a proper respect for English terriers was as deeply bred as his reverence for old England, how Stevenson with his arms full of women was beguiled away from a fitting regard for good dog flesh.

(Continued on Page 136)

"Time," said Aristotle to his pupil Alexander, "dissolves all things." In this third chapter of Elgin's new art vele, "Krónos" shows how Alexander applied this philosophy to the strategic dissolution of the mighty city of Tyre.

*Above: Alexander's amazing siege of the city of Tyre, 332 B. C. * * * Below at right: an Elgin of value and refinement, correct in design, adjustments and service fully covered by Elgin Guarantee.*

The Value of Time

By Krónos

Paintings by
HAROLD DELAY

ALEXANDER the Great, setting out at twenty to conquer the world, found the city of Tyre blocking his path to glory.

In Tyre he saw the key to the vast Persian empire. Its massive walls had withstood the battering of centuries. Solidly intrenched on an island half a mile from the shore, it was heavily guarded by the Phoenician fleets—while Alexander had only land forces.

Calling together his engineers, the youth settled down to such a siege as never was on land or sea. Under an incessant bombardment from the island, he calmly proceeded to build a great pier straight across the ocean's floor—a pier that stands to this day.

Tradition says that when his generals murmured at the delay, Alexander answered, "I *must* wait—for *I am in a hurry!*" Seven months of incredible toil bridged the gulf and made him master of the seas. Hammering his way into Tyre, he opened an easy gateway to the empires of the East. His campaign of the next few years proved that his seven months had been well invested. Alexander, like Confucius before him, knew how to take Time to *save* Time.

The boy of twenty taught the world a lesson that will be remembered to the end of Time. Before his birth, Antiphon declared that the sacrifice of Time was the most costly of all sacrifices—after his death, Theophrastus called Time "*the most valuable thing a man can spend.*"

Step by step, the world draws nearer to a practical recognition of *the Value of Time*—and of the inestimable service rendered to mankind by those marvelous timekeepers which stand guard over the priceless moments of today—

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Are you a sensitive person?

NATURALLY, you are. Every person of culture and refinement possesses those finer sensibilities that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman.

And particularly are such people sensitive about the little personal things that so quickly identify you as a desirable associate—socially or in business.

Attention to the condition of your breath ought to be as systematic a part of your daily toilet routine as the washing of your face and hands. Yet how many, many men and women neglect this most important item.

The reason is a perfectly natural one. Halitosis (or unpleasant breath), as the scientific term has it, is an insidious affliction that you may have and still be entirely ignorant of.

Your mirror can't tell you. Usually you can't tell it yourself. And the subject is too delicate for your friends—maybe even your wife or husband—to care to mention to you. So you may unconsciously offend your friends and those you come in intimate contact with day by day.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is usually temporary, due to some local condition. Again it may be chronic, due to some organic disorder which a doctor or dentist should diagnose and correct.

When halitosis is temporary it may easily be overcome by the use of Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, used regularly as a gargle and mouth-wash.

Listerine possesses unusually effective properties as an antiseptic. It quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth and dispels the unpleasant halitosis incident to such a condition.

Provide yourself with a bottle today, and relieve yourself of that uncomfortable uncertainty as to whether your breath is sweet, fresh and clean—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, Missouri.

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

(Continued from Page 134)

For as they passed through the door, Janet True announced in a muffled voice from Stevenson's shoulder:

"Say! Your dog's comin' to life! I guess God's resurrectin' him for you."

And Stevenson replied lightly, near to flippantly:

"Well, a dog or two, my dear, is nothing—nothing at all, to what He's resurrected for me to-day. He must just be throwing the dog in for good measure."

IV

IT WAS some months after this that Janet True's eyes were operated upon. The day after the operation Ann sent for me to come to see her.

The maid took me directly upstairs, where Mr. Bangor Ellington Stevenson himself softly opened the door for me and in an emotional whisper warned me not to make a sound.

"She's asleep. First time since the operation. Isn't she the game little brat now? Never cried once."

We tiptoed through to another room, where Ann, white and tired, sat rocking beside a low bed on which lay a straight, still little figure with bandaged eyes. Ann was singing—a wordless wandering melody that only mothers know, and its sweetness swept the last vestige of worldliness out of her husband's face. While she was still singing, not knowing us there behind her, he felt impelled to share the wonder of it all with me, though I scarcely knew the man at the time.

"Ever see Ann look so fine?" he hissed at me. "Know why? Janet True's going to have a little brother—ah, our own, you know. Yep; surest thing. Darned little Bolshevik wants one, so that's what she's going to have."

And, as it turned out, that is just what she had.

THIS chapter is for those who have wondered why Ann came back just at the moment when the story needed her. It was because she forgot the favors for her luncheon party.

THE COVERED WAGON

(Continued from Page 23)

along a hillside or a marshy level; but it was for the most part a deep-cut, unmistakable road from which it had been impossible to wander.

Stretching out, closing up, almost inch by inch, like some giant measuring worm in its slow progress, the train held on through a vast and stately landscape.

Game became more abundant; wild turkeys still appeared in the timbered creek bottoms. Many elk were seen, more deer and very many antelope, packed in northward by the fires.

A number of panthers and giant gray wolves beyond counting kept the hunters always excited.

The wide timberlands, the broken low hills of the green prairie at length began to give place to a steadily rising inclined plane. The soil became less black and heavy, with more sandy ridges. The oak and hickory, stout trees of their forefathers, passed, and the cottonwoods appeared. After they had crossed the ford of the Big Blue—a hundred yards of racing water—the soil was sandier; the grass changed yet again.

They had rolled under wheel by now more than one hundred different varieties of wild grasses.

The vegetation began to show the growing altitude. The cactus was seen now and then. They were passing from the Prairies to the Plains.

Shouts and cheers arose as the word passed back that the sand hills known as the Coasts of the Platte were in sight. Some mothers told their children they were now almost to Oregon.

Two thousand Americans, some of them illiterate and ignorant, all of them strong, taking with them law, order, society, the church, the school, anew were staging the great drama of human life, act and scene and episode, as though upon some great moving platform drawn by inviaible cables beyond the vast proscenium of the hills.

XVII

AS THE long columns of the great wagon train broke through the screening sand hills there was disclosed a vast and splendid panorama. The valley of the Platte lay miles wide, green in the full covering of spring. A crooked and broken thread of timber growth appeared, marking the moister soil and outlining the general course of the shallow stream, whose giant cottonwoods were dwarfed now by the distances. In between, and for miles up and down the flat expanse, there rose the blue smokes of countless camp fires, each showing the location of some white-topped ship of the Plains.

Over all shone a pleasant sun. Now and again the dark shadow of a moving cloud passed over the flat valley, softening its high lights for the time.

"Look!" exclaimed Wingate, pulling up his horse. "Look, Caleb, the Northern train is in and waiting for us! A hundred wagons! They've camped over the whole bend."

The sight of this vast reënforcement brought heart to every man, woman and child in all the advancing train. Now, indeed, Oregon was sure. There would be, all told, four hundred—five hundred—above six hundred wagons. Nothing could withstand them. They were the same as arrived!

As the great trains blended before the final emparkment men and women who had never met before shook hands, talked excitedly, embraced, even wept, such was their joy in meeting their own kind.

Even so, the Missouri column held back, an hour or two later on the trail. Banion, silent and morose, still rode ahead, but all the flavor of his adventure out to Oregon had left him—indeed, the very savor of life itself. He looked at his arms, empty; touched his lips, where once her kiss had been, so infinitely and ineradicably sweet. Why should he go on to Oregon now?

As they came down through the gap in the coasts, looking out over the Grand Island and the great encampment, Jackson pulled up his horse.

"Look! Someone coming out!"

Banion sat his horse awaiting the arrival of the rider, who soon cut down the intervening distance until he could well be noted. A tall, spare man he was, middle-aged, of long, lank hair and gray stubbled beard, and eyes overhung by bushy brows. He rode an Indian pad saddle, without stirrups, and was clad in the old costume of the hunter of the Far West—fringed shirt and leggings of buckskin. Moccasins made his foot-covering, though he wore a low, wide hat.

He jerked up his horse close at hand and sat looking at the newcomers, with no salutation beyond a short "How!"

Banion met him.

"We're the Westport train. Do you come from the Bluffs? Are you for Oregon?"

"Yes. I seen ye comin'. Thought I'd projeck some. Who's that back of ye?" He extended an imperative skinny finger toward Jackson. "If it hain't Bill Jackson hit's his ghost!"

"The same to you, Jim. How!"

The two shook hands without dismounting. Jackson turned grinning to Banion.

"Major," said he, "this is Jim Bridger, the oldest scout in the Rockies, and that knows more West than ary man this side the Missoury. I never thought to see him agin, sartain not this far east."

"Ner me," retorted the other, shaking hands with one man after another.

"Jim Bridger? That's a name we know," said Banion. "I've heard of you back in Kentucky."

"Whar I come from, gentlemen—whar I come from more'n forty year ago, near's I can figger. Leastways I was borned in Virginny and must of crossed Kentucky sometime. I kain't tell right how old I am, but I reck'lect perfect when they turned the water into the Missoury River." He looked at them solemnly.

"I come back East to the new place, Kansas City. It didn't cut no mustard, an' I drifted to the Bluffs. This train was pullin' west, and I hired on for guide. I've got a few wagons of my own—iron, flour and bacon for my post beyant the Rockies—ef we don't all git our ha'r lifted afore then!

"We're in between the Sioux and the Pawnees now," he went on. "They're huntin' the buffiers not ten mile ahead. But when I tell these pilgrims they laugh at me. The hull Sioux nation is on the

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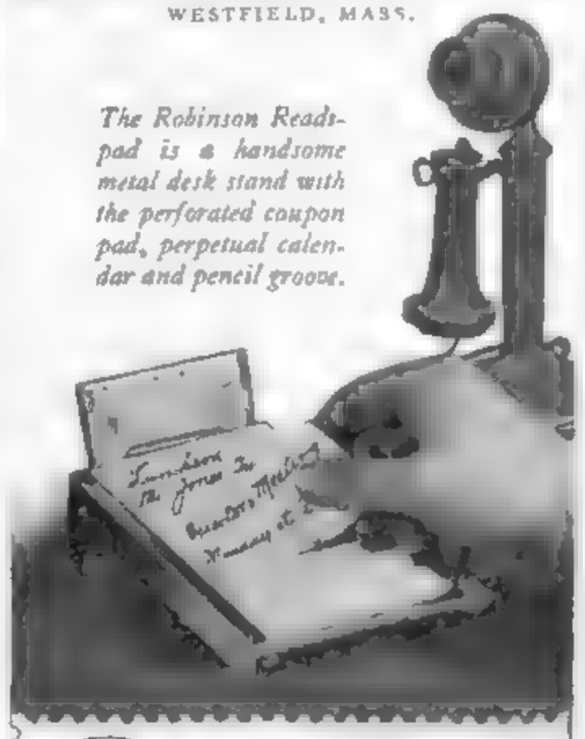

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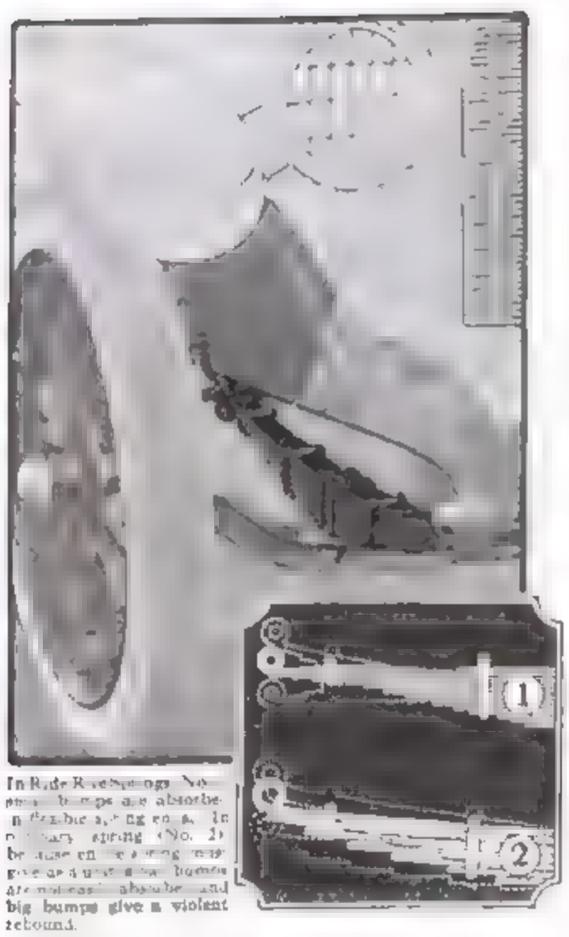

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spring hunt right now. I'll not have it said Jim Bridger led a wagon train into a massacree. If ye'll let me, I'm for leavin' 'em and trainin' with you-all, especial since you got anyhow one good man along. I've knowed Bill Jackson many a year at the rendyvous afore the fur trade petered. Damn the pilgrims! The hull world's broke loose this spring. There's five thousand Mormons on ahead, praisin' God every jump an' eatin' the grass below the roots. Women and children—so many of 'em, so many! I kain't talk about hit! Women don't belong out here! And now here you come, bringin' a thousand more!

"There's a woman an' a baby layin' dead in our camp now," he concluded. "Died last night. The pilgrims are tryin' to make coffins fer 'em out'n cottonwood logs."

"Lucky for all!" Jackson interrupted the garrulity of the other. "We buried men in blankets on the Vermilion a few days back. The Pawnees got a small camp o' our own folks."

"Yes, I know all about that."

"What's that?" cut in Banion. "How do you know?"

"Well, we've got the survivors—three o' them, countin' Woodhull, their captain."

"How did they get here?"

"They came in with a small outfit o' Mormons that was north o' the Vermilion. They'd come out on the St. Jo road. They told me ——"

"Is Woodhull here—can you find him?"

"Shore! Ye want to see him?"

"Yes."

"He told me all about hit ——"

"We know all about it, perhaps better than you—after he's told you all about it."

Bridger looked at him, curious.

"Well, anyhow, it's over," said he. "One of the men had a Pawnee arrer in his leg. Reckon hit hurt. I know, fer I carried a Blackfoot arrerhead under my shoulder blade fer sever'l years.

"But come on down and help me make these pilgrims set guards. Do-ee mind, now, the hull Sioux nation's just in ahead o' us, other side the river. Yet these people didn't want to ford to the south side the Platte; they wanted to stick north of the river. Ef we had, we'd have our h'ar dryin' by now. I tell ye, the tribes is out to stop the wagon trains this spring. They say, too, many women and children are comin', an' that shows we want to take their land away fer keeps.

"From now on to Oregon—look out! The Cayusses cleaned out the Whitman mission last spring in Oregon. Even the Shoshones is dancin'. The Crows is out, the Cheyennes is marchin', the Bannocks is east o' the pass, an' ye kain't tell when ter expeck the Blackfoots an' Grow Vaws. Never was gladder to see a man than I am to see Bill Jackson."

"Stretch out!"

Banion gave the order. The Missouri wagons came on, filed through the gap in order and with military exactness wheeled into a perfect park at one side the main caravan.

As the outer columns swung in, the inner spread out till the lapped wagons made a great oblong, Bridger watching them. Quickly the animals were outspanned, the picket ropes put down and the loose horses driven off to feed, while the cattle were close herded. He nodded his approval.

"Who's yer train boss, Bill?" he demanded. "That's good work."

"Major Banion, of Doniphan's column in the war."

"Will he fight?"

"Try him!"

News travels fast along a wagon train. Word passed now that there was a big Sioux village not far ahead, on the other side of the river, and that the caravan should be ready for a night attack. Men and women from the earlier train came into the Westport camp and the leaders formulated plans. More than four hundred families ate in sight of one another's fires that evening.

Again on the still air of the Plains that night rose the bugle summons, by now become familiar. In groups the wagon folk began to assemble at the council fire. They got instructions which left them serious. The camp fell into semisilence. Each family returned to its own wagon. Out in the dark, flung around in a wide circle, a double watch stood guard. Wingate and his aids, Banion, Jackson, Bridger, the pick of the hardier men, went out for all the night. It was to Banion, Bridger and Jackson that most attention now was paid. Banion could not yet locate Woodhull in the train.

The scouts crept out ahead of the last picket line, for though an attack in mass probably would not come before dawn, if the Sioux really should cross the river, the horse stealing or an attempted stampede might be expected before midnight or soon after.

The night wore on. The fires of willow twigs and *bois des vaches* fell into pale coals, into ashes. The chill of the Plains came, so that the sleepers in the great wagon corral drew their blankets closer about them as they lay.

It was approaching midnight when the silence was ripped apart by the keen crack of a rifle—another and yet another.

Then, in a ripple of red detonation, the rifle fire ran along the upper front of the entire encampment.

"Turn out! Turn out, men!" called the high, clear voice of Banion, riding back. "Barricade! Fill in the wheels!"

XVIII

THE night attack on the great emigrant encampment was a thing which had been preparing for years. The increasing numbers of the white men, the lessening numbers of the buffalo meant inevitable combat with all the tribes sooner or later.

Now the spring hunt of the northern Plains tribes was on. Five hundred lodges of the Sioux stood in one village on the north side of the Platte. The scaffolds were red with meat, everywhere the women were dressing hides and the camp was full of happiness. For a month the great Sioux nation had prospered, according to its lights. Two hundred stolen horses were under the wild herdsmen, and any who liked the meat of the spotted buffalo might kill it close to camp from the scores taken out of the first caravans up the Platte that year—the Mormons and other early trailers whom the Sioux despised because their horses were so few.

But the Sioux, fat with *boudins* and *dépouille* and marrowbones, had waited long for the great Western train which should have appeared on the north side of the Platte, the emigrant road from the Council Bluffs. For some days now they had known the reason, as Jim Bridger had explained—the wagons had forded the river below the Big Island. The white men's medicine was strong.

The Sioux did not know of the great rendezvous at the forks of the Great Medicine Road. Their watchmen, stationed daily at the eminences along the river bluffs of the north shore, brought back scoffing word of the carelessness of the whites. When they got ready they, too, would ford the river and take them in. They had not heeded the warning sent down the trail that no more whites should come into this country of the tribes. It was to be war.

And now the smoke signals said yet more whites were coming in from the south! The head men rode out to meet their watchmen.

News came back that the entire white nation now had come into the valley from the south and joined the first train.

Here, then, was the chance to kill off the entire white nation, their women and their children, so there would be none left to come from toward the rising sun! Yes, this would end the race of the whites without doubt or question, because they all were here. After killing these it would be easy to send word west to the Arapahoes and Gros Ventres and Cheyennes, the Crows, the Blackfeet, the Shoshones, the Utes, to follow west on the Medicine Road and wipe out all who had gone on west that year and the year before. Then the Plains and the mountains would all belong to the red men again.

The chiefs knew that the hour just before dawn is when an enemy's heart is like water, when his eyes are heavy, so they did not order the advance at once. But a band of the young men who always fought together, one of the inner secret societies or clans of the tribe, could not wait so long. First come, first served. Daylight would be time to look over the children and to keep those not desired for killing, and to select and distribute the young women of the white nation. But the night would be best for taking the elk dogs and the spotted buffalo.

Accordingly a band from this clan swam and forded the wide river, crossed the island, and in the early evening came downstream back of a shielding fringe of cottonwoods. Their scouts saw with amazement the village of tepees that moved on wheels. They heard the bugle, saw the white nation gather at the medicine fire, heard them

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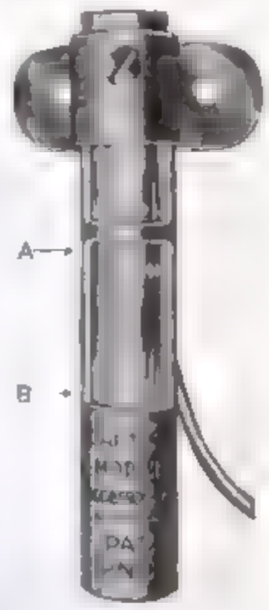

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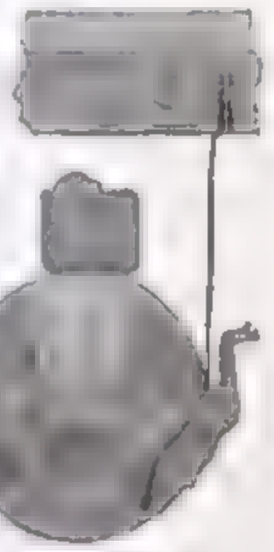

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chant their great medicine song; then saw them disperse; saw the fires fall low.

They laughed. The white nation was strong, but they did not put out guards at night!

For a week the Sioux had watched them, and they knew about that. It would be easy to run off all the herd and to kill a few whites even now, beginning the sport before the big battle of to-morrow, which was to wipe out the white nation altogether.

But when at length, as the handle of the Great Dipper reached the point agreed, the line of the Sioux clansmen crawled away from the fringe of trees and out into the cover of a little slough that made toward the village of tepees on wheels, a quarter of a mile in front of the village men arose out of the ground and shot into them. Five of their warriors fell. Tall men in the dark came out and counted coup on them, took off their war bonnets; took off even more below the bonnets. And there was a warrior who rode this way and that, on a great black horse, and who had a strange war cry not heard before, and who seemed to have no fear. So said the clan leader when he told the story of the repulse.

Taken aback, the attacking party found cover. But the Sioux would charge three times. So they scattered and crawled in again over a half circle. They found the wall of tepees solid; found that the white nation knew more of war than they had thought. They sped arrow after arrow, ball after ball, against the circle of the white tepees, but they did not break, and inside no one moved or cried out in terror; whereas outside, in the grass, men rose up and fired into them and did not run back, but came forward. Some had short rifles in their hands that did not need to be loaded, but kept on shooting. And none of the white nation ran away! And the elk dogs with long ears, and the spotted buffalo, were no longer outside the village in the grass, but inside the village. What men could fight a nation whose warriors were so unfair as all this came to?

The tribesmen drew back to the cottonwoods a half mile.

"My heart is weak," said their clan leader. "I believe they are going to shoot us all. They have killed twenty of us now, and we have not taken a scalp."

"I was close," said a young boy whom they called Bull Gets Up, or the Sitting Bull. "I was close, and I heard the spotted buffalo running about inside the village; I heard the children. To-morrow we can run them away.

"But to-night what man knows the gate into their village? They have got a new chief to-day. They are many as the grass leaves. Their medicine is strong. I believe they are going to kill us all if we stay here." Thus the partisan.

So they did not stay there, but went away. And at dawn Banion and Bridger and Jackson and each of the column captains—others also—came into the corral carrying war bonnets, shields and bows; and some had things which had been once below war bonnets. The young men of this clan always fought on foot or on horse in full regalia of their secret order, day or night. The emigrants had plenty of this savage war gear now.

"We've beat them off," said Bridger, "and maybe they won't ring us now. Get the cookin' done, Cap'n Banion, and let's roll out. But for your wagon park they'd have cleaned us."

The whites had by no means escaped scatheless. A dozen arrows stood sunk into the sides of the wagons inside the park, hundreds had thudded into the outer sides, nearest the enemy. One shaft was driven into the hard wood of a plow beam. Eight oxen staggered, legs wide apart, shafts fast in their bodies; four lay dead; two horses also; as many mules.

This was not all. As the fighting men approached the wagons they saw a group of stern-faced women weeping around something which lay covered by a blanket on the ground. Molly Wingate stooped, drew it back to show them, and even Bridger winced.

An arrow, driven by a buffalo bow, had glanced on the spokes of a wheel, risen in its flight and sped entirely across the inclosure of the corral. It had slipped through the canvas cover of a wagon on the opposite side as so much paper and caught fair a woman who was lying there, a nursing baby in her arms, shielding it, as she thought, with her body. But the missile had cut through one of her arms, pierced the head of the child and sunk into the bosom of the mother deep enough to kill her also. The two lay now, the shaft transfixing both; and they were buried there; and they lie there still, somewhere near the Grand Island, in one of a thousand unknown and unmarked graves along the Great Medicine Road. Under the ashes of a fire they left this grave, and drove six hundred wagons over it, and the Indians never knew.

The leaders stood beside the dead woman, hats in hand. This was part of the price of empire—the life of a young woman, a bride of a year.

The wagons all broke camp and went on in a vast caravan, the Missourians now at the front. Noon, and the train did not halt. Banion urged the teamsters. Bridger and Jackson were watching the many signal smokes.

"I'm afeared o' the next bend," said Jackson at length.

The fear was justified. Early in the afternoon they saw the outriders turn and come back to the train at full run. Behind them, riding out from the concealment of a clump of cottonwoods on the near side of the scattering river channels, there appeared rank after rank of the Sioux, more than two thousand warriors bedecked in all the savage finery of their war dress. They were after their revenge. They had left their village and, paralleling the white men's advance, had forded on ahead.

They came out now, five hundred, eight hundred, a thousand, two thousand strong, and the ground shook under the thunder of the hoofs. They were after their revenge, eager to inflict the final blow upon the white nation.

The spot was not ill chosen for their tactics. The alkali plain of the valley swung wide and flat, and the trail crossed it midway, far back from the water and not quite to the flanking sand hills. While a few dashed at the cattle, waving their blankets, the main body, with workmanlike precision, strung out and swung wide, circling the train and riding in to arrow range.

The quick orders of Banion and his scouts were obeyed as fully as time allowed. At a gallop, horse and ox transport alike were driven into a hurried park and some at least of the herd animals inclosed. The riflemen flanked the train on the danger side and fired continually at the long string of running horses, whose riders had flung themselves off-side so that only a heel showed above a pony's back, a face under his neck. Even at this range half a dozen ponies stumbled, figures crawled off for cover. The emigrants were stark men with rifles. But the circle went on until, at the running range selected, the crude wagon park was entirely surrounded by a thin racing ring of steel and fire stretched out over two or three miles.

The Sioux had guns also, and though they rested most on the bow, their chance rifle fire was dangerous. As for the arrows, even from this disadvantageous station these peerless bowmen sent them up in a high arch so that they fell inside the inclosure and took their toll. Three men, two women lay wounded at the first ride, and the animals were plunging.

The war chief led his warriors in the circle once more, chanting his own song to the continuous chorus of savage ululations The entire fighting force of the Sioux village was in the circle.

The ring ran closer. The Sioux were inside seventy-five yards, the dust streaming, the hideously painted faces of the riders showing through, red, saffron, yellow, as one after another warrior twanged a bow under his horse's neck as he ran.

But this was easy range for the steady rifles of men who kneeled and fired with careful aim. Even the six-shooters, then new to the Sioux, could work. Pony after pony fell, until the line showed gaps; whereas now the wagon corral showed no gap at all, while through the wheels, and over the tongue spaces, from every crevice of the gray towering wall came the fire of more and more men. The medicine of the white men was strong.

Three times the ring passed, and that was all. The third circuit was wide and ragged. The riders dared not come close enough to carry off their dead and wounded. Then the attack dwindled, the savages scattering and breaking back to the cover of the stream.

"Now, men, come on!" called out Banion. "Ride them down! Give them a trimming they'll remember! Come on, boys!" (Continued on Page 140)

Up Against a Stone Wall!

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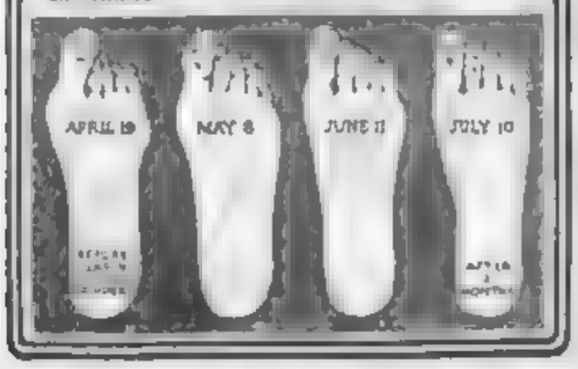

(Continued from Page 138)

Within a half hour fifty more Sioux were down, dead or very soon to die. Of the living not one remained in sight.

"They wanted it an' they got it!" exclaimed Bridger, when at length he rode back, four war bonnets across his saddle and scalps at his cantle. He raised his voice in a fierce yell of triumph, not much other than savage himself, dismounted and disdainfully cast his trophies across a wagon tongue.

"I've et horse an' mule an' dog," said he, "an' wolf, wil'cat an' skunk, an' perrairy dog an' snake an' most ever'thing else that wears a hide, but I never could eat Sioux. But to-morrer we'll have ribs in camp. I've seed the buffler, an' we own this side the river now."

Molly Wingate sat on a bed roll near by, knitting as calmly as though at home, but filled with wrath.

"Them nasty, dirty critters!" she exclaimed. "I wish't the boys had killed them all. Even in daylight they don't stand up and fight fair like men. I lost a whole churnin' yesterday. Besides, they killed my best cow this mornin', that's what they done. And lookit this thing!"

She held up an Indian arrow, it's strap-iron head bent over at right angles. "They shot this into our plow beam. Looks like they got a spite at our plow."

"Ma'am, they have got a spite at hit," said the old scout, seating himself on the ground near by. "They're scared o' hit. I've seed a bunch o' Sioux out at Laramie with a plow some Mormon left around when he died. They'd walk around and around that thing by the hour, talkin' low to theirselves. They couldn't figger hit out no ways a-tall.

"That season they sent a runner down to the Pawnees to make a peace talk, an' to find out what this yere thing was the whites had brung out. Pawnees sent to the Otoes, an' the Otoes told them. They said it was the white man's big medicine, and that it buried all the buffler under the ground wherever it come, so no buffler ever could git out again. Nacherl, when the runners come back an' told what that thing really was, all the Injuns, every tribe, said if the white man was goin' to bury the buffler the white man had got to stay back.

"Us trappers an' traders got along purty well with the Injuns—they could get things they wanted at the posts or the rendyvous, an' that was all right. They had pelts to sell. But now these movers didn't buy nothin' an' didn't sell nothin'. They just went on through, a-carryin' this thing for buryin' the buffler. From now on the Injuns is goin' to fight the whites. Ye kain't blame 'em, ma'am; they only see their finish.

"Five years ago nigh a thousand whites drops down in Oregon. Next year come fifteen hundred, an' in '45 twicet that many, an' so it has went, doublin' an' doublin'. Six or seven thousand whites go up the Platte this season, an' a right smart sprinklin' o' them'll git through to Oregon. Them 'at does'll carry plows.

"Ma'am, if the brave that sunk a arrer in yore plow beam didn't kill yore plow hit warn't because he didn't want to. Hit's the truth—the plow does bury the buffler, an' fer keeps! You kain't kill a plow, ner neither kin you scare hit away. Hit's the holdin'est thing ther is, ma'am—hit never does let go."

"How long'll we wait here?" the older woman demanded.

"Anyhow fer two-three days, ma'am. Thar's a lot has got to sort out stuff an' throw hit away here. One man has drug a pair o' millstones all the way to here from Ohio. He allowed to git rich startin' a gris'mill out in Oregon. An' then ther's chairs an' tables, an' God knows what——"

"Well, anyhow," broke in Mrs. Wingate truculently, "no difference what you men say, I ain't going to leave my bureau, nor my table, nor my chairs! I'm going to keep my two churns and my feather bed too. We've had butter all the way so far, and I mean to have it all the way—and eggs. I mean to sleep at nights, too, if the pesky muskeeters'll let me. They most have et me up. And I'd give a dollar for a drink of real water now. It's all right to settle this water overnight, but that don't take the sody out of it.

"Besides," she went on, "I got four quarts o' seed wheat in one of them bureau drawers, and six cuttings of my best rose-bush I'm taking out to plant in Oregon. And I got three pairs of Jed's socks in another bureau drawer. It's flat on its back, bottom of the load. I ain't going to dig it out for no man."

"Well, hang on to them socks, ma'am. I've wintered many a time without none—only grass in my moccasins. There's outfits in this train that's low on flour and side meat right now, let alone socks. We got to cure some meat. There's a million buffler just south in the breaks wantin' to move on north, but scared of us an' the Injuns. We'd orto make a good hunt inside o' ten mile to-morrer. We'll git enough meat to take us a week to jerk hit all, or else Jim Bridger's a liar—which no one never has said yet, ma'am.

"Flowers?" he added. "You takin' flowers acrost? Flowers—do they go with the plow, too, as well as weeds? Well, well! Wimminfolks shore air a strange race o' people, hain't that the truth? Buryin' the buffler an' plantin' flowers on his grave!

"But speakin' o' buryin' things," he suddenly resumed, "an' speakin' o' plows, 'minds me o' what's delayin' us all right now. Hit's a fool thing, too—buryin' Injuns!"

"As which, Mr. Bridger? What you mean?" inquired Molly Wingate, looking over her spectacles.

"This new man, Banion, that come in with the Missouri wagons—he taken hit on himself to say, atter the fight was over, we orto stop an' bury all them Injuns! Well, I been on the Plains an' in the Rockies all my life, an' I never yit, before now, seed a Injun buried. Hit's onnatcherl. But this here man he, now, orders a ditch plowed an' them Injuns hauled in an' planted. Hit's wastin' time. That's what's keepin' hum an' yore folks an' sever'l others. Yore husband an' yore son is both out yan with him. Hit beats hell, ma'am, these new-fangled ways!"

"So that's where they are? I wanted them to fetch me something to make a fire."

"I kain't do that, ma'am. Mostly my squaws——"

"Your what? Do you mean to tell me you got squaws, you old heathen?"

"Not many, ma'am—only two. Times is hard sence beaver went down. I kain't tell ye how hard this here depressin' has set on us folks out here."

"Two squaws! My laws! Two—what's their names?" This last with feminine curiosity.

"Well now, ma'am, I call one on 'em Blast Yore Hide—she's a Ute. The other is younger an' pertier. She's a Shoshone. I call her Dang Yore Eyes. Both them women is powerful fond o' me, ma'am. They both are right proud o' their names, too, because they are white names, ye see. Now when time comes fer a fire, Blast Yore Hide an' Dang Yore Eyes, they fight hit out between 'em which gits the wood. I don't study none over that, ma'am."

Molly Wingate rose so ruffled that, like an angered hen, she seemed twice her size.

"You old heathen!" she exclaimed. "You old murderin' lazy heathen man! How dare you talk like that to me?"

"As what, ma'am? I hain't said nothin' out'n the way, have I? O' course, ef ye don't want to git the fire stuff, thar's yer darter—she's young an' strong. Yes, an' perty as a picter besides, though like enough triflin', like her maw. Where's she at now?"

"None of your business where."

"I could find her."

"Oh, you could! How?"

"I'd find that young feller Sam Woodhull that come in from below, renegadin' away from his train with that party o' Mormons—him that had his camp jumped by the Pawnees. I got a eye fer a woman, ma'am, but so's he—more'n fer Injuns, I'd say. I seed him with yore darter right constant, but I seemed to miss him in the ride. Whar was he at?"

"I don't know as it's none of your business, anyways."

"No? Well, I was just wonderin', ma'am, because I heerd Cap'n Banion ast that same question o' yore husband, Cap'n Wingate, an' Cap'n Wingate done said jest what ye said yerself—that hit wasn't none o' his business. Which makes things look shore hopeful an' pleasant in this yere train o' pilgrims, this bright and pleasant summer day, huh?"

Grinning amicably, the incorrigible old mountaineer rose and went his way, and left the irate goodwife to gather her apron full of plains fuel for herself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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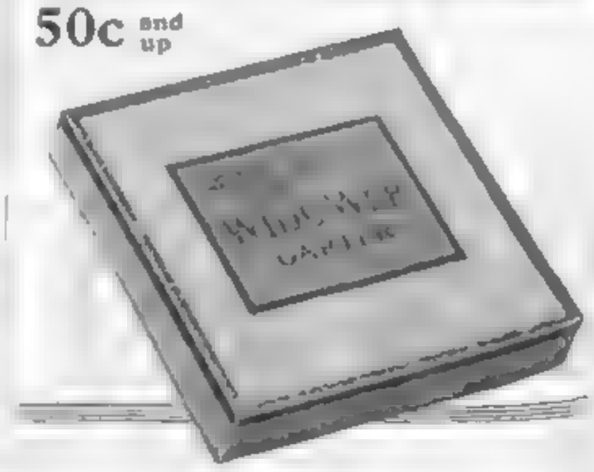

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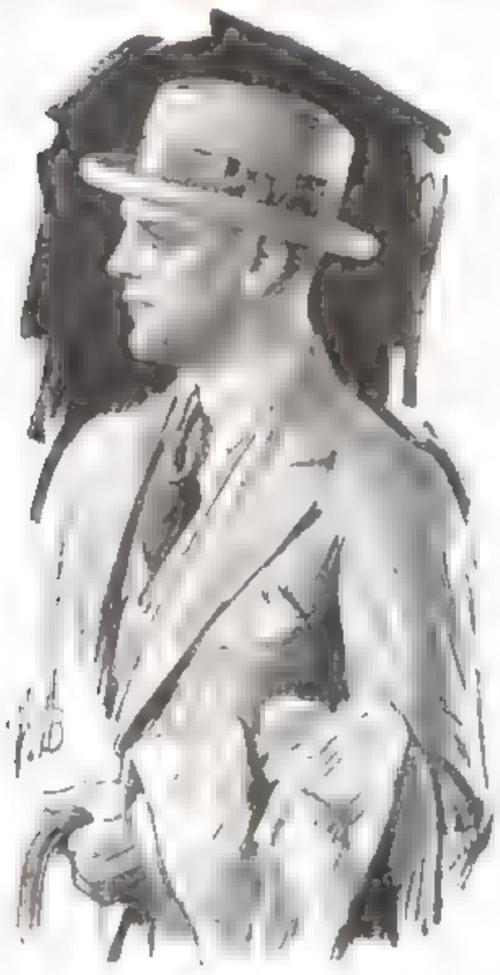

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UP IN THE AIR

(Continued from Page 7)

operated to afford the greatest good to the greatest number.

Doctor Easton, of the Westinghouse Company, has kept in as close touch with radio as anyone, and he holds that radio possesses possibilities of entertainment and instruction not yet comprehended even by those who are familiar with wireless developments to date. The radiophone receivers of to-morrow will be as different from the sets now used as present-day motor cars are different from the first machines that were built. Radio bulletins will make it possible for practically the whole nation to follow a Harvard-Yale football game so closely that a distant listener will know a Yale back has circled the Crimson's right end and is tearing down the field and has not yet been downed.

One great value of radio is that it will bring its message to the group in the isolated farmhouse as quickly and satisfactorily as to the dweller in the heart of a great city. The members of a family living miles from a railroad and receiving mail but once a day will likely profit most of all from the development of the radio telephone. In the past a farmer's family could find little to interest them on long winter evenings if they had grown tired of their phonograph records and were situated too far from town to reach a moving-picture theater easily. Now they can all cluster around a radio-telephone set, and first on the program they can hear a story for the children, a tale of fairies, cleverly prepared and told to please the little folks and send them to bed in a happy mood. Then comes the news of the day, and in a few minutes the farm folks have been acquainted with the high spots of the day's world affairs. Next comes a concert or a song recital, and then the evening ends with an interesting address by some distinguished leader in business or public life. In the morning the farmer may hear market and crop reports, government agricultural bulletins, weather forecasts and the official time. On Sunday, if the weather is bad and the family are unable to get to church, the complete religious services of some selected church, located a hundred or more miles away, can be heard. It is simply impossible to estimate what the value of the radiophone will be to those of our people who are cut off from the outside world.

It is difficult if not impossible to find anyone who is well versed in electrical matters who does not see an expanding field for radio. Doctor Steinmetz, the electrical wizard at Schenectady, expressed to me his belief in a bright future for radio for broadcasting, and stated that as the art advances it will be possible to use many more wave lengths than we can now use, due to the ability we shall gradually acquire to control with greater accuracy the wave length and to confine it absolutely within specified bounds.

In the Realm of Surmise

The engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company are deeply interested in the use of the radio telephone as part of a commercial system of intercommunication. It is their belief that the practical field for radio telephony lies in connection with those situations where it is impracticable to employ wires, as in the case of communications between moving vehicles, from ship to ship, from ship to shore, from airship to ground, and similar classes of service. All these fields are being explored, and in time they may be developed into useful auxiliaries to the wire service.

The telephone experts also recognize the possibilities of radio in furnishing a one-way broadcasting service which will handle news, music, speeches and the like, from a central station. They say that the number of wave lengths available for this service is limited, but that they are preparing to furnish this broadcasting service to such an extent as may meet the commercial demands of the public.

There is much that is not understood about wireless, even by the most highly trained students of the subject. People who profess to know very much about radio are rare specimens these days, for strange results that have been little expected and less understood have been occurring with disturbing frequency in recent months. Just why and how radio is so greatly affected by atmospheric conditions is not entirely clear. An amateur in New Jersey, using only a modest transmitting outfit, sent a wireless message to a friend less than a hundred miles away, and was clearly heard in Scotland. Many similar happenings have proved that when atmospheric conditions are just right the wireless waves will carry literally to the ends of the earth, while on other days, when conditions in the atmosphere are unfavorable, even the most powerful transmitting set will experience difficulty in sending its message long distances through the ether.

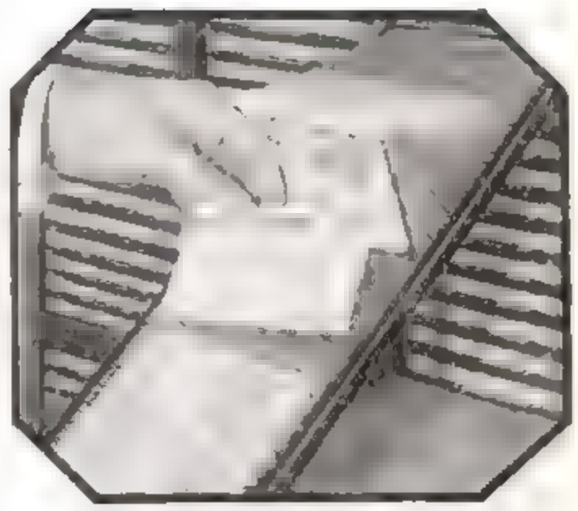
And speaking of ether, here again we come up against a problem that is perplexing. We know less about ether than we know about electricity, and that's not very much. The common theory is that ether is a universal electromagnetic medium, and it is the strain that exists or is made to exist in it that constitutes what we call electricity. At any rate, without ether it is supposed there would be no such thing as electricity, and without ether it is hard to see how there could be any such thing as radio, assuming it is this medium that carries the wireless waves. According to the present conception the ether fills all space and exists even within the densest bodies, whether they are soft and heavy, like lead, or hard and brittle, like the diamond. It is the ether that carries radiant energy of all kinds, including the waves which transmit light. Just as the discovery of radium and its application to life and industry are giving us each day a better understanding of the properties of the atom, so will the use of radio and the study of wireless phenomena give the world a clearer conception of electricity.

Matter and Ether

It is the ether that is the connecting link between what we know as things material or physical and things spiritual. The life impulse of motion in matter is thought to be produced by the impulses of the etheric motion. What we visualize as matter is perhaps atomized etheric units engulfed in unatomized etheric atmospheres in motion. We talk of the earth's atmosphere as being etheric, and of course this is perfectly true. But if we carry the thought a step farther it is plain that what we call the air is but a body of ether, without beginning or end, and in it float atomized units of oxygen, nitrogen, and so on, which float in the ether because of their rotative motion. Some day we shall better understand the relationship between what we call bodies in motion and what we call ether in motion. Nothing on the horizon at the present time holds forth greater hope of adding to human knowledge along this line than do the study and development of radio.

From the very beginning of time man has been devoting himself seriously to the task of analyzing and imitating the wonders of Nature. When the first man uttered the first word a perfect wireless apparatus was put into operation. The Creator placed in each of us a sending and a receiving set. It will be a long time before human skill will be able to build a radio receiver that will be able to select the desired wave lengths with such delicate distinction as does the human ear. At the present time, in practical operation, it is difficult to select one radio message from another unless there is a difference of about thirty meters in the length of the two sets of waves. The big development in the near future of wireless will be the perfecting of receiving sets that will materially narrow the wave bands and enable the radio operator to adjust his apparatus to various sets of wave lengths that do not differ from one another by anything like so much as thirty meters. What the end will be it is not possible to predict, and it is because of this uncertainty that no one can foretell just how many broadcasting stations will be able to operate in any prescribed area.

In sending a message by wireless the radiophone transmitter must vibrate electrically at a certain rate, which is determined by what is called the inductance and capacity of the circuit. The electrical vibrations flash out through the ether in ever-widening circles, at the speed of light, which is 186,000 miles a second, or the equivalent of 300,000,000 meters a second. In order to determine the length of the waves sent out it is only necessary to divide the speed in meters at which the disturbances travel by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KARDEX
Card Record and System Authorities
216 Kardex Bldg. TONAWANDA, N.Y.

Visit displays at Kardex Bldg., 10 E. 44th St., New York City, 233 Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago, 315 Tremont Bldg., Boston, 461 Market St., San Francisco; 60 Front St. W., Toronto, 3 Holborn Viaduct London, 10 Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, Paris. Branches in 72 cities. Look for Kardex in local telephone directory

District Managers Wanted

Men who have earned more than $5,000 as District Managers or Salesmen; write for booklet "Your Opportunity."

COUPON FOR CATALOG OF KARDEX EQUIPMENT

Kardex, 216 Kardex Bldg., Tonawanda, N. Y

Name_____

St. No. _____

City_____

(*Attach your present card forms or check for new Kardex forms* ☐)

KARDEX
Cards in Sight

For Your Own Protection
Learn How to Tell Genuine

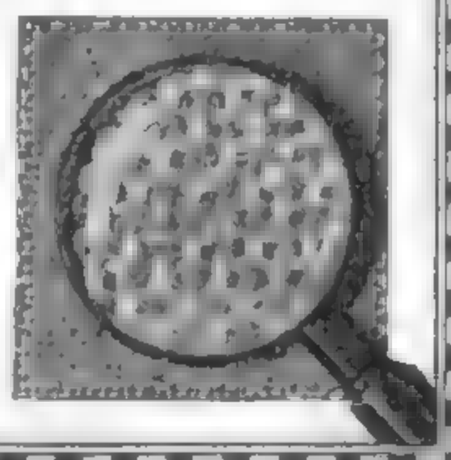
Linoleum

Look for the woven *Burlap* Back

BURLAP adds resiliency and flexibility to linoleum. Its tough fibres are not readily torn and give to linoleum its strength and durability. All genuine linoleum is built on a sturdy Burlap back.

Buy genuine linoleum for service, economy and permanent satisfaction.

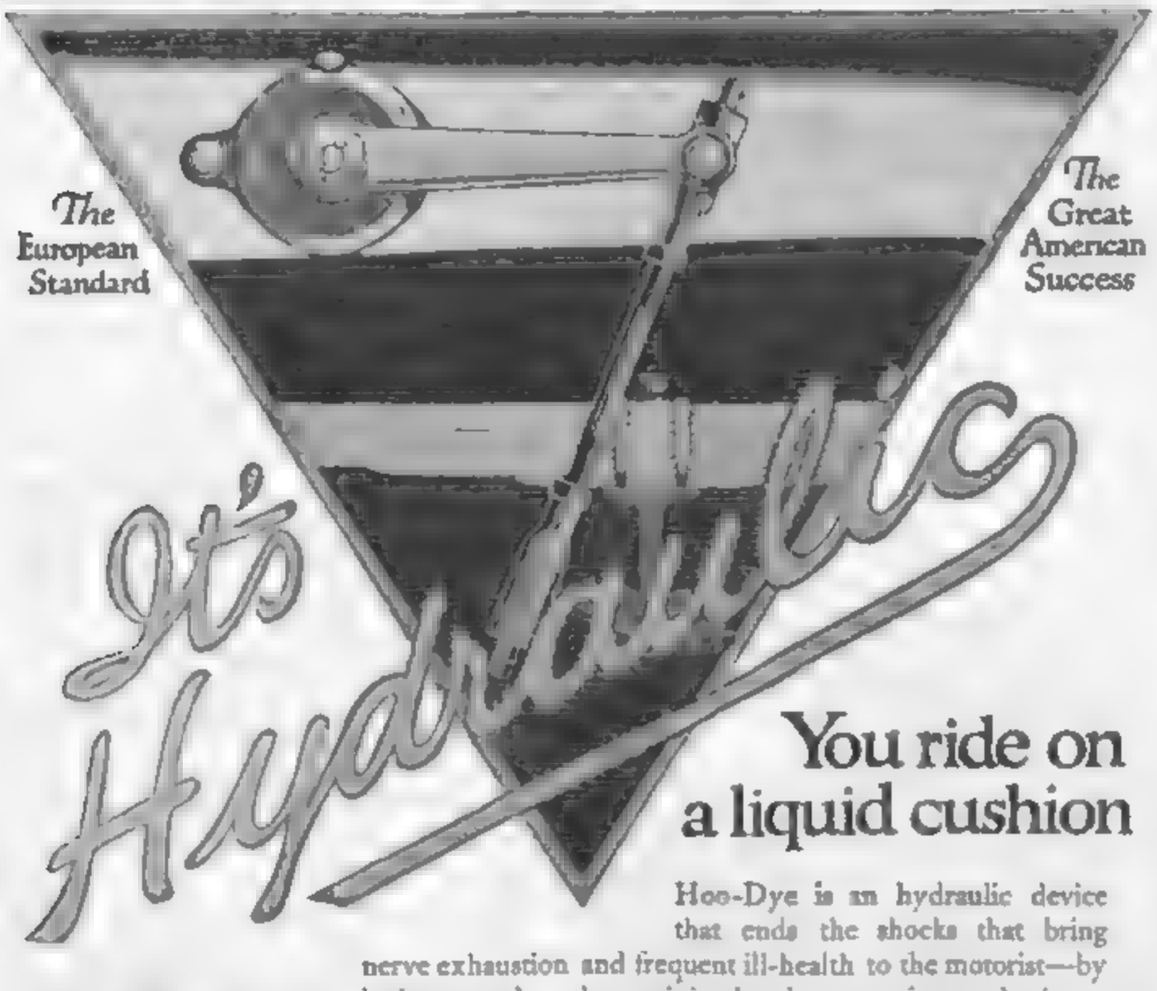
JUTE
INDUSTRIES,
LTD.,
320 Broadway
New York City



Ask your merchant to show you the woven BURLAP back

The European Standard

The Great American Success



It's Hydraulic

You ride on a liquid cushion

Hoo-Dye is an hydraulic device that ends the shocks that bring nerve exhaustion and frequent ill-health to the motorist—by laying a gentle and restraining hand upon springs enthusiasm. Not merely a shock absorber—but a liquid cushion—that compels your car to move with velvet ease over any kind of road. It ends the day of tiresome motor travel—of road "shell shock", and makes it instead a restful recreation.

Hoo-Dye is regular equipment on the majority of the finest foreign cars, and on this country's standard equipment on Cunning hams, while many thousands have been applied to Packards, Pierce Arrows, Cadillacs, Studebakers, Mercers, Hudsons, Buicks and other of America's best Cars.

Call Tel-U-Where for Our Nearest Distributor

We have published a booklet by R. Kendrick Smith, M. D., D. O., one of America's foremost physicians and osteopaths, "How Motoring Shocks Affect the Nervous System". For his own health's sake, every motorist should have a copy. Send for it today, and then ever after Ride Easy with Hoo-Dye's.

THE HOUDAILLE COMPANY, 1416 West Avenue, Buffalo, New York

Manufactured by the Houde Engineering Corp
Canadian Distributors: Canadian Fairbanks Morse Co., Ltd., Montreal

HOO-DYE SHOCK ABSORBERS
(HOUDAILLE) HYDRAULIC

the frequency of their recurrence. If the transmitting set is vibrating at a frequency of 833,000 a second, then by dividing 300,000,000 by 833,000, we get 360, which figure gives us the length of the waves in meters.

Everyone understands that the ether which surrounds us is literally filled with noises, and the radio beginner likely at first will not understand just why, if this is true, he can adjust his receiver to hear a certain speech or song that is being sent out through the air. The plan used to eliminate radio interferences is easily understood if one will only undertake a simple experiment that is familiar to all musicians. Press down the forte, or loud, pedal of a piano, so that the strings are released, and then whistle some note or sound a note on a violin. The sound waves from your mouth or from the string of the violin will instantly set the corresponding piano string into vibration, which can be immediately determined by both the ear and the fingers. It will be noted that the string which is being excited will vibrate while no other string in the piano will be much affected. If the note you whistle or produce with the violin is made to ascend or descend in pitch it will be found that the piano string vibrates with greatest amplitude only when the note you produce is in agreement with the pitch of the string in the piano. Similarly radio-broadcasting stations adjust their instruments to send off waves of a given length, and the messages that are sent out are caught and heard only by receivers that are tuned to that same wave length. Furthermore, the receivers so adjusted will not be affected by messages of other wave lengths.

On practically all receiving sets is a dial which permits the operator to tune his instrument to whatever wave length he desires, provided it lies within the range of his machine. It is therefore certain that before long the broadcasting stations will adopt certain wave lengths for each particular kind of feature that is transmitted to the ether, and no one else within a certain area will be permitted to use exactly these same waves. One wave length will be used for market news, another for financial notes, a third for news of world affairs, while other waves will carry speeches and music. When this time comes—and it is not far distant—the dial on each receiving set will have engraved on it such titles as Crop Reports, Sporting News, General News, Children's Stories, Church Services, Classical Concerts, and so on. The owner of one of these radiophone receivers will simply set the dial on his apparatus to whatever feature he desires to hear, and at stated intervals during the day or evening the desired message will be caught and heard.

The Mystery of Dead Areas

There is very little doubt but that the members of certain industries who are vitally interested in each day's market quotations or other important facts bearing on their businesses will arrange to use radio service, paying the telephone company or some other broadcasting organization a stipulated sum for such daily service, which will be sent out once or twice a day at a prescribed time. Already certain industries have taken this matter up in earnest, and there is little doubt but that the dream of such service will be a realized fact before long. In this way radio will bring the fellow in the little town as close to the market as the man who sits in an office on Wall Street in New York.

Let no one think, however, that all this kind of development will come smoothly and without a ripple of opposition from established news agencies and other organized bodies with which the radio will mildly compete. For instance, one large news service of international scope recently discovered that news for which it charged small newspapers a nominal fee was being sent out by radio, and several country papers were getting a splendid service for nothing at all. In cases of this kind the parties concerned will be compelled to make arrangements and take such action as will be necessary to safeguard the interests of news companies engaged in a legitimate business.

With 750,000 radio sets actively in use here in the United States, and with several million people directly interested in the comparatively new art, it is certain that great speed will be made in advancing the business to a level of permanent usefulness and stability. Not all the discoveries will be made by experts working in great laboratories. A half million young men, many with a fair knowledge of electricity, will play a live part in the progress of wireless. Already I have heard of two sections of the country that are said to be "dead." Why, no one seems to know. Bearing on this same phenomenon is the experience of a young fellow in Southern California, who, in trying to send a message by radio to a friend in San Francisco, was heard in the city of Washington, several thousand miles away, whereas he couldn't reach San Francisco, only a few hundred miles away. Since the ether carries the radio waves, and, as stated, the ether exists in the densest granite, it is altogether probable that the ground is a conductor of wireless waves, very much as is the air.

Doctor Steinmetz tells me that the theory that wireless waves may travel through the ground as well as through the air is well in accord with accepted electrical laws. He explained that a return circuit must be provided, and that inasmuch as the sending antenna and the receiving apparatus are both connected to the ground there is no reason why the ground may not be the conductor for the return circuit or may not even carry wireless waves itself. Perhaps one reason some places are dead is because there is a break in the return circuit. There will be any number of problems of this kind that will arise from time to time and that will make interesting points for amateurs as well as professionals to speculate upon.

Obstacles Surmounted

Each day, practically speaking, sees a new step forward in radio. Most amateurs who have become familiar with the working of their sets have an intelligent understanding of audio frequency amplification, but radio frequency amplification has been more or less of a mystery. Now it is found that the radio frequency amplifier is a desirable aid, especially to amateurs who are using a small antenna and a somewhat unfavorable receiving location. Such operators, by merely inserting one or more stages of radio frequency amplification, can build up the weak currents that previously had passed through their detectors without being rectified, until they are capable of producing a loud signal. Audio frequency amplification can now be used to boost these signals to any desired intensity.

Amateurs living close to trolley lines have found that the sparking from the passing trolleys greatly interferes with the satisfactory operation of their receiving sets. One observant radio fan discovered that he could eliminate the greater part of the disturbance from the trolley by arranging his aerial so that it runs at right angles to the trolley wire. Another investigator found that with single-strand aërials, set up in different directions, the interference from the trolley is almost completely removed. This is a type of the kind of information that will be forthcoming from day to day, and with several thousand newspapers throughout the country engaged in a wild scramble for every radio fact or wrinkle that is new and helpful it is a safe bet that the advances in the art will come with record speed.

Then we must not overlook the fact that the universities in many states have added the study of radio to the school curricula. In some of the colleges radio clubs have been established, and these keep open house every night to give the students an opportunity to practice the operation of both receiving and transmitting sets. In half a dozen states the agricultural colleges are broadcasting weather reports and crop and market news. Very few of the colleges have gone in for amusing the public, it being their claim that they are academical, not theatrical. The schools of technology are using radio outfits primarily for experimental purposes in connection with their courses on the theory of radio engineering. Out of these colleges will come much of benefit.

As is always the case in the development of a new industry, the radio business is having to contend with the activities of a multitude of fakers who are doing the art incalculable harm. Companies are being organized to float all kinds of so-called wonderful radio inventions, 90 per cent of which have no merit or practical use. In one instance a crook advertised

(Continued on Page 144)

In his Car nearly Six Years

The Gould Battery shown below began service Dec. 17, 1915. On Nov. 10, 1921, Mr. H. D. Snyder, Maryville, Mo., stated: "Been using it right along, day and night, until this afternoon." Affidavit and battery in office of Gould Storage Battery Co.

Longest Life by Owners' Records

DREADNAUGHT (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Gould Endurance Contest

The slogan "Longest Life by Owners' Records" is based on the average long life record established in the recent nationally advertised Gould Endurance Contest by standard type Gould Batteries on various makes of cars—the average among all Gould owners entering the contest being 4 years and 1 month.

Gould Battery

Why the Gould has Long Life

Definite proof of the long life of Gould Batteries was established by a National Endurance Contest among Gould owners. The reason why Gould Batteries live long is equally definite. There are four fundamental factors:

1—Dreadnaught Plates

The famous long-life Dreadnaught Plates, made from an exclusive formula, are the foundation of Gould Quality. Their rugged stamina made possible the Gould National Contest Average Record of 4 years, 1 month.

2—Gould-made Oxide

Long life plates demand good oxide. To insure uniform high quality, all lead oxide used in Dreadnaught Plates is made in the Gould Oxide Plant. No other battery manufacturer makes his own oxide.

3—Armored Separators

Rubberized wood separators—combining the ideal porosity of wood and the acid resistance of rubber—are an exclusive patented Gould feature. *Long-life* separators side-by-side with *Long-life* Dreadnaught Plates.

4—One Quality Standard

Gould Batteries, whether for the Ford or the Rolls-Royce, are made to one standard only—Dreadnaught Quality. Every Gould for every car has the famous Dreadnaught Plates and Armored Separators, and bears the Dreadnaught trademark.

A Famous Battery Family

Gould Storage Batteries are specially designed and built for Farm Lighting Plants, Motor Boats, Electric Trucks and Vehicles, Home Radio Receiving Sets and Emergency Wireless, Railway Signal and Train Light Systems, Submarines, Mine Locomotives and Industrial Trucks.

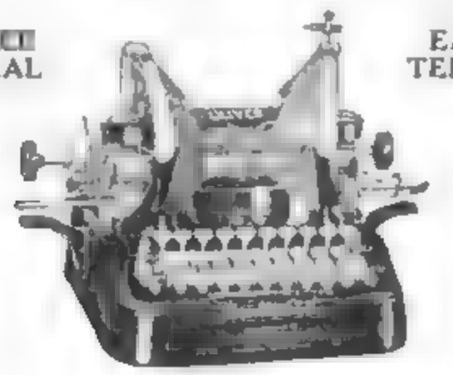
GOULD STORAGE BATTERY CO.
30 East 42nd Street, New York
Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco *Plant: Depew, N. Y*

Over 3000 Service Stations in principal cities and towns

SAVE Half

Before buying any typewriter—before renting—get the facts regarding the extremely liberal offer made by the Oliver Typewriter Company. Mail the coupon.

FREE TRIAL



EASY TERMS

NEW—Not Rebuilt

THE Oliver is no longer priced at $100, though it is finer than ever. Due to revolutionary economies in selling methods, the Oliver now comes direct from the factory to you at a tremendous saving. It is not only half the price of new typewriters, but it is even less than "rebuilts."

You get this brand NEW, latest model, for 5 days' free trial—without paying one penny in advance. Then you can buy it on easy terms, or return it. It is today's foremost offer, nothing can compare. Over 950,000 Olivers have been sold. Our price and plan have an irresistible appeal to all who want to save.

The coupon brings the Oliver offer, and it will surprise you. Such a saving is rare, indeed. Especially when you obtain such a fine typewriter, with a 25-year reputation. Mail the coupon direct to us—we are the makers.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY

1014 Oliver Typewriter Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

NOW

The Oliver Typewriter Company
1014 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago Ill.
Please send me details of your price reduction offer
Name
Street
City State

Floors that are "hurt-proof"
Ambitious ventures of childhood will not mar the beauty of floors done in Liquid Granite, the water-proof, durable floor varnish. It protects your floors with a smooth, velvety "hurt-proof" finish.
Liquid Granite
The World's Most Durable Floor Varnish
BERRY BROTHERS

(Continued from Page 142)

a receiving set for sale at an absurdly low price, and asked all who were interested to come in and see a demonstration. Several hundred sets were sold on the strength of the splendid results obtained, but the unwary purchasers did not know that while they bought a crystal receiver, which they believed had supplied the great volume of sound which came from the loud speaker, the currents that produced the satisfactory results had come from a vacuum-tube detector and five stages of amplification which the trickster had secreted under the counter.

Everyone proposing to purchase and install a radio set should take time and investigate carefully before parting with his money. There are three general classes of receivers, of which the crystal set is the cheapest. Next comes the vacuum-tube set, and finally the vacuum-tube set employing the regenerative principle. This last-mentioned receiver is the most satisfactory, although of course it is the most expensive. It is not often that a crystal set will do good work, and frequently it is necessary to buy several pieces of mineral before a good crystal is secured. Few crystal sets tune up sharply, and all of them have a very limited range. Many people in Brooklyn using crystal sets are unable to receive radio features sent out by the broadcasting station in Newark, less than fifteen miles away. Vacuum-tube sets are twenty-five to fifty times as efficient as are the crystal sets. In using a vacuum tube it is well to bear in mind that it adds only a very little to the cost to add regeneration.

Receiver sets range in price from ten dollars to $250. A high-grade apparatus of standard make, useful within a radius of twenty miles, can be purchased for $32.50. This apparatus produces sounds that are clear, but not loud, unless the owner is very close to the broadcasting stations. An average receiver set having a range of several hundred miles can be purchased for seventy-five dollars complete. This set requires an ordinary dry cell, a special dry battery, and a sensitive element known as a vacuum tube, which costs $7.50 to replace. In fact, if the receiver of this set is used for long periods each day the vacuum tube and the dry cell must be renewed once a month at least. If the prospective user of radio wishes to receive messages over a range of a thousand miles he must pay from $200 to $250 for his set, which requires two batteries, costing three dollars, three vacuum tubes, costing six dollars each, and a storage battery. The dry batteries and the tubes require periodic renewing, and the storage battery, if used constantly, must be recharged once a month. With this last instrument a loud speaker can be used, enabling everyone in a room to hear the messages without the use of ear phones. Such a device costs from ten dollars to $100, depending on the quality and volume of the sounds it produces.

When Radio Becomes Common

In the case of the crystal detector it is necessary to adjust one of the members of the set until a sensitive spot is found on the large crystal. This detector has to be readjusted each time it loses its sensitiveness. In comparison with this, the vacuum tube is far more constant and positive in its operation, and is adjusted by means of a rheostat, which controls the flow of filament current. The vacuum tube is far more sensitive than the crystal, and is always more satisfactory.

In the matter of the receiving aërial it should be remembered that the better the receiving apparatus the smaller the aërial required. In some cases amateurs use nothing more than twenty-five to fifty feet of magnet wire, concealed behind the molding of the room in which the receiving set has been installed. Of course the range of a receiving set is materially extended if a larger aërial is erected.

Some people believe that the development of radio telephony will be only a little less important in its effect on our lives than the invention of printing. In the amusement field it will be second only to the motion pictures. When radio broadcasting has been developed a little further it is certain that a dozen or more different kinds of features will be sent out concurrently on different wave lengths, so that the members of any family owning and using a radio receiving set will be able to choose from a variety of features that particular lecture or other number on the program which strikes their fancy. Radio has an advantage over the press because its action is immediate. It is also superior to the telephone and the telegraph, for these reach only specific points, while wireless telephony covers an area.

It is not too much to say that the radiophone will tend to develop the people of a nation into one family and will serve effectively in removing such obstacles to international amity as the boundary lines that separate nations. Radio enthusiasts predict that wireless broadcasting will uplift the popular taste in music and the spoken drama; it will link up the officials of the government with the citizens they are supposed to serve, and the result will be that reactions to great issues will be direct, swift and powerful. In the matter of communication it is the nearest approach to the instantaneous that human minds have ever conceived. It brings a distant voice to our ears and causes the diaphragm of the telephone to vibrate simultaneously and in unison with the vocal cords of the speaker. If the President were to speak in a great auditorium in Washington his voice could be made to reach the ear of a listener at a radiophone in New York more quickly than the same words would reach the ears of those members of the President's audience in the auditorium sitting in the last row of the gallery.

The Scientific Fans

A lot of folks are fearful of the future of radio in those fields of communication where it appears to fit, because wireless messages cannot be sent in privacy. Let no one doubt but that this handicap will soon be overcome. Already instruments have been invented which send out messages in code with tremendous speed, and other machines decode these messages at the receiver. People picking up such messages would not be able to understand them, and certainly would not be able to decipher the code in time for it to be of any practical use. All such code machines will be able to alter the code they use whenever it is found desirable to do so.

Then there is another instrument which will soon be on the market and which will send out the voice so greatly distorted that anyone listening in would hear nothing more than an unintelligible hash of words or sounds. With this instrument goes a receiver which is designed to pick up the gibberish and convert the sounds into intelligible language. With such inventions available, it is safe to say that the ether will soon become as safe a conductor as the cable or the private wire.

The development of radio telephony has already advanced to the point where it is purely a public matter, and the whole future of the art or industry must be shaped in accord with the principle of the greatest good for the whole people. The great trouble that now appears will be in controlling the army of ambitious amateur enthusiasts who really mean to do no harm, but if permitted to operate at will would soon choke up all the receivers in their neighborhoods. Many of these fans, who are more interested in being heard than in hearing, entirely overlook the fact that the great mass of the public is not imbued with scientific interest but is wholly concerned about being entertained, and it is this great majority of our citizens who will have the last word to say with reference to the rules and regulations that must be prescribed for radio.

Though the entertainment uses of radio appeal most just now to the average layman it will not be long before everyone will comprehend the true worth of this new art as a commercial and industrial asset. Though it is entirely possible, when atmospheric conditions are favorable, to talk across the continent or for even greater distances over water, such long-distance communication by radio is far from being dependable, and day in and day out is not to be compared in reliability, service or economy with the transmission of messages by wire. However, for a one-way broadcasting service, to reach a great number of people in a limited area, radio offers an interesting as well as a promising field.

The first important commercial broadcasting station is now being erected on top of a twenty-four-story building in the downtown section of New York City. This station will be operating within a few weeks, and will use an antenna 100 feet

Thermo Knitted Sport Coat

Guaranteed ALL Virgin Wool

$6.00

With Belt 75 cents extra

VIRGIN WOOL is new wool free from substitutes. This is the only kind of wool used in Thermo Sport Coats. It assures a comfortable knit fabric that will give you long service.

For fishing
" outings
" golf
" motoring
" tennis
" gardening
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Looks like cloth,—yet is elastic. Newest heather mixtures. Genuine Thermo Sport Coats carry the name in the neck of the coat.

If your dealer cannot supply you write us.

Swansdown Knitting Co.
349 Broadway Dept. M New York

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

DEAF?

Make Us Prove That You Can Hear!

We do not expect those who are hard of hearing to take our word that the Acousticon will make them hear clearly once more—No one's word should be taken for that. We do expect, however, that for their own individual satisfaction, before giving up in discouragement, they will permit us to loan them the

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500 000 delighted users have given us this permission to their relief and profit. Most of them had tried many other aids and treatments without avail—But the Acousticon has patented features which cannot be duplicated. So disregarding your past experiences, write for your free trial today

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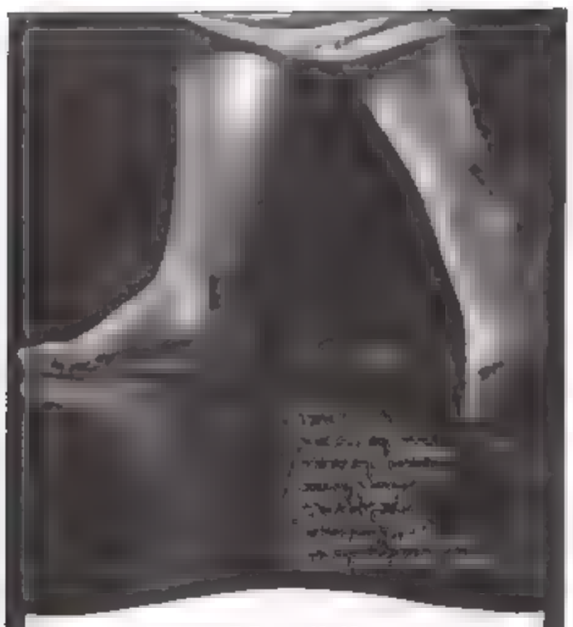
PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.



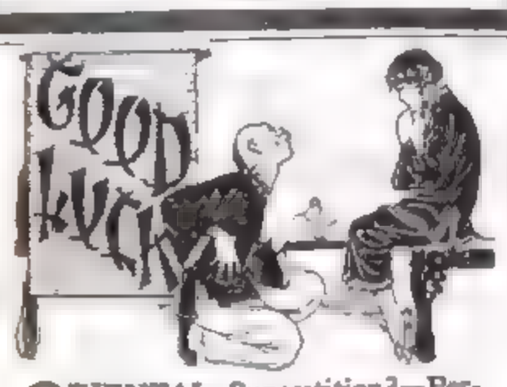
Silk Hose Economy!

Silk Hose Economy!—Iron Clad No. 903 are beautiful, pure thread, silk stockings with 8-inch elastic hem top and cost but $1.50 a pair (East of the Rockies), strongly made with four ply heel and toe, and high spliced silk heel. And the back seam and fashion marks give all the appearance of full fashioned hose.

Ask your dealer for these handsome durable hose. Get several pairs. If he doesn't carry them, order direct, enclosing remittance and stating size (8 to 10½) and colors desired. Your order will be promptly filled postpaid.

Cooper, Wells & Co.,
212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.

"Iron Clad"



ORIENTAL Superstition?—Perhaps so—but at least an interesting relic of Asiatic Antiquity. Alleged by the Chinese to be almost uncanny in its power to bring to the wearer GOOD LUCK—Health, Happiness, Prosperity, and Long Life.

This odd looking ring excites great interest when observed on your finger. *Go to your local jewelry store at once* and ask to see this odd CHINESE GOOD LUCK RING and obtain a copy of its *history*.

None genuine without the ₹ stamped inside the ring

$1.50 IN

STERLING SILVER

If your jeweler will not supply you, write Desk 17, 1321 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and we will give you the name of a jeweler near you who will.

Anatomik

A Man's Feet Carry 815 Tons a Day

"Anatomik" shoes support the feet in their normal position, enabling one to carry this weight in comfort, preventing and curing "fallen" arches, and other foot ailments. "Anatomik" shoes have been carrying men in comfort for 15 years. *Arrow how where body weight falls in the worst kind of flat feet and in Anatomik shoes.* Send for free illustrated booklet and name of nearest agency.

FIELD & FLINT CO., BROCKTON, MASS

high. This important distributing station will be equipped with the latest developments, including the use of electrical filters and new methods whereby, as the business grows, several wave lengths can be sent out simultaneously from the same point, so that the receiving stations may listen at will to any one of the several services. This will be the first station that will handle the distribution of news, music and other features on a commercial basis for such people as contract for the service. The company will provide no program of its own, but simply will supply a channel through which anyone with whom it makes a contract can send out his own program. It will lease its radio facilities just as wire facilities are now leased to newspapers, banks and other concerns.

The station will cover a radius of 150 miles, and it is estimated that within this area there are already 35,000 receiving stations, which provides quite an audience for those using the service. In this same area are more than 11,000,000 people, so that if the service proves popular it is only reasonable to suppose that the number of receiving stations will be vastly increased. It is not too much to say that at least the immediate future of commercial radio telephony depends largely on the success attending the operation of this first station. If the idea catches hold and if there is not too much interference in the ether from other stations this initial experiment will doubtless be followed by the establishment of a system of stations throughout the country, so that from any central point the same news, music or other program can be sent out simultaneously through all these stations by wire and wireless with the greatest possible economy.

The possibilities of radio are endless. The appeal is universal. The radio telephone has developed in a few months from a schoolboy's toy to a household apparatus of value and a business device of merit. It is an invention with a definite field and a useful future; a war necessity and a peace asset. Soon there will be more radiophones in use than pianos, and who dares say it will not be as much a household utility in the future as the telephone, the bathtub and the kitchen stove?

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for April 1, 1922.

State of Pennsylvania } ss.
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

NAME OF	POST OFFICE ADDRESS
Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company	Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George H. Lorimer,	Wyncote, Pennsylvania.
Managing Editor, None	
Business Manager, P. S. Collins,	Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
William Boyd, Wynnewood, Pennsylvania
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Trustee under the will of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
John Gribbel, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Hazen, Hacklam, Connecticut
George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
C. H. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
Ethel S. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
Fredrik F. Meyer, Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, New York City
E. W. Spaulding, Ridgewood, New Jersey
Public Ledger Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but, also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of February, 1922.

SEAL] W. C. TURNER,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires April 1, 1923.)

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Within the next few months!

Are you sacrificing the best years of your life to a routine job, in the thought that you must *stand in line* for promotion—that you can advance only at the shuffling pace of the rank and file? The man who depends on *length of service* for advancement rarely gets beyond the information desk.

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For Summer Cottages, Fresh Air Camps and Other Camps, Country Estates, Yachts, Motor Boats, Farms, Rural Stores, Churches, Theatres, Schools, Lodges, Garage Owners (For Charging Auto Batteries, etc.).

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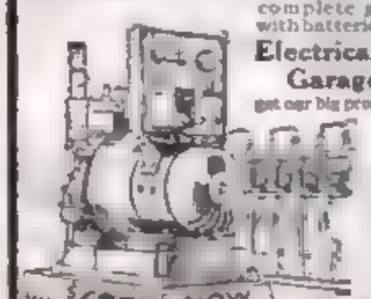
on the Big Model HU 1250 (plus) Lalley Plant. Recently sold for $625.00. Now costs about half that price.

Other plants rated at 1250 Watts cost from $100 to $200 more—Don't buy a plant of less capacity.

Farmers who have a gas engine—We can supply a complete generating [illegible] with batteries for only $185.00



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INDIA! The umbrella that *can't* turn inside-out. Every man will appreciate that feature.

And it's the finest looking umbrella you ever saw, distinctive in shape and mighty sensible. It opens with a generous spread to keep you dry. Your head isn't hidden in a cavernous dome.

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"The little umbrella with the big spread"

Models for women Little folks' umbrellas Folding models

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THE whole world has learned to rely implicitly on the compass. Likewise the public, by experience, has come to know the faithfulness and accuracy of all equipment bearing the mark of the Milwaukee Tank Works.

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Equipment measuring in Imperial Gallons and Litres for export. Sales agencies in principal foreign countries.

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THE LIBERTY OF THE JAIL

(Continued from Page 15)

"Sure, that's easy!" assented T. Otis jauntily. "I should be a lawyer myself."

"Well," continued Lefkovitsky, "when a bond is given, conditioned on the debtor's remaining within the jail limits, that lets the sheriff out. The bond takes his place, so to speak, and if the debtor escapes or goes outside the jail limits the creditor cannot sue the sheriff, but must sue the surety on the bond. Now freeze onto this: As any defense open to the sheriff in an action for an escape is likewise open to a surety in an action on the bond, if the debtor comes back before the action is begun the action falls; the creditor has lost his right to sue."

He looked around triumphantly.

"Well, what of it?" asked Mrs. Crabb. "What are you driving at?"

"I'm driving at just this: No action can be commenced legally except by personal service of the summons and complaint upon the defendant, on a week day, within the state. Therefore in any event your husband could go away on a Sunday, and so long as he came back within the jail limits before midnight no action could be commenced against the surety, no matter where he went."

"I see that," she nodded. "But Otis can't wait till Sunday comes to spend the week-end at Atlantic City with me and get back the same day. There would be nothing in that."

"Of course not!" agreed Lefkovitsky. "He don't have to wait for Sunday. Just let him take Mr. Fosdick with him when he goes, and he can leave New York on Thursday or Friday and come back Monday afternoon. Tutt can't begin an action on the bond while Mr. Fosdick is outside the jurisdiction, and he can't begin it at all after your husband has come back inside the jail limits. If they go away and come back on the same train everything will be all right."

"Well, I'll be damned!" ejaculated Mr. Fosdick in bewildered admiration.

"Certainly looks good to me!" said T. Otis. "What do you think, ma—my dear?"

Mrs. Crabb smiled appreciatively at Mr. Lefkovitsky, now entirely satisfied that she could keep her money and have her Otis, too, over the week-ends.

"I think," she replied, pressing the bell with sudden decision, "that anything as slick as that is worth a round of drinks. Grape juice, Martin."

While this distinguished group were engaged in the foregoing conversation upon Riverside Drive, Ephraim Tutt was sitting in one of the wards of Bellevue Hospital beside a cot upon which a human form was strapped immovably to an iron frame. Wallace Barrington was going to recover, but he would be a cripple for life; he, his mother and his children dependents upon public charity unless the law came to his aid. He was thirty-two, had been an expert in his line, a hard-working man of ideals. Now he was little more than an inanimate object. And the thought of what he had been and what now he was, the sudden collapse of his little universe, the crushing of all his hopes, were mirrored in the despairing eyes he fastened upon the old lawyer's kindly face.

"So you're not to worry," said Mr. Tutt encouragingly as he felt beneath the chair for his stovepipe hat. "Your mother and the children are going right on living in the apartment, and there is a woman who comes in every day to do the cooking and take care of them."

"But who pays her?" asked the man in the frame hoarsely. "I had practically nothing in the bank."

"Oh, that's all right!" Mr. Tutt assured him. "The money is being advanced against the fifty thousand dollars which T. Otis Crabb will eventually pay you."

"How soon will that be?"

The lawyer wrinkled his nose and winked at the picture of one A. Lincoln upon the wall above the bed.

"I'm hoping he'll arrange to pay it in about ten days," said he cheerily.

"I shall never be able to thank you enough," whispered Barrington, closing his eyes.

But by the time the old man had reached the elevator the cheerful expression upon his face had vanished.

"What did you tell him that for?" he muttered. "You're a damned old liar, Tutt! Now, by thunder, you may have to support that family for the rest of their natural lives!"

He and Mr. Lefkovitsky passed—but did not recognize—each other on their way home.

IV

"AND ten," said Mr. Joshua Carman, just like that, with his forefinger advancing two blues into the field of battle. An unemotional person, Carman, general superintendent of one of the big railroad terminals. It was the regular Saturday-night session of the so-called Bible Class of the Colophon Club, 11:54, and six minutes to go.

"I run," cravenly remarked Col. H. Clay Jones, the next in order.

"*Ich auch!*" echoed M. d'Auriac, of Paris, who had run up from Washington.

"And even I!" squeaked the tiny little bear known as Peewee Cadwalader.

All laid down their hands and turned towards the Hon. Ephraim Tutt, whose elongated features expressed neither pain nor joy.

"I cal'late," muttered the colonel to M. d'Auriac as he clipped a fresh cigar, "that if no one is shy there should be exactly five hundred and twenty-three bones in that cemetery."

"Seven thousand eight hundred and forty-five francs—at to-day's rate," nodded the Frenchman. "*Beaucoup d'argent!*"

"And ten," said Mr. Tutt, placing two more blues—his last—upon the leaning tower in front of him. "Farewell, dear little ones!"

"Making in all five hundred and thirty-three," murmured the Peewee.

Mr. Carman thrust his cards jauntily into his collar at a certain sanctified spot adjacent to his right ear. He had just two more blues. Nobody else had much of anything. It was all in the pot. He and Tutt had each drawn but one card.

"And ten," he whispered as if in an ecstasy.

The minute hand of the clock on the mantel had slipped to within two minutes of midnight. Mr. Tutt pulled back his sleeves and deftly removed the huge circular onyx buttons ornamenting his cuffs.

"Are these good for a raise?" he inquired.

"Sure!" nodded his adversary.

Mr. Tutt placed each one upon the apex of a pile of blue chips.

"And ten!" added the railroad man, shoving in his last.

The circle formed of the players from the other games in different parts of the room drew closer about the green table. All had frequently seen Mr. Tutt depart minus everything but his clothes.

"Well," moaned the old man, "though great is my faith in the hand which our distinguished military guest has dealt me, unfortunately I cannot walk home in the nude. However, I have one last resource. I will throw in my old tall hat and my ivory-handled cane—a sacrifice, you will admit, for I have used each of them over thirty years—as equivalent to a raise. And since you have no more chips, Carman, I will bet the entire lot against a favor."

"A favor?" repeated the railroader, wrinkling his forehead.

"That's a new one to me!" remarked the Peewee.

"Simple enough," explained Mr. Tutt, as if playing for a favor were an ancient and familiar custom of the game, although he had invented it on the spot. "If he wins he gets my all—except my skin and bones; if I win he has to do me a favor."

"What sort of a favor?"

"Oh, anything reasonable. Just a favor."

"Done!" agreed Carman. "Take notice, gentlemen, the Honorable Ephraim Tutt and I are now playing for the pot, plus his cuff buttons, tall hat and cane, with a phantasmagorical, diaphanous and elusive thing y-cleped a favor on the side. I call! He calls! We call each other!"

He removed the cards from his collar with a beat-that-if-you-can gesture and spread them face up before the crowd.

"Marjorie, Minnie, Molly and Maud!" he murmured exultantly.

Mr. Tutt bent over and examined the ladies with interest.

"Dear me! Dear me! Nice girls, very!" he commented, spreading his own hand. "Joshua, Jephthah, Japheth and Jehoshaphat!" he chuckled, matching each queen with her own king.

(Continued on Page 148)

FORD-OVERHAUL TIME

Is *Yours* Ready for the Road?

Scraping carbon, grinding valves, tightening nuts—Overhaul Time!

*Ford owners bustling about their garages, grease-smeared and happily busy, their household chores postponed—Signs of Spring! Millions of Fords are being groomed, greased and garnished for the season—**is yours?***

CHECK over your Ford's *ignition*—plugs, wiring, coils, and *timer*. It's vital to engine performance—too many Ford owners don't realize how vital.

A worn, faulty, or unreliable timer will make the best Ford engine labor, misfire and carbonize like an old "junk".

Play safe! Start the season with a new timer. The cost is only a detail—the best you can buy, the Milwaukee Timer, costs no more than a tank-full of "gas"!

You will notice at once the improvement it makes. Each cylinder gets a hotter spark—your engine starts quicker, pulls harder and steadier, and stays cleaner (most of the carbon burns up instead of baking in).

Sixteen years of ignition engineering are back of the Milwaukee Timer's simple, smooth-running design and super-accurate workmanship. Compare it point by point with any other and you'll see why it is the standard replacement timer of the world—in general use everywhere, in Ford cars and trucks, and Fordson tractors.

How to Revive Your Ford's Ignition

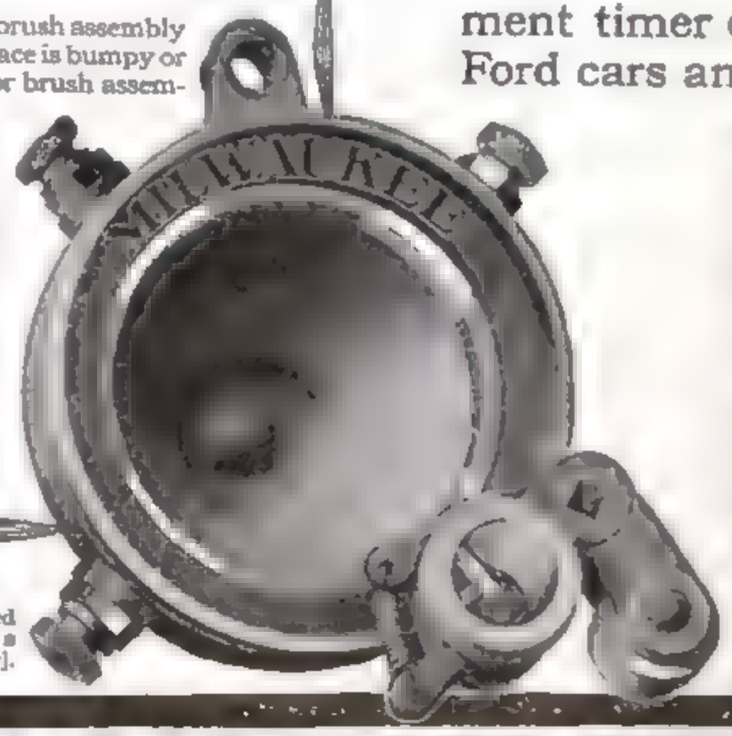
Coils. File vibrator contact points smooth, see that they meet squarely, and set all evenly to a gap of $\frac{1}{32}$ inch. Your Ford dealer will willingly test them for even tension. Have this done.

Plugs. Disassemble all spark plugs, wipe porcelains clean, examine closely for cracks. Better replace porcelains if they have gone over 5,000 miles. Scrape plug body clean, reassemble and set gap at $\frac{1}{32}$ inch.

Wiring. Examine for oil-soaked, frayed or exposed places. Better replace entire "harness" if in doubt. Seldom worth while to repair with tape, etc. See that fan or fan belt cannot rub wires.

Timer. Remove case and brush assembly and examine for wear. If race is bumpy or irregular, contacts loose, or brush assembly badly worn, replace with complete new timer—one you know is good. Oil thoroughly—follow manufacturer's directions. See that wires are attached *firmly*, and that advance rod is set for correct advance and retard action.

Above all, don't "try out" any complicated or cheap timers. Play safe!



The short-circuit-proof timer! Contact points sealed and anchored in their machine-cut grooves by a special method (patent applied for).

Each Milwaukee Timer is rigidly tested, mechanically and electrically, before packing. It fits perfectly, runs freely and quietly—and its durability is famous. *Ask any garage mechanic* about the Milwaukee Timer. Sold by garages, auto supply, and hardware stores everywhere. PRICE $2.00

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MILWAUKEE TIMER *for* FORDS

THE GENERAL CORD TIRE

Kiddies' Coloring Contest
$500 Cash

For best colorings of cars in the big double-page advertisement of General Tires on pages 96 and 97 in this paper

53 Prizes

First Prize $150; Second Prize $75; Third Prize $25, and fifty prizes of $5 each.

Conditions

1 *Coloring may be done with water colors, crayons, inks, or any coloring material.*
2 *Must be done by boys or girls under 12 years of age.*
3 *Entry blank must include signature of an automobile owner vouching for age.*
4 *Coloring must be done without the aid of any older person.*
5 *Colorings must be delivered to the General Tire dealer in your city before May 1st, 1922. He will enter you in contest and forward your coloring to the Contest Judges for The General Tire and Rubber Company at Akron, Ohio*
6 *Prizes will be awarded on artistic merit of colorings and will be announced in one of the June issues of this paper.*

Entry Blank

Your Name_____
Age_____
Address_____
City and State_____

Certificate of Age

The above contestant is under 12 years of age.

Signature_____
Street and Number_____
City and State_____
Make of car owned_____

This entry blank, properly filled out, must be attached to the back of your coloring when you deliver it to the General Tire dealer in your city.

$3 per week brings genuine
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Yes, only $3 down puts this genuine standard Shipman-Ward Rebuilt Underwood in your home. Then—small monthly payments, or if convenient, pay cash. Either way you get the *world's standard* typewriter at a big cash saving.

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Send by return mail Bargain Offer No. 2754 of a Standard Visible Writing Underwood. This is not an order and does not obligate me to buy

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(Continued from Page 146)

There was a wild cheer from the onlookers as Mr. Tutt gathered in the pile upon the table. The clock was striking twelve.

"And now," said Carman with a grimace, "what is this favor I've got to do you?"

The old lawyer slowly replaced his sleeve buttons.

"I haven't lost you yet!" he whispered to them. "Why, I don't know, Carman. It is Sunday morning. Whoso hath an ox or an ass which hath fallen into a pit is entitled to have him hauled out on that day, as I read the Scriptures. Let's walk along together, and if you should care to stop in at my house maybe I could give you a drink of—h'm!—malt extract."

"I sure will!" said Carman, who, as we said, was in the railroad business.

■

"PRAY pardon the simplicity of my welcome, Carman," remarked Mr. Tutt as he relieved his guest of his overcoat and hat, suspended them from one of the arms of the hat tree in the front hall, and preceded him up the rickety stairs of the old house on West Twenty-third Street to the library. "This being the Sabbath, my manservant and my maidservant are both resting."

He turned on the gas and ignited it with a safety match. Mr. Carman, who had played poker with Mr. Tutt every Saturday night for over fifteen years, but had never visited the old man at his home, looked round the study with interest. It was so just like Mr. Tutt himself! There was a sea-coal fire in the grate and a kettle steamed on the hearth; ancient engravings and a couple of colonial portraits hung upon the walls, which were covered with what Mr. Carman decided was the ugliest paper he had ever beheld; the carpet was threadbare—Turkey red; a horsehair sofa stood at one end of the room, and between the windows a high colonial secretary, while on each side of the marble mantel reposed two horsehair-covered walnut armchairs whose bottoms sagged to within an inch or so of the floor.

"Sit down, Carman," directed Mr. Tutt.

The railroad man looked suspiciously at the hammocklike seat of the nearest armchair.

"Damn if I think if I once sit down I shall be able to get up again!" said he simply.

"Sit down!" repeated Mr. Tutt. "Will you have hot toddy, port, Madeira or sparkling Burgundy?"

He turned to the escritoire, the glass doors of which were lined with faded green silk, and, unlocking it, disclosed a small but complete collection of bottles of all shapes and sizes. Mr. Carman sank instantly into his allotted hole.

"Burgundy!" he answered hoarsely with a light in his eyes.

Mr. Tutt, opening the lower half of the escritoire, took out two glasses with hollow stems, and having placed these carefully upon the rug between the two chairs excavated from the rear row a dusty bottle, the cork heavily wired and wrapped in scarlet tin foil. Then he slowly lowered himself into the chair opposite Mr. Carman, which, owing to his own length and the nearness of his seat to the floor, gave him the appearance of a partially folded pocket knife, but enabled him to grasp the bottle firmly between his knees.

"Who's doin' the favor now?" inquired Mr. Carman significantly.

"Pop!" said the bottle. "I am!"

Mr. Tutt held it for an instant above the ashes as the contents creamed over the neck, and then carefully filled the glasses upon the rug.

"There are," he remarked sadly, "exactly five glasses of wine in that bottle. However, I am not particularly thirsty, and—there is another bottle."

"Here's luck!" said Mr. Carman.

"Here's misery, marital infelicity, chilblains, financial ruin, rheumatism, indigestion, sciatica, arteriosclerosis and all the murrains, plagues and evils known to ancient times and to modern man, upon one T. Otis Crabb—damn him to everlasting hell!"

He lifted his bubbling ruby glass, eyed it critically and slowly emptied it.

"One!" he said, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Ah—one!" echoed Mr. Carman. "Tutt, I'll do you a favor every Saturday night if you press me."

Mr. Tutt reached to the humidor on the near-by table and tendered his guest a cigar, and while Carman was lighting it filled the two glasses again.

"Well," he remarked, "here's to the favor!"

"The favor!" nodded Carman.

"I suppose," said Mr. Tutt, "that being a railroad man you agree with Mr. Bumble that the law is an ass."

"I don't know the man, but he's certainly got the right idea," returned his guest.

"I'm up against a legal farce," went on the old lawyer. "I've got a judgment of fifty thousand dollars against a miserable swine that ran down and nearly killed a client of mine, and I can't make him pay a cent, although his wife has all kinds of money."

"Can't you arrest him for the debt?" asked Carman.

"I have! But he got a friend of his to go on his bond for the liberties of the jail. His wife put up the security and now he goes anywhere he wants."

"You mean if you put a man in jail for debt he don't have to stay there?"

"That is precisely what I mean. If a New York judgment debtor who has been arrested gives bond in the requisite amount and keeps within the boundaries of Manhattan Island he can disport himself freely from the Battery to the Harlem Canal, and from the Hudson to the East River, eating at Delmonico's and sleeping at the Waldorf, spending his mornings in Central Park, his afternoons at the movies and his evenings at the theater, and still technically be in prison, for he is within the jail limits as defined by law. And at the end of six months he's free for good and all!"

"That's a good thing to remember," affirmed the railroader.

"Also this," continued Mr. Tutt. "You might use it sometime. If the imprisoned debtor can induce his bondsman to leave the jurisdiction in his company and return at the same time that he does—or later—he can disregard the jail limits entirely and go to Atlantic City or anywhere else for a few days every week, just as my man is doing."

"You don't say! Is he now?" exclaimed Mr. Carman sympathetically.

"He is! But he takes his surety with him and brings him back on the same train, so that there is no way for me to begin an action on the bond until there is a good defense; namely, that the debtor has returned."

"What wise guy worked that out?"

"Mr. Aaron T. Lefkovitsky."

"He's a great man. I'd like his telephone number and office address," said Mr. Carman. "Well, this is all very interesting, but what has it got to do with me?"

Mr. Tutt stroked his lean lantern jaw and gazed meditatively at the empty glasses.

"That remains to be seen," he murmured. "That remains to be seen. How about that other bottle?"

Mr. Carman instantly showed new signs of life.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "who is this miserable wretch? Tell me all about him!"

■

"OH, BOY!" exclaimed T. Otis Crabb, elongating himself deliciously upon the sands in front of the Traymore at Atlantic City in a snappy, sleeveless, white-and-green one-piece bathing suit. "This is certainly some jail!"

Mrs. T. Otis, also in snappy bath attire, which, it must be confessed, exposed her limbs to great disadvantage, glanced coyly at him from under her purple-and-vermilion sunshade.

"You'll come down again next week, dearie?"

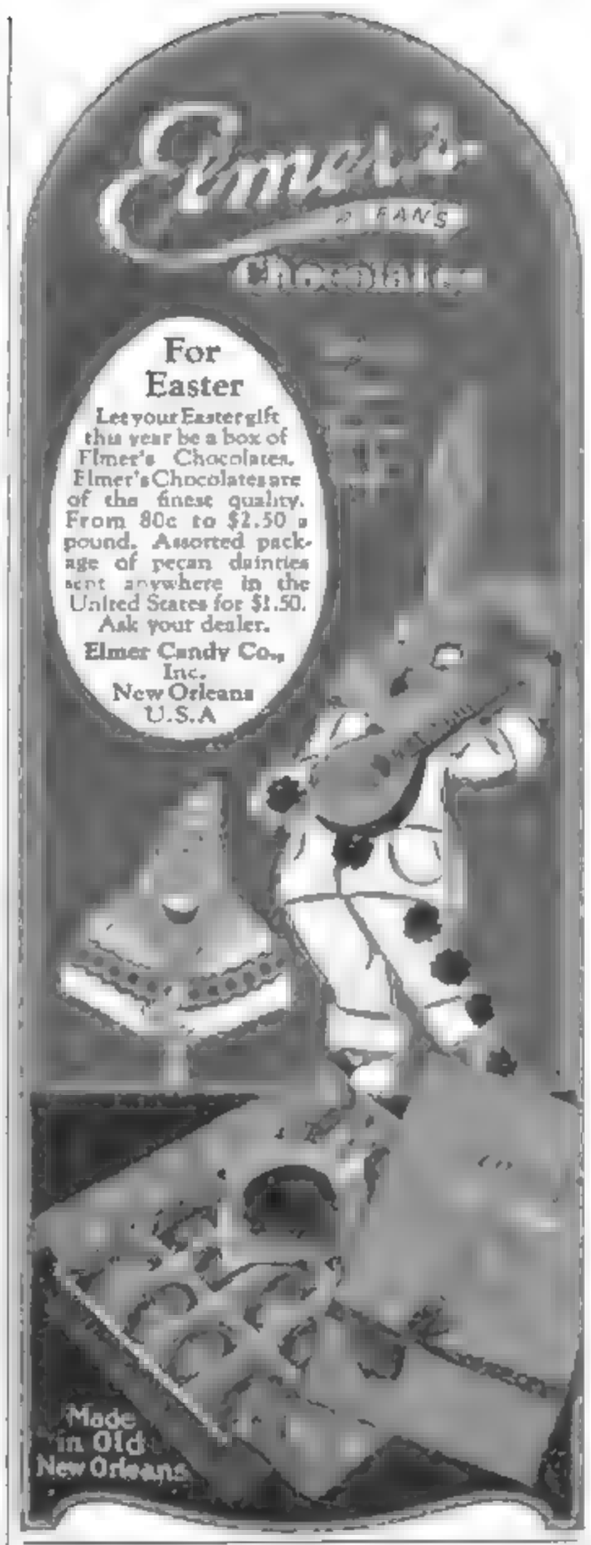
"Right-o! Fozzy says he can leave town on Thursday and stay over until Tuesday. That right, Fozzy?"

"Surest thing you know!" replied his elegant associate, stretching in sympathy.

"Lefkovitsky's a very clever fellow," yawned T. Otis. "All samee he's shown me a way to beat him out of his bill if he tries to do me."

"I hope that he isn't too smart," said his lady. "I'd hate to lose fifty thou on a cripple."

"Bet your life the cripple will never see a cent of your money!" assured Fozzy. "Even I, with my subatomical admixture of brains, am able to cognate the proposition that you can't serve papers on a man in the state of New York if he isn't there, and that if the return of the dear departed to the jail limits before the papers are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Let your Easter gift this year be a box of Elmer's Chocolates. Elmer's Chocolates are of the finest quality. From 80c to $2.50 a pound. Assorted package of pecan dainties sent anywhere in the United States for $1.50. Ask your dealer.
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served is a good defense to an action T. Otis and yours truly can ride up and down from town to Atlantic City all summer without anything to fear from that old geezer who tried the cases against you."

"Old Tutt's not much of a lawyer," remarked T. Otis, lighting a cigarette.

"He got the verdict," countered Fozzy.

"But not the money!" laughed Mrs. Crabb. "We've got that!"

"Any lawyer can get a verdict for the plaintiff in a damage suit," declared T. Otis. "But it takes a real one to collect a judgment."

"My idea of a real lawyer is Lefkovitsky," said Fozzy. "If I ever get into trouble I'm going to him. Think of his being able to cook up a way for you to spend most of the summer down here and yet be in jail all the time! Yet it's simple enough. Anybody might have thought of it. We go away together and we come back together, and your comin' back makes it useless to serve papers on me. Ha-ha! Bean work! Bean work!"

"Only," warned Mrs. Crabb, "you boys must be very careful to come back at the same time."

"Oh, yes, ma—my dear!" her husband assured her. "We've got all that dope down cold. We go together and we return together, like Siamese twins. In the words of the famous song by O. W. Holmes, 'Nothing shall sever our friendship ever!'"

"That's right, or it might cost me fifty thousand," smiled Mrs. Crabb.

Number 1112 is the snappy train leaving Atlantic City at 2:40 on Monday afternoons that snappy fellows like T. Otis take back to New York City—when they are in jail for debt. It is a flyer—leaves Manhattan Transfer on the Jersey side, where you change for lower New York and Brooklyn, at 5:24 and then ducks down through the double-barreled tunnel under the Hudson and shoots into the lower level of the big station on Thirty-fourth Street at 5:40. When there is a big rush of homing jailbirds No. 1112 runs ten cars, and—through the tunnel—two engines, for the grade beneath the river ain't is heavy; a long train, a very long train, indeed; nearly, if not quite, a full quarter mile.

Number 1112 was the train T. Otis and his friend Fozzy took that same afternoon, and as usual they beat it for the forward smoker with two other dashing fellows for their regular game of bridge. T. Otis had lost only sixty-eight dollars of his wife's money by the time they reached Manhattan Transfer, and the party were so engrossed in what they were doing that none of them noticed the strange little group of three who boarded the train just before it started across the devastated regions beyond Jersey City preparatory to plunging beneath the river. They still had sixteen minutes to play, and T. Otis wanted to win back Lucretia's sixty-eight dollars if he could.

"Speed it up, boys!" directed Fozzy. "Gimme the pasteboards. It's my deal."

He dealt rapidly. Gaunt factories and piles of soft coal flicked by the windows. The porter turned on the lights.

"Sixteen minutes more!" said T. Otis as they picked up their hands. "I'll make it. Two on hearts."

At that precise instant a very elegantly dressed young gentleman touched him on the shoulder, almost as dashing a fellow as T. Otis himself, and bending over mysteriously whispered something out of the corner of his mouth.

"I'm going to play it alone," announced Fozzy.

"Good!" laughed T. Otis, with an equal air of mystery. "I'll be dummy the next couple of hands." He grinned expansively and winked. "Lady wants to speak to me back there."

Thus like a lamb led to the slaughter did T. Otis trot after Bonnie Doon back even unto the last car. For of all the words of tongue or pen there are none so irresistible to a dasher, a masher, a wise one, a devil, as "Say, there's a girl in the last car who wants to know if you're going to speak to her." And, be it remembered, there were three long days until Thursday.

Thus, as No. 1112 dropped beneath the cellars of the western bank of the Hudson, T. Otis worked his way at Bonnie Doon's coat tails through the nine other cars, his heart beating with high expectancy.

Over in the terminal building, at his desk in Room 223, sat Mr. Joshua Carman, the general superintendent, obligated by his word of honor to do Mr. Tutt a favor. Mr. Carman represented the third, or "What-Then," side of the old lawyer's triangular problem, and without him this story would have remained unwritten. For no one else could have done what he, stifling his official conscience, was about to do for Mr. Tutt. Entombed like an Egyptian astrologer in the center of a pyramid, he, nevertheless, had his finger on every train on the terminal system. What he said went, and what he stopped stopped.

"By the Lord," he muttered, "I wonder if any other fellow in my place ever had the nerve to do a thing like this before! All the same," he added to himself, "the rules say 'emergency,' and who's to be the judge of what an emergency is if I'm not?"

All the time he had his eyes on the clock.

"Five-twenty-four—she's just pulling out of the Transfer," he remarked with what in a prima donna would have been described as a slight tremolo. He reached nervously for a cigarette and lighted it.

"Five-twenty-six — twenty-seven — twenty-eight ——" His heart was really thumping, for he felt like a schoolboy about to pin something on the teacher's back. "Charlie," he shouted to a bald-headed youth, "get me Forty."

Charlie unhooked the receiver.

"Line's busy, chief," he replied.

Mr. Carman felt a curious prickly sensation steal up his arms and over his shoulders.

"Forty" is the train locomotive dispatcher, the official who directly controls train movements and through whom orders are customarily given by the supervisor, or on occasion by the general superintendent.

Five-twenty-nine! Number 1112 was well down in the tunnel by now. He would have to give the order directly to the Train Director in the A Tower if he was to be in time to help Mr. Tutt. There wasn't a fraction of a minute to lose, either. Feverishly he grabbed the telephone.

"Give me A Tower," he ordered. "And hurry!"

Johnny McNaughton, up in the big signal-bridge Tower A, on the "Island Platform" at the Manhattan opening of the tunnel, was sitting, pipe in mouth, his eyes fixed on the board which, like an animated cartoon, shows the movement of every train by a tiny green light that creeps along and stops and creeps along again. Johnny was the man who actually controlled every signal, could start or stop or deflect any train upon the system—the train director, the man at the switch—accountable to no one but the general superintendent, the supervisor, the dispatcher—and God.

Evensong on a Monday afternoon is a busy moment for Johnny McNaughton, and trains are following one another both ways through the tunnel every few moments. The little green light that was 1112 moved to the spot that represented the Manhattan Transfer, stopped and started again.

Johnny knew her passing time was five-twenty-four, and that in another sixteen minutes the little green light would have slipped by all the tunnel signals on the diagram, and that he could look into the mouth of the east-bound tunnel and see her headlights as she came roaring through. Unconsciously he looked into it now—that round deep hole with the signal over its mouth—the signal repeated every thousand feet or so through the tunnel, by which he could control all trains. It showed red. That meant that the signals were set clear, green, against the trains coming towards him—towards the east—the terminal; set clear for Number 1112 now in the tunnel; and the little green light indicated that she was well underneath the river—nearly halfway between New Jersey and New York—just passing Signal Number 904. Suddenly the telephone beside him shrilled.

"Hello, Johnny! This is Mr. Carman," came the voice of Carman. "Throw all tunnel signals against east-bound traffic, and hold the movement three minutes. I want to stop 1112 before she reaches Signal 903."

"Right!" snapped the towerman, grabbing his lever.

Coincidently the little green light on the diagram stopped between 904 and 903, exactly in the middle of the tunnel.

"Wonder what that's for!" commented Johnny.

That identical phrase issued but a second later from the grimy lips of Sam Burke, engine driver of Number 1112, as, having

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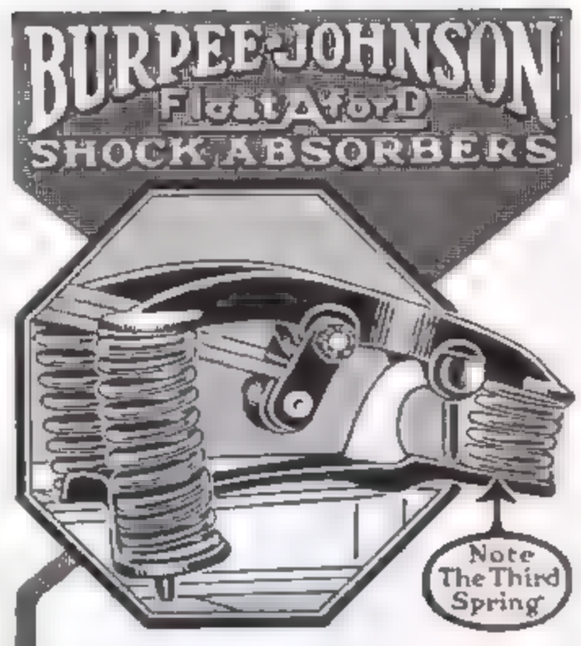

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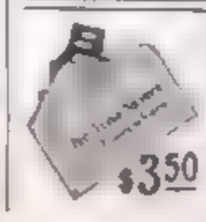

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slid by Signal 904, he saw 903 an eighth of a mile ahead turn from green to red. Curious how men's minds work in the same way!

"Wonder what that's for!" he ejaculated to O'Carroll, his helper, as he jammed on the brakes and brought his train to a standstill midway between the two signals.

"Hello!" remarked Algie to his partner in the smoker at the same moment. "Train's stopped! Gives us time for another hand!"

Before he could deal the cards a redheaded youth with a large assortment of freckles bobbed up unexpectedly at his elbow as if from beneath the train.

"Say, are you Mr. Fosdick?" inquired Willie Toothaker, the ubiquitous office boy of Tutt & Tutt, with his usual ingratiating smile.

"That's me, son!" nodded Algie. "What can I do for you?"

"Just let me serve you with these papers," answered Willie, suddenly slapping a package of documents upon the dashing fellow's shoulder. "It's a summons and complaint in an action brought against you for fifty thousand dollars as surety on the bond of T. Otis Crabb."

Mr. Fosdick laughed rudely.

"No use, young feller-me-lad! You can't serve me when Crabb is already back in New York."

"But he ain't, young feller-me-lad!" grinned the irrepressible William. "See that signal—Number 903? Well, you're in New York all right, but he's still in New Jersey—back in the end of the train."

T. Otis, following hard on the heels of Bonnie Doon, had just threaded his way through the last Pullman, stumbling inconsiderately against the passengers who were engaged in putting on their wraps and closing their bags, in his eagerness to see the lady who had sent for him. But T. Otis never bothered about how much he inconvenienced other people.

"She's in that last chair on the left," floated over Bonnie's shoulder.

"I don't see her!" replied T. Otis excitedly, hardly aware that the train had suddenly come to a stop.

"She's got her back to you," explained Bonnie, stepping to one side. "Go on ahead."

T. Otis hurried on to the end of the car, and bending coquettishly over the back of the last chair found himself staring into the wrinkled face of old Mr. Tutt.

"How d'y'do?" remarked the lawyer.

"What sort of a game is this?" gasped T. Otis, suddenly feeling very ill.

"Game, my dear sir?" murmured Mr. Tutt innocently. "Game? I don't understand —— Oh, now I remember you! You're the man who owes my client, Barrington, fifty thousand dollars, aren't you? Oh, yes, of course!"

T. Otis sank weakly on the arm of the adjacent seat.

"What a wonderful tunnel this is, isn't it?" rambled on Mr. Tutt. "Marvelous bit of engineering skill! Reaches all the way from New Jersey to New York. Now, if you'll just look out of the end window there you can see Signal 904. You and I are still in the state of New Jersey, while the forward half of the train is already in New York."

He glanced quizzically at the yellow features of the judgment debtor.

"By the way," he said, "haven't you been rather careless about violating your jail liberties? I feel quite sure that my process server has already served papers on your bondsman—in the state of New York."

T. Otis collapsed into the chair and pressed his fists to his temples.

"Look here," he gasped, "is that right?"

Mr. Tutt bowed punctiliously.

"Quite so," said he.

"And is this going to cost my wife fifty thousand dollars?"

"Beyond the shadow of a doubt!" Mr. Tutt assured him.

"That fool Lefkovitsky!" wailed T. Otis. "I wish I'd stayed in jail!"

"I'm glad you didn't," answered Mr. Tutt. "The Barringtons need the money."

"Well," muttered Crabb as the train started and he staggered to his feet, "I know one thing: I won't go back to Atlantic City! I'd rather stay in jail for the rest of my life!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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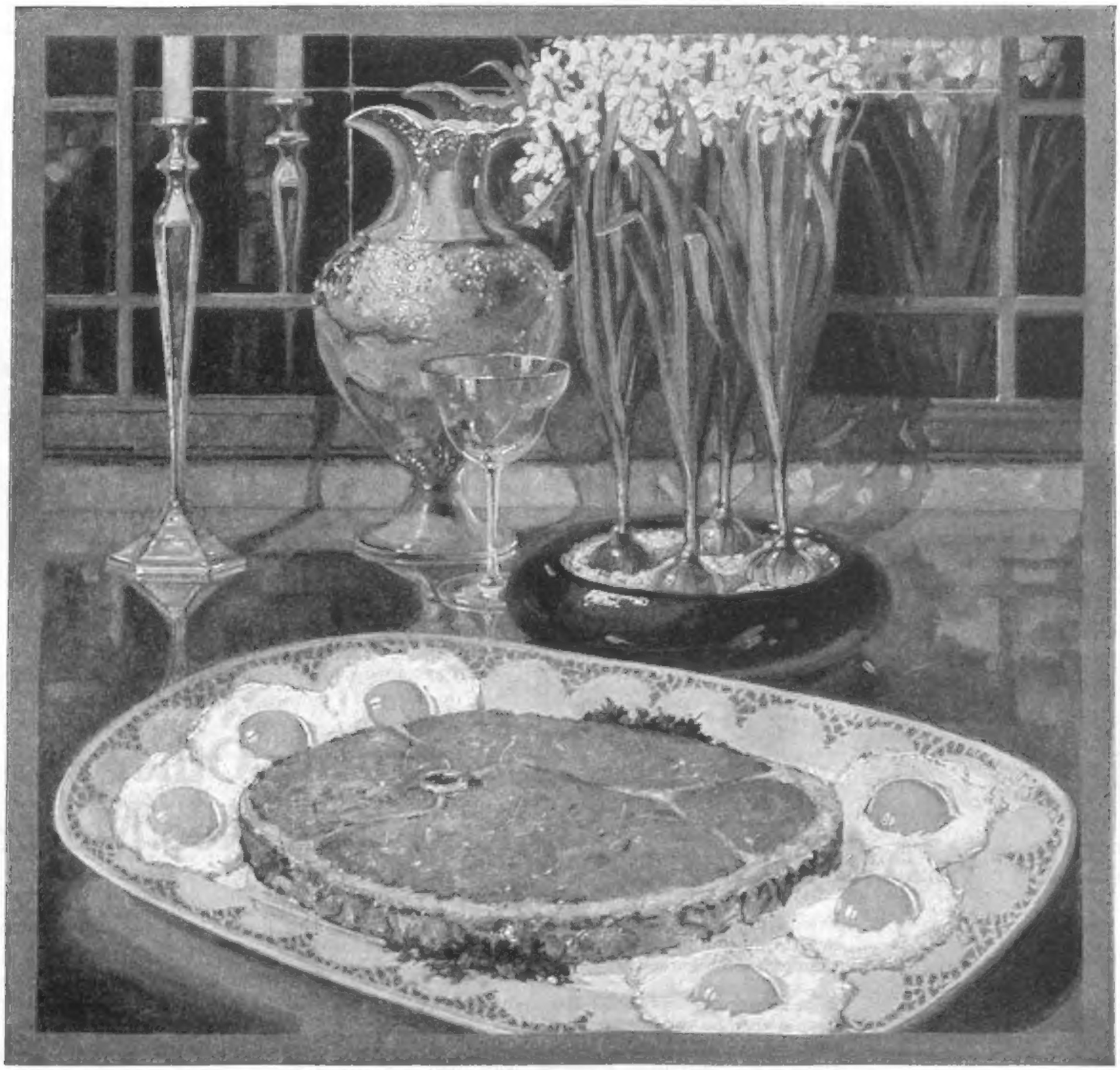

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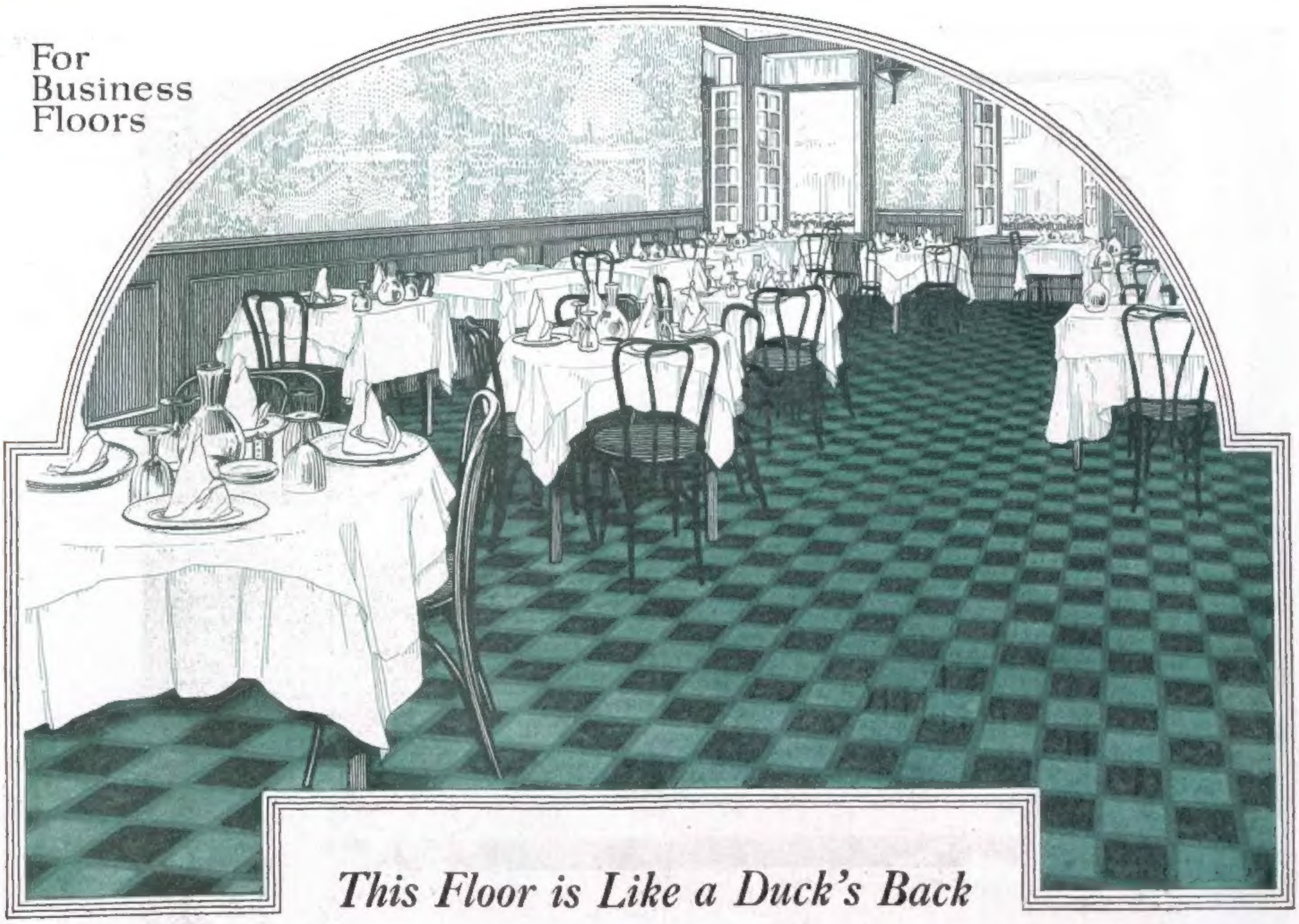

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